

GEORGE COLMAN.

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RANDOM RECORDS;

BY

GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER.

Nec tamen ingratum est quodcunque oblivia nostri
Impedit.

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TO

THE KING'S

MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

SIR,

To YOUR MAJESTY I have the honour of dedicating, by Gracious Permission, these desultory

RECORDS OF MY LIFE;—

and from YOUR MAJESTY'S long continued Patronage and Favour I, now, chiefly derive

"THE MEANS WHEREBY I LIVE."

With feelings proud of such Exalted Protection, and a heart most truly grateful for such Constant Beneficence,

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

YOUR MAJESTY'S

ever dutiful subject,

and most devoted servant,

GEORGE COLMAN.

ADVERTISEMENT.

These Two Volumes were begun in the early part of the year 1827;—but repeated illness, and various accidental occurrences, have so much delay'd their completion, that, in the interval between my first sitting down to write them and this present year 1830, many persons whom I have mention'd as living have died;—and these, added to many whom I have recorded as dead long ago, may give my book, in some measure, the character of an Obituary.

To the names of most of those individuals, included in my text, who have departed from this world during the progress of my scribbling, I have attach'd a note;—wherever I have neglected to do so, readers who mark the passing events, in this our transitory life, will, I trust, supply the omission.

As these Random Records contain a variety of *Anecdotes*, it may be necessary to state that this is my first attempt of the kind;—and that I disclaim a sort of *Joe Miller Book* which exhibits the following title:—

"THE CIRCLE OF ANECDOTE AND WIT;
to which is added
A Choice Selection of
Comick and Humourous Tales, Epigrams,
and Facetious Morceaux, in Verse,
by
GEORGE COLEMAN, ESQUIRE.
Printed by John Bumpus, Holborn."

There may be a George Coleman, Esquire, with an *e* in his surname; but he is not the George Colman who has now the honour of addressing his readers;—and I know no more of this Squire Coleman, than of his publisher, or printer, *Mr. John Bumpus,* of Holborn.—In this notable work, however, I have to acknowledge the Story in Verse of "The Newcastle Apothecary,"—and which is there given to *Peter Pindar.*

Whether a similarity of *real* names, in the above instance, may have been the cause of misleading the Publick,—it is not worth my while to inquire:—but, as the matter has here fallen in my way, it is as well to disavow not only *"The Circle of Anecdote and Wit,"*—but, at the same time, several catchpenny effusions in Verse, (the titles of which I forget) which have been attributed to me, as they are insinuated to be written by the author of *Broad Grins,*—and for which I have been *abused* by ephemeral criticks. G. C.

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RANDOM RECORDS.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

"The toil of mind destroys health, and generates maladies."

HARVEY.

In the writings of the learned and lexicographical Doctor Johnson,—I select the last epithet as a tribute to his sesquipedalian style,—his periods occasionally subside into a contemplative repose, which is more remarkable from their contrast with the habitual loftiness of his language.

But this kind of sinking cannot be call'd the *bathos* of prose;—on the contrary, it is often a palpable grace, and blends with the grandeur of his phraseology like Hebe waiting upon Jove,—a

simple Beauty attendant upon the pomp of the Thunderer.

In general, it must be own'd, he takes a contrary course; adopts a magisterial tone of pronouncing judgment upon petty occasions; and decorates a common sentiment, or a proverbial saying, with gorgeous diction, till he has made familiarity march in state, and dress'd homeliness in robes of velvet.

Among various passages of the gentle and subdued description, he observes, that,

"THE LOVE OF EASE IS ALWAYS GAINING UPON AGE."

To those who cannot admire the elegant quietude of this expression, so much in harmony with the subject, I have only to say that,—*de gustibus non est disputandum.*

But, in respect to the mere remark,—where is the elderly gentleman, ruminating by his Christmas fireside,—or seated in summer under the foliage of his fig-tree,—to whose head, or heart, or great toe, or any other part of our frail and mortal mechanism, the *Truism* of the sentiment does not come home?—'Tis certain he must feel it *all over him;*—and, above all, in his brain, provided he have any, and have put it into requisition, no

matter upon what rational pursuit, long, and actively.

Now, Messieurs, as to the *Brain*, in particular, there is a wide difference, including many nice shades of distinction, in the mode of managing it as we grow old;—between forcing it to gush, and foam, like a cataract, and suffering it to stagnate, and *green-mantle*, like a pond.

When, in the scale of man's waning temperament, his quicksilver has fallen to the degree of *pruna*,—that is, when he has ceased to flame, and is only a *live coal*,—which, according to Wadstroem, in his *Metamorphosis Humana*, is at the age of fifty-six;—he has then become (and he should be ashamed of himself if he have not become so sooner) what is vulgarly call'd a *staid person*;—which, by the by, is a misnomer; for, at that period, he cannot be expected to stay so long as when he was forty;—But, when he has attain'd this crisis,—which is perilous, reckoning every seventh year as a climacterick,—the medium which I would then recommend in the treatment of his own Talent, after he has been whipping it, and spurring it, and using it worse than a post-horse,

is,—not to turn it out to grass, or rather give it no *pâturage* at all, as if it were a broken-down jackass upon a burnt-up common,—but to get upon it deliberately, and daily, as he bestrides his pad-nag; and amble it about for a morning's airing, and for gentle recreation.

Depend upon it, a man's Talent lasts longer in this way, and it will be better and wholesomer both for the Animal and its Rider;—for, although intellects which have been long upon the stretch may not bear the same constant tension, still they require to be a little screw'd up and play'd upon, from time to time. Without this, a man mopes like an ancient Bard deprived of his harp; he longs for some vibration of the accustom'd chord; —some note "in praise of Bragela,*"—some touch of the old "musick to his soul."

Fancy, courteous reader! a sleek pudding-faced son of Commerce (and persons of his kidney form the majority of mankind, in our metropolis, and trading towns)—fancy him standing before you;

* "Strike the harp in praise of Bragela, of her that I left in the isle of Mist, the spouse of Semo's son."

Poems of Ossian.

and asking you,—"What is all this rhodomontade about managing a body's brains?—I don't understand a word on't."

Answer him first in the Irish way, by asking a question:—"Pray, sir, are you a Banker, or a Tallow-chandler?—a dealer in cash, or in candles?"—Then, without waiting for a reply, but proceeding *suaviter*, tell him,—"If, sir, you be either of these, you will find that, when you have retired from business, carrying into the country with you that sort of understanding which we designate by the term *solid*, to crumble into gradual decay,—(which is the character of a Cheshire cheese)—you will soon find, sir, that you don't know what is the matter with you;—and, a little after, you will discover that the matter is, you have *nothing to do*;—and, forthwith, sir, you will begin to have a hankering after the settling-days, or the melting-days. But, if you should have had any foresight, any turn towards remote objects,—(which is the character of a telescope,)—you will have retain'd some kind of control over your successors in trade; enough to form an excuse for your making a piddling bustle in your late concern:—then, sir, you will, if a Banker, roll up, once a week, in a

chariot, from your villa; or, if a Tallow-chandler, hebdomadally, in a buggy, from your box,—or *mutatis mutandis*, as it may happen to be,—just to look after the money, or the moulds; and to keep your mind and body alive, leaving all the drudgery to the underlings."

And thus, my masters, thus it is with us all! We all feel—remember I talk to those who have labour'd—that too much ease makes us uneasy: for Nature loves to "keep moving," almost as much as she abhors a vacuum; and we may say of life, as Demosthenes said of oratory, *Action, Action, Action*, is the beginning, the middle, and the end of it.

But, take care, dear friends, contemporaries, and fellow countrymen! take care you do not overstrain yourselves. Stick to the receipt of Marcus Antoninus—

"Μήτε σφύζειν μήτε ναρκᾶν,—"

which means, Madam,—for I am not such a beast as to talk Greek before a lady, without translating it—it means, madam,

Exercise without Fatigue;—

an excellent nostrum;—and, better than opodeldoc, which is only a *cure;* whereas this is a *preven-*

tive of straining, not only the muscles, but the mind; and, as the advertisements say, "no family should be without it."

Now, for what tranquil mental exercise is a veteran fit, but something which smacks of the occupation to which he has been train'd, in which he has been practised, and to which habit has made him cling?

> "Quo semel est imbuta recens, servabit odorem
> Testa diu."

I wish the Poet had said *semper* instead of *diu*; though the verse would not have scann'd, nor have been so true of the cask;—but it would have been truer of the *man*, to whom it alludes: therefore, begging Mr. Horace's pardon, he has not made a very close simile.

Be that as it may, it accounts for the propensity in old Writers to scribble *pour s'amuser;* and, therefore, I suppose, it has become a fashion for Dramatists,—who, when they have grown grey, find that narrating anecdotes is much easier work than inventing plays,—to turn Autobiographers.

Detraction, perhaps, may affirm, that they are past the greater effort, though equal to the less;

as, upon Falstaff's principle, "your worn-out serving-man makes a fresh tapster."

And this brings me to the point at which I might have set out; namely, to offer some

PROSPECTUS OF MY RANDOM RECORDS.

My plan, then, is to have *no* plan; and, in sitting down to write—not *My Life*, but something "about it and about it,"—I fetter myself to no concatenation of narrative. When I shall have penn'd one paragraph, it is impossible for me to foresee what may be the next. I may fly off at a tangent, from grave to gay, from one subject, or one place, to another, and back again, *ad libitum:* —I shall give my readers a dance, if they don't tire of my piping, while I am lolling in my easy chair.

All I promise is, to begin at the beginning; and to treat the little events of my humble existence, *as far as I please to mention them*, so much in due order, that I will not positively write them backwards, as you read Hebrew;—or as a late *distrait* nobleman once, it is said, ate a dinner, commencing with cheese, and finishing with soup.

In short, it will be a motley piece of business; the last, possibly, in which I may submit myself to the publick; and Heaven grant you patience, ladies and gentlemen, through the undertaking!—For my own part, I buckle to it briskly enough, in spite of every man's pleasure being somewhat tinged with melancholy in a retrospect of his "*auld lang syne.*"

Well,—I am fallen into the sear;—I feel that even my Autumn is wasting;—still I maintain my cheerfulness; and bask in every gleam of friendly and convivial sunshine I can find, careless (but I trust not immorally so) of the approaching season that will end me.

—The last sentence, by the by, is a little too like old Kecksy's "Who's afraid?" in the farce of *The Irish Widow.*—

After all, I am puzzled for a plausible pretext, if one be necessary, for publishing these my scribblings;—so many have forerun me in this course, that I have no new reason, by way of pal iation, to offer.

One of the early theatrical Autobiographers tells us, that his principal object in writing his Life is,

to prevent others from writing it after his death*; which, in his time, was no bad precaution; and, *now*, the motive for telling your own story is double; since some people, of late, take your life out of your hands before the breath is out of your body, —and that *willy nilly*;—which does not appear to me to be quite fair;—for if a man choose to reserve himself, while living, as a subject for his own pen, *he himself* seems to be his own natural property, and not the property of another;—at least, if it be not so in law, it ought to be so in common courtesy,—when biography stretches beyond the publick and professional facts of an individual's character, and goes into private anecdote, and detail.

However, from the olden time above-mention'd, down to the present day, innumerable have been

* "So many hasty writers have been encouraged to publish the Lives of the late Mrs. Oldfield, Mr. Wilks, and Mr. Booth, in less time after their deaths than one would suppose it cost to transcribe them. Now, sir, when my time comes, lest they should think it worth while to handle my memory with the same freedom; I am willing to prevent its being so oddly besmeared (or, at least, but flatly whitewashed) by taking upon me to give the public this, as true a picture of myself as natural vanity will permit me to draw."

Life of COLLEY CIBBER, *by Himself.*

the prefatorial apologies of *Self-Life-Writers*, each crying, "Behold the maiden modesty of Grimbald!"—till, at last, my facetious friend and old schoolfellow, Frederick Reynolds, with his usual honesty, asserts, (A.D. 1826,) that he has written, by the advice of his physician, to cure himself of the *Blue Devils*. I heartily hope that the cure has been complete; but he has exceeded the terms of the prescription; for, in diverting his own melancholy, he has contributed much to the amusement of others. But it is plain that there is no excuse for me left;—a stale one will scarcely be admitted.

This reminds me of an obsolete story of a parcel of schoolboys, who had a fashion—lately revived among dandy clerks and apprentices—of smoking tobacco. It was in the time of James the First, whose detestation of the habit and of the noxious weed was manifested by his pedantick "Counter-blast" against it*; but it had no effect upon the

* The work entitled "*A Counterblast against Tobacco*" is said to have been written by James the First. In "A Collection of Witty Apophthegms," publish'd in 1761, this Monarch begins an invective against smoking, by saying that "*it is the lively image and pattern of hell*"—and concludes it with declaring that, if he

boys:—they still whiff'd away, like little Whigs, to show their independence of His Majesty.—In short, the young dogs smoked day and night, like the kitchen-chimney of a tavern. This, of course, was conceal'd, as much as you can conceal a smell, from the Domine;—till, one luckless evening, when the imps were all huddled together round the fire of their dormitory, involving each other in vapours of their own creation,—lo! in burst the Master, and stood in awful dignity before them. "How now!" quoth Domine, to the first lad, "how dare you be smoking tobacco?" "Sir," said the boy, "I'm subject to head-aches, and a pipe takes off the pain." "And you?—and you?—and you?" enquired the pedagogue, questioning every boy in his turn. One had "a raging tooth"—another the cholick,—the third a cough—the fourth—in short, they all had something. "Now, sirrah," bellow'd the doctor to the last boy, "what disorder do *you* smoke for?" Alas! all the excuses were exhausted!—when

"*were to invite the devil to dinner,*" he should have three dishes: "*a pig, a pole of ling and mustard, and a pipe of tobacco, for digesture.*"

the interrogated urchin, putting down his pipe, after a farewell whiff, and looking gravely up in Domine's face, said in a whining hypocritical tone—"*Sir, I smoke for corns.*"

And so, indulgent reader, bereft as I am of all other plea,—anticipated in every excuse,—allow me (for want of a better) to affirm that

I WRITE TO CURE MY CORNS.

But, oh! if smoking could cure the gout,—which, at certain times of the year, torments me annually more and more,—I would throw away my *colchicum*, and my pen, and take to a cigar; though, I do assure you, that I am one among the few of my brethren who have *a great dislike to puffing*.

I *could*, indeed, advance a solid reason for publishing my book,—but I disdain it;—so, before I proceed to the next chapter, I snatch the opportunity of sending a letter to a friend in Devonshire.

To ———— ———— Esq.

PRIVATE.

My Dear Friend,

I can refuse you nothing;—and, since you are so urgent to learn why I print my "*Random Records*", I can-

didly inform you that I do so because I have accepted a very good offer from my booksellers; —a reason, I believe, which has influenced most of my predecessors. Pray keep this a profound secret; and believe me

Ever yours,

G. C.

February, 1827.

CHAPTER SECOND.

"When that I was a little tiny boy,
With a hey ho!"

SHAKSPEARE.

BEGINNING your Life—I mean upon paper—is like beginning a journey in a postchaise; you never start at the time you intended. There is always something, which you did not expect, to be said or done before you set off,—some fiddle-faddle thing to be look'd after, at the last moment:—for instance,—now, just as I was stepping into my vehicle, that is, into this Chapter, which ought to have been my first, and is now my second,—a sapient friend stopp'd me, upon the very threshold of my existence; by warning me against rushing upon my readers, without an *Exordium*, to let them know what my Book is about. The *Title*, I told him, would partly explain *that*; and, if people wanted to know more of the Contents,—they might read them.—Still, he stickled for preliminary matter; - it was customary, he said, and "*dans les regles.*"

That this prefatory order of things should be exacted from Volumes which have *no order in them at all*, seems somewhat Irish; I have, however, conform'd with the orderly prescription, and now off I go!—taking with me my worthy acquaintances and booksellers, Messrs. Colburn and Bentley, as agreeable companions; who do me the favour to settle the bills upon the road, and to pay the turnpikes.

The day of the month on which I was born now stands conspicuous in the chronological table, and will be transmitted to late posterity.—A pretty modest set out!—But Heaven help thee, simple reader!—Think not I infer that *my* humble issue into life could give celebrity to that day, or to any other;—nor was the day celebrated at all, that I remember, till I had been in this breathing world exactly three-and-forty years;—but, exactly then, a memorable event occurr'd, and

> so it would have done,
> At the same season, if my mother's cat
> Had kitten'd, though myself had ne'er been born:

then, however, did the gallant NELSON, fighting and conquering at Trafalgar, add to his Country's glory and his own;—then too, alas! was cypress

interwoven with the laurel, and the chilling drops of death, which hung upon the Hero's brow, bedew'd his wreath of victory.—This happen'd on the twenty-first of October, Anno Domini, 1805. Now take your slate ;—any schoolboy can do the sum, who has got as far as subtraction ; and

From - - -	October 21st, 1805,	
Deduct - - - - - -		43 years.
There will remain,	October 21st, 1762.	

and thus, you will have the precise period of my nativity.

In truth, the retrospection is somewhat of the longest ;—and, to make it look still longer, what *memorabilia* have crowded upon us, between that time and this !—abroad, what revolutions, wars, dismemberment of States, with

" moving accidents by flood and field !"

at home, what shocks, from within and without, has our little Island proudly sustain'd, while scoundrel traitors croak of the ruin which they wish, but are unable, to effect !—Ruin'd are we ?—Then what merry undone dogs are Englishmen ! !—Ride through our laughing land, and what is *now* to be observed ?—The residences, parks,

and wide domains, of the noble and the rich; gay boxes of the tradesmen, snug tenements of the yeomanry, and comfortable cottages of the peasants; morasses drain'd, and wastes cultivated: excellent roads and canals intersecting the country, in every direction; commodious vehicles, high-fed horses, and luxurious inns; hills bored or levell'd, and bridges stretching from bank to bank, where lately the traveller was forced to climb the steep, and ford the torrent, in peril of his life.—Then, drive to the Metropolis;—be quick, or, before you have got within twenty miles of it, it will have met you half-way;—there you behold Art and Science improved, with a rapidity beyond the most sanguine expectation;—new spacious streets and squares, throng'd with equipages; mansions whose external grandeur betokens the gorgeous decorations to be found within; publick offices rebuilt or beautified; even hospitals, and other structures of charity, towering like palaces; churches multiplied, theatres enlarged, clubs in clusters, hotels in swarms, brilliant assemblies, and Lucullan feasts.—Shops, too, where the costliest articles of home and foreign fabrication are display'd, while the worth of many thousand pounds lies glittering in a show-glass;—and in

various districts of the town, where, not long since, a few miserable lamps wink'd at dismal distances, to make "a darkness visible," a joyous blaze of gas now gladdens the passing population, and illuminates the night-scene.

If this be Ruin, thanks to Him, who, under Providence, has thus ruin'd us!—Thanks to the King of England, who, during his regency and his reign, has evinced energies, and pursued measures, which, by endearing him to his people, have doubly fortified him in the power of guarding his dominions!—Thanks to the illustrious George the Fourth, and the wisdom of those counsellors whom his judgment selected, in the midst of convulsions which shook the world to its centre, for not only preserving our Constitution, when the storm was at its height, but for enabling us to quell the tempest, and dictate peace to Europe*!

Temporary pressure upon certain classes is the unavoidable consequence of a glorious struggle,

* It is almost redundant to observe, how greatly and triumphantly the zeal and talent of the executive government, the skill and gallantry of our naval and military officers, and the proverbial valour of our men, have co-operated with the Monarch and his ministers, in establishing the pre-eminence of Great Britain, during the difficulties we have surmounted.

which has saved the country: and men may firmly endure that transient national evil which is the alternative of national annihilation. Agriculture and Manufacture are the natural gigantick offspring of our soil, and will rise, after an accidental fall, like Antæus from the earth, in all their pristine vigour.

Among the vicissitudes which Time has produced, I forgot to mention the striking change of manners and fashions. Whether they have ameliorated or grown worse, let the partizans of the old and new schools determine;—but, certain it is, we have little of the *vielle cour* behaviour remaining, except, perhaps, in some persons among the very highest circles:—as to *costume*, a lady's hoop is not to be seen at Court—and there are scarcely *six pigtails* left in London*.

I have digress'd; but the reader has been fore-

* When I produced my Comedy call'd "*The Poor Gentleman*," at Covent Garden Theatre, in the year 1801, Mrs. Mattocks acted the part of *Lucretia Mac Tab* in the same dress which she had worn many years previously, as *Lucinda*, in *Love in a Village*; with no further alteration of it, than her having grown fatter, or thinner, might require. The gown was what is call'd a *sack*, with a petticoat over a large hoop. The unlearned in theatricals should be told that Lucinda is a very young spinster, and Lucretia a very old-fashion'd old maid.

warn'd of my immethodical propensities in the first Chapter; and no wonder that I should lose sight of my own trifling individuality, while reflecting upon events of the utmost importance.

By the by, this knack of *getting out of myself* has relieved me frequently in many a weary mile of my worldly pilgrimage;—for I have march d with more peas in my shoes than most of my neighbours; and had I not often thought on something else,—rather than on my own pains and vexations,—I should have founder'd. Some troublous planet, I believe, was Lord of the Ascendant in my horoscope, and the anagram of my name is *No Calm.*

Almost everybody who is conversant with the state of English literature, in the last half of the eighteenth century, knows who my father was,—except the Margravine of Anspach*. This lady, in the dedication of her Memoirs, written by herself, and lately publish'd, has inform'd the world that the late King George the Third used, at his levees, to say to his courtiers, "*Lady*

* The Margravine has died since this was written; but as I have said nothing disrespectful of her Serene Highness, and as I owe a duty to my father's memory, I shall not alter my manuscript.

Craven always tells the truth:"—*nous verrons.* Of my father she speaks in her second volume as follows:—

"He was a natural son of Lord Bath, Sir James Pulteney; and his father, perceiving in the son a passion for plays, asked him fairly if he never intended to turn his thoughts to politics; as it was his desire to see him a minister, which, with his natural endowments, and the expense and pains he had bestowed on his education, he had reason to imagine, with his interest, he might become. His *father* desired to know if he would give up the Muses for diplomacy, and plays for politics; as, in that case, he meant to give him his whole fortune. Colman thanked Lord Bath for his kind communication; but candidly said, that he preferred Thalia and Melpomene to ambition of any kind, for the height of his wishes was to become, at some future time, the manager of a theatre. Lord Bath left him £1500 a year, instead of all his immense wealth*."

The foregoing account assumes a precision of knowledge, and an authenticity of tone, which,

* Memoirs of the Margravine of Anspach, vol. ii, pp. 178, 179.

biographically consider'd, nothing but the most accurate exposition of facts can justify; and it is to be wish'd that Lady Craven, now the Margravine of Anspach, had, in the present instance, better illustrated the infallibility of His late Majesty's panegyrick.

I must set this matter right;—but here I am placed between Scylla and Charybdis;—gallantry and good breeding forbid me to suppose, much less to hint, that her Serene Highness has, by any possibility, wilfully "*said the thing which is not;*" and to aver that the Margravine makes positive assertions upon vague reports, and erroneous authorities, would be the utter ruin of her credit as an historian.

Let me lament, then, in the first place, that some practical joker should have crept into the library of the Margravine, and, (by what means I cannot guess) alter'd the edition which she possesses of the History of England; for in no unmutilated work of that kind, continued from Hume, whether by Smollett or others, is there any such person as "Lord Bath, Sir James Pulteney," to be found.

Had not the above conjectured piece of roguery

been effected, or had the Margravine stumbled upon a History of England with which no wicked tricks had been play'd,—or even upon an old "Correct Peerage of England, Scotland, and Ireland,"—she would have known, as every body else knows, that the Lord Bath whom she mentions never was a baronet, nor a knight; and that, if he had been either, as it is not customary for a gentleman to lose his christian name when he gains a baronetcy or a knighthood, he would not have been *Sir James*, but *Sir William*.—Who has not heard of the celebrated WILLIAM PULTENEY,—the acrimonious, eloquent, and witty opposer of SIR ROBERT WALPOLE, and the chief *ouster* of that minister, in the reign of King George the Second? —Who knows not that, after this feat, he accepted a peerage, which lost him his popularity, and brought upon him obloquy, if not contempt?

He took his seat in the upper House, as Earl of Bath, in the year 1742; and, from that time, his sun was set in the political hemisphere. His wife's sister* married my grandfather, Francis

* These two sisters had two other sisters; one married to the father of the late Viscount Lake, the other to the father of the late Dr. Lockman, a Canon of Windsor.

Colman; and, on my grandfather's demise, April 20, 1733, in the Duchy of Tuscany, (where he was ambassador from the English Court,) my father, being then only one year old, was taken under the protection of his maternal aunt's husband, the aforesaid William Pulteney, afterwards Lord Bath; who placed him progressively, according to the proper periods of his age, first at Westminster school, then at Oxford, and, afterwards, in Chambers at Lincoln's Inn, to study the Law.

The Earl of Bath had the strongest affection for his only son, Lord Pulteney, whose conduct never gave him cause for parental displeasure or regret, and whose early death overwhelm'd him with affliction. It is absurd, then, to imagine that he would have proposed to disinherit, without provocation, his legitimate offspring whom he so dearly loved, for the purpose of giving all his "immense wealth" to his alleged natural son.

After Lord Pulteney's death, (which happen'd on the 16th of January, 1763,) it was rather too late to make such a proposal, and to begin training a subject for "diplomacy;" for my father was then nearly one-and-thirty; had been studying the law, under Lord Bath's approval; had

been call'd to the Bar, went the Circuit, and had obtain'd some incipient practice.

Besides, think of embryo ministers*, rear'd by the desire and interests of the cast-fallen William Pulteney !—a tarnish'd patriot, sickening at politicks; a flaming Whig, extinguish'd with a coronet, and dignified into insignificance†.

The Peer's own testimonies against the Margravine's assertion, as to this minister-making speculation, are extant in his letters, written to my father, while the latter was at Oxford, and afterwards at Lincoln's Inn, as thus :—

———"When you have taken your Bachelor's degree, I promise to take you from the University, and place you in some chambers in Lincoln's Inn; of which society you have already been some time a member.———I left it to your own election what profession you would be of; you chose being

* There can be no doubt that the Margravine knows the difference between a cabinet minister, and a minister delegated by one Court to reside at another; but, by the extract which I have given from Her Serene Highness's Memoirs, it would appear that she considers them indiscriminately, as if their different functions were both the same.

† Lord North, when Premier, used to call this being "*kick'd up stairs.*"

a lawyer, and I approved your choice; the beginnings of all things are somewhat hard, and to shine in this profession requires vast application; think, therefore, of what I have said, and make a grateful return for the expenses I am at," &c.—Again; "As you have now taken your Bachelor's degree in the University, it may be time for you to come to London, to apply more particularly to that study which is to become your profession and your livelihood.————I furnish you only with the means of rising, and recommend to you never to stop in your career, till you have got to the head of the Law *."

Upon the subjects of my father having offended Lord Bath, and of his alleged illegitimacy, he has spoken for himself:

————"I had recourse to my pen, which was then rarely used, dramatically or otherwise, but with a view to profit: the Earl of Bath, however, was so little displeased with these efforts,

* *Posthumous Letters to* Francis Colman *and* Colman the elder. These letters from "Various Celebrated Men" were edited by me, in the year 1820. Exclusive of the letters, is Lord Bath's explanation for accepting a Peerage: printed for Cadell, Strand.

that he even countenanced and encouraged them, and often deign'd to consider them as the earnest of something better. So dear, indeed, did he hold me, that he has not only in words and in writing told me, that he consider'd me as his second son, but in several wills and testaments executed during that period, and during the life of my dear friend and kinsman, LORD PULTENEY, absolutely testified that he regarded me in that light; nor did any of my theatrical productions abate his affection, or in the least tend to alter his intentions. A more fatal event was the cause of these alterations; I mean the early and unexpected death of LORD PULTENEY. From that moment, he new modell'd his will, in which he still made a handsome provision for me but left it to the discretion of GENERAL PULTENEY to consign, or not to consign, to me the estate, which he had, in many preceding wills, absolutely devised to me, in case of the death of his only son, LORD PULTENEY."————"I have mention'd that LORD BATH consider'd me as his second son; and, indeed, his avow'd partiality for me induced many persons, not intimately acquainted with the history and connections of the

family, to think me really so, and of consequence to report it as a fact. Not to dwell on the grossness of the supposition, implying a criminal intercourse between his lordship and his wife's sister, there were certain physical impossibilities in the case. My mother went over to my father, who was Resident at Florence four or five years before I was born. Mr. Pulteney [Lord Bath] and his family were in England; I had a sister born there* two years before me, so that neither of us, natives of Florence, could derive our origin from my mother's brother-in-law, considering the unfortunate intervention of the Alps and the Mediterranean. We had, indeed, each of us, the honour of a Royal Godfather and Godmother, as children of a British Plenipotentiary, from whom we took our several names of GEORGE and CAROLINE."—(*Posthumous Pamphlets by* COLMAN, *the elder*†.)

* "*There*," according to the context, evidently means Florence: my father had forgot that "England" was the immediate antecedent.

† The title-page to this pamphlet is "Some Particulars of the Life of the late George Colman, Esq. written by Himself, and deliver'd by him to Richard Jackson, Esq. (one of his executors)

By the foregoing extracts, from old publish'd and indisputable authorities, I have, like a true *pius Æneas*, taken poor *pater Anchises* upon my shoulders:—rigid people, perhaps, may think it was incumbent upon the noble authoress of the Memoirs, to which I have adverted, to have ascertain'd whether such documents existed, before she so peremptorily varied from them; but I only hope that, in rectifying her errors, I may not offend her.—Having had the honour to be the Margrave and Margravine of Anspach's guest, when they resided at Brandenburgh House; having, also, been acquainted with the late Lord Craven, and his youngest brother, two of the Margravine's sons; and her second son, Berkeley Craven, being my old, and once intimate, friend, it would really grieve me to hear that I have ruffled Her Serene Highness's serenity:—But, *fiat Justitia ruat Cœlum!*—While giving the date of my birth, I have been naturally led to speak of the man who was so materially instrumental to my being born, I have felt myself bound to

for publication after his decease." It was publish'd in 1795: printed for T. Cadell, &c., Strand.

rescue him from the supposed fatuity of relinquishing "*immense wealth*" for the *management of a Playhouse*; and it is still more my duty to save him from imputed illegitimacy, by explaining that my grandmother was exempt from the conjugal frailty of Venus, and my grandfather from the fate of Vulcan.

My grandmother, on her return to England, in her widowhood, resided in a small house, since pull'd down, (which she was allow'd, I believe, by the Crown to inhabit,) close to Rosamond's Pond, in St. James's Park. This Pond is now fill'd up; it had some little Islands upon it, forming part of the *Decoy*, upon one of which there was a summer-house, where the old Princess Amelia used to drink tea. For an account of the pond, I am indebted to the kindness of Sir Charles Flint, with a map of this part of St. James's Park as it was formerly, copied from Stow's Survey of London; of which delineation I was not previously aware.

On the death of my worthy grandam, she bequeath'd to my father six thousand pounds; which sum was, then, more than double its present value; so it appears that, after all, he was

not dependent upon Lord Bath and General Pulteney, for every shilling of his fortune; the old lady died when I was quite a child; for I can just recollect mourning for her, in a black sash, tied round the waist of a white linen frock.

The commencement of my worldly career will be fix'd early enough (many may say, much too soon,) at the period of my being sent to Marylebone School, when I was about eight years old;—for the mere *Age of Pap* is to be touch'd upon only by an infant Hercules, who can tell of strangling serpents in his cradle;—and, indeed, the earliest stages of anybody's childhood, just after his emancipation from the nursery, are seldom, if ever, fruitful of memorable events. Whatever may be, at that time, interesting or amusing, is generally derived from circumstances and characters which surround the hero of the tale, rather than any singularity of the hero himself;—nor would it have detracted one jot from the classical immortality of the great Samuel Johnson, if his precocious poetry upon a Duck had never been recorded. A poulterer's brat, who had trod upon some of his father's live stock, might have "lisp'd in numbers," equally intel-

lectual; and any cock and bull story is as worthy of preservation as this anecdote of the Duck and the Doctor*.

But it ill becomes *me* to decide upon the proper starting-post of a great man's biography;—the race, however, which I have now to run is so inferior, and irregular, that it matters little from what point *I* set out.

The Marylebone Seminary was, at the time I was placed there, a fashionable stepping-stone to Westminster, and other publick schools of the first order. The head master of it, old Doctor Fountain, ("*Principium et Fons*,") was a worthy good-natured *Domine*, in a bush wig;—and his wife had a head of hair which exhibited a prodigious variety of colours. This diversity of tints must have arisen from the different experiments she practised upon her tresses; and so conspicuous was the effect, that, if Beremice's locks had a right to rank among the stars, Mrs. Fountain's

* Boswell denies the truth of this anecdote; and, as he says, upon the Doctor's own authority; yet Johnson's step-daughter positively maintain'd that she was assured of it by his mother; and Mrs. Piozzi and Sir John Hawkins both assert it. At all events, the story has obtain'd, and the authorship of the verses has been generally attributed to Johnson.

cheveluro had as clear a claim to pass for a rainbow.

It is odd that this lively old lass, whose faded charms still testified that she had been a fine woman, should have anticipated, by many a year, the chymical attempts now made to beautify ringlets, eyebrows, whiskers, and mustaches. Whatever were the ingredients of her specificks, they evidently fail'd as much as those modern *infallibles* which have render'd a purple pate, upon human shoulders, more common than a Blue Boar upon a sign-post.

But, although Dame Fountain rejected powder and pomatum, (which were universally worn,) she, nevertheless, so far conform'd with the prevalent female fashions, as to erect a formidable messuage, or tenement of hair, upon the ground-plot of her pericranium.

A towering Toupee, pull'd up all but by the roots, and strain'd over a cushion on the top of her head, form'd the centre of the building; tiers of curls served for the wings; a banging *chignon* behind defended her occiput like a buttress; and the whole fabrick was kept tight and weather-proof, as

with nails and iron cramps, by a quantity of long single and double black pins.

If I could borrow, for five minutes, from the Author of the Waverly Novels that pen so pencil-like in pourtraying the minutest parts of ancient attire, I would describe the *body-clothes* of this matron of Marylebone; but, as my pictures are only sketches, and dabs of the pound-brush, I content myself with saying, that the several dresses and decorations of her person were in keeping with the machinery of her head:—and, at a certain hour of each day, she threw over her rustling habiliments a thin snow-white linen wrapper (tied, at precise intervals, with strings of the same colour) which descended from her throat to her ancles. In this costume she was daily wont to mount herself upon an elevated stool, near a wide fire-place, to preside over the urchins of her husband's academy, while they ate their dinner; which ceremony was perform'd in the hall of the mansion*; an old rambling house, allied to the

* This mansion must, I think, from my recollection of the site, and the description extant of it, have been the Manor-house of Marylebone; of which it is said, in Stowe:

"By a drawing of Rooker's, in the possession of John White, Esq., of Devonshire Place, it seems to have retained some traces of the architecture of Queen Elizabeth's time; but the greater

Gothick, at long tables cover'd with cloths most accurately clean, and with wholesme boil'd and roast, most excellently cook'd.

It was, certainly, not a display of the sublime and beautiful, --but it was a scene of the pompous and the pleasing, when this comely old hen sat in state, watching over the merry brood of chickens under her care. Nothing could be better than her whole arrangement of this puerile refectory; nothing better than the taste and judgment with which she restrain'd the clamour, but allow'd the mirth, of the boys, during their repast; and for the repast itself,—oh! what batter puddings!

Should some austere reader throw down the book, indignant at the frivolity of this exclamation, I would have him to know that I could read his moroseness such a lecture upon Puddings, and the honour in which they were formerly held, as would make him lower his tone.--*I could inform* this fastidious personage, that the most enlighten'd men of ancient times thought them

part appears to have been rebuilt at a later period, perhaps by the Forests, and the south front was certainly added, or renewed, not more than a century ago. Devonshire Mews are built upon the site of the Manor-house."

not only strengtheners of the body, but sharpeners of the mind;—wherefore it was said,

> Quid farto melius?
> Hinc suam agnoscit corpus energiam,
> Suam aciem mens;
>
> *Mæb. de Fartophagis.*

nay, the Romans even erected a statue to F. Agricola, the inventor of lentil dumplings; which, after all, were poor leguminous conglomerations; and no more to be compared with our improved compounds of flour, milk, and eggs, than a shin of beef to a haunch of venison. I could also tell him that the learned University of Oxford is as proud of its college puddings as of its logick, sausages, mathematicks, or brawn;—that the very mention of these culinary compositions is of such national importance as to be entwined in the staples of our language, by forming the basis of sundry proverbs; as, "*Too much pudding will choke a dog,*" which is a caution against excess; "*The proof of the pudding is in the eating,*" which is a precept to trust only to absolute experience. "*Hungry dogs eat dirty pudding,*" which is a satire upon the distress of epicures, during a scarcity of provisions; and as, accord-

ing to Shakspeare, "there is a tide in the affairs of men", so the good luck of settling concerns of the greatest consequence, exactly at the critical minute, is express'd by being "*just in pudding time.*"—I could, moreover, instruct him, that JOHN BRAN, of Norfolk, was order'd up to Court, and appointed cook to King John, of Magna Charta memory, on account of his skill in pudding-making; —when, so great was John Bran's fame, that he was call'd Jack Pudding throughout the kingdom; and being the first who ever *broil'd* these dainties, the monarch instituted him Knight of the Gridiron, giving him a gridiron of gold, the ensign of the Order of Jack Puddings, (who have since degenerated into Merry Andrews,) which he always wore, as a mark of his Sovereign's favour:—

But 'tis enough to tell my gentleman (who may take up the book again, or let alone, as he pleases) that the Marylebone delicacies, which I have apostrophized, rose into so much celebrity, that various were the visiters—parents of the children, and friends of the Fountains, —who came in their carriages to *lunch*, at the school dinner hour; and, as there was a regular

routine of certain fare throughout the week, the *batter-pudding* days were as well known to the visiters as to the boys.

There were three Miss Fountains, daughters of the Bush-wig and the Rainbow Head, who were grown to womanhood, and inmates of the house. These damsels had no share in the scholastick cares of superintendence, but, I have been told that they much enliven'd the family drawing-room, where there were *conversazioni*, cards, and *petits soupers;* and sometimes musick, when a married sister, who was famous for her prowess on the harpsichord, paid them a visit, and flourish'd away in grand style. The elder of the unmarried girls had, in person, overshot the prescribed curve of Hogarth's *Line of Beauty;* but, then, she was "vastly clever and agreeable," as every Mrs. Candour says, after lamenting that a young lady's figure is somewhat warp'd. I recollect little of the youngest girl (who, I believe, was kept rather in the back-ground,) except that she was good-natured and good-looking, with the bloom and *agrémens* of youth;—but the second sister, Di,—she was the great attraction; and with her charms, and her chat, contributed much, no

doubt, to increase the number of *Exquisites* who assisted at the "at homes" of Mrs. Fountain.

This Diana, who was the Venus of the family, afterwards became a Juno,—and married Mr. Hargrave, of high reputation in his time, at the Chancery bar; a gentleman of profound learning in the law, and the laborious unraveller of the intricate questions involved in the famous Thelusson Will;—but how a man of deep research, and full practice in Chancery, finds time to make love enough to get married, is to me astonishing!

There was only one female, in this establishment, who was not only my dislike, but my dread and aversion. This was a squeezy, pale, lemon-faced *Maid*, whose hard features, and naturally repellent qualities, must, I think, have insured her a most unequivocal title to that chaste appellation; and, from the time I last saw her—which is more than half a century ago—to the present moment, she never enters my head without giving me a pain in the bowels;—*et pour cause;*—Sir, it is all owing to a combination of ideas.

Dame Fountain, you are to know, had a reverent anxiety for the health of every boy committed to her charge; -- there never was a transient

head-ach, a casual flush in the face, or tickling in the trachea, to raise suspicion of a cough, or in the fauces, to give an alarm of sore throat,—or a pimple on the skin, the supposed forerunner of a rash,—but the unhappy urchin who indicated these symptoms was condemn'd to be physick'd. Unluckily, Mrs. Fountain had but one recipe;—and she applied it to every disorder, as the fiddler fiddled Bobbing Joan, because he could fiddle nothing else;—it was her panacea;—and, whenever she pass'd sentence for imbibing it, the lemon-faced virgin, whom I held in such fear and abhorrence, was the executioner. It was my wretched lot, being a puny child, to be continually doom'd to a dose of this filth; and, on the execution days, I was taken by surprise early in the morning, on the landing-place of the stairs, while creeping down from bed to the school-room;—there stood the pale *Pucelle*, holding a table-spoon full of water, with ten grains of powder of senna floating on the top.

At first sight of me, she stirr'd up the senna in the spoon with her forefinger, the nail of which was border'd like writing-paper in a deep mourning;—the signal, at last, was familiar to

me ;—"Come child!" was all she ever utter'd ; I knew the dreadful word of command ; and, with tears trickling down my cheeks, gulp'd the nauseous draught, half mix'd, lumpy, green, gritty, and griping. But, oh ! the pains I afterwards endured !—Yet this woman do I forgive ;—I would even write an epitaph upon her, since now, no doubt, she is dead, for she was no chicken when I knew her. Peace to her maidenly remains ! ere this, they must be pulverized and levigated more—much, much more, than the gritty powder of senna which (devil incarnate as she then was !) she forced me to swallow.

Domine Fountain was a quiet kindly old pedagogue ; and, I think, illustrated the adage relative to the effect of sparing the ferula. As a teacher of the ancient classicks, he did not overburden his pupils with Latin and Greek ; and they had respect enough for the dead languages to disturb their repose as little as the Doctor's mild discipline would permit.

There were two French masters, regular fixtures, in the establishment ; one of them, if I recollect aright, assisted also in the Latin department.

The teachers who attended at certain hours, on stated days, were a writing and arithmetick master, a drawing-master, a dancing master, and a fencing master. From such kind of fugitive instructors as these last, who come like April showers, a crowd of boys may obtain a sprinkling, but they never can be wet through with knowledge;—nor, indeed, did we appear to grow mighty learned from the lessons of our resident masters.

It was a law of the school that we were to converse, throughout the day, in what was there call'd *French;*—accordingly, except when whispering in holes and corners, we gabbled worse than young Hottentots, in a sort of jargon which was not even the corruption of any language upon earth!—it was true *Marylebone Patois*, and no other. Even the footman of the family, a ruddy thickset lout in a livery, from the West-Riding of Yorkshire, deem'd it decorous to *parly voo*, in his communication with the pupils; and, whenever he had occasion to announce that a friend or a messenger had arrived to take any one of them home, he put his head in at the door-way of the school-room, and bawl'd out, in a stento-

rian voice that did honour to the West-Riding, "Measter such-a-one, *venny shurshay*." To expound the enigma of this vociferation, it must be recollected, that, in the French language, *venir* signifies to come, and *chercher*, to seek, or inquire after; and, by Yorkshire John's north-country conjugation of these gallican verbs, he meant it to be understood, that somebody had arrived to inquire for a boy; or, according to his own translation, had "*Come to fetch him.*"

On the eve of my quitting this Seminary for ever—it being the night of Maundy Thursday—I made a ridiculous vow, and was forsworn :—

"At Lovers' perjuries, they say, Jove laughs;"

those of children, it is to be hoped, are as pardonable.

As it was Passion Week, most of my schoolfellows had been taken home, for the short Easter holidays ; I had been promised to be sent for, but no messenger came ; alone, disappointed, vex'd, sobbing, and forlorn, *I went to bed in my stockings ;* and mentally resolved with all the earnestness of childish obtestation, never to pull them off till I had seen my mother.

Next day (Good Friday) Yorkshire John announced to me the welcome "*venny shurshay,*" and joyfully I sought my home; but, alas! it had become a house of mourning.—The window shutters were closed,—all was sad,—and my father in the deepest affliction. My mother had died that morning; she had been for a short time ill, but not dangerously so, till on the preceding night; she had, as I was afterwards inform'd, swallow'd, by mistake, a wrong medicine. I never saw her more!—the impressions of sorrow are seldom lasting upon a childish mind, but I shed many a tear in secret.

I need not tell the reader, that my vow of Maundy Thursday night was broken;—it dwells not, I confess, upon my conscience;—my poor dear mother's Spirit has never risen to accuse me; nor do I think that any spirit, but Hosier's Ghost, would ever visit me, for the perjury about my stockings.

CHAPTER THIRD.

Who shall decide when doctors disagree?

POPE.

Respiciens rura, laremque suum.

OVID.

WHEN I consider what a-do is made about a little *Latin* and *Greek*, how many years are spent in it, and what a noise and business it makes to no purpose, I can hardly forbear thinking that the parents of children still live in fear of the schoolmaster's rod, which they look on as the only instrument of education, as a language or two to be its whole business.

LOCKE.

I forgot something in the last chapter; - and, if I no not recur to it now, it must keep chronologically cool for nearly fifty years, before I can touch upon it in the right place:—it will be better to take this opportunity;—I return, therefore, not to Marylebone school, but to its neighbourhood.

Marylebone Gardens were frequented, at the time I have been mentioning, as a place of publick amusement; but they would be scarcely worth noticing now, if they did not remind me of a

theatrical point, which then puzzled nobody; but which has, of late, not only perplex'd the sages of the Drama, but posed even the learned in the Law.

These Gardens had long obtain'd notoriety, as will appear in the two subjoin'd extracts*; but,

* "I do not find that the Earl of Oxford ever inhabited this mansion [the Manor-House]; but his noble collection of books and manuscripts were deposited in a library built for that purpose, which still remains in High-Street, being incorporated in a house which is now a boarding-school for young ladies, called Oxford-House. Behind this house, was a well known place of entertainment, called MARYLEBONE GARDENS. In the reign of Queen Anne, there has been a noted tavern at this place, with bowling-greens, much frequented by persons of the first rank. It afterwards grew into disrepute, and is made by GAY the scene of MACHEATH's debauches. About the year 1740, [*Mem*:—this is previous to the era of which I am now writing] Marylebone Gardens were opened for public breakfasts and evening concerts. Some of the first singers were generally engaged there, and fireworks were frequently exhibited. In the year 1777 or 1778, the Gardens were shut up, and the site let to builders. The ground is now occupied by Beaumont-Street, part of Devonshire-Street, and part of Devonshire-Place."

STOWE.

"The Duke of Buckingham describes his manner of living in Buckingham-House, in a letter to the Earl of Shrewsbury. He has omitted his constant visits to the noted gaming-house at Marylebone, the place of assemblage of all the infamous sharpers of the time. His Grace always gave them a dinner at the conclu-

at the period to which I advert, they seem to have been started upon a fresh plan; they were inferior to Vauxhall, which is

"Bosom'd high in tufted trees—"

though they boasted vegetation,—with walks, and boxes round the walks,—and decorations, and gay lamps, and refreshments;—which attracted fashionable gentlemen, and would-be fashionable gentlemen; and ladies who were reputable, and ladies who would *not* be reputable;—in short, it drew together a *mélange* of company, as at Vauxhall now.

The chief novelties that set the new scheme going were the fireworks of the *Sieur Torri*, or *Torré*, a pyrotechnick genius, who kept up a blaze in Marylebone; like Zoroaster among his Persian Magi: but, as fireworks are dry things in themselves, various *scenick* vehicles of ignition and combustion were superadded, to checquer the old

sion of the season, and his parting toast was "May as many of us as remain unhanged next spring meet here again." I remember the facetious QUIN telling this story at Bath. Lady Mary Wortley Montague alludes to the amusement at this time."

"Some Dukes at Marybone bowl time away."

PENNANT.

routine of rockets, stars, serpents, flower-pots, and the other whizzings, crackings, and bouncings;—such as Burning Mountains in a state of eruption, Vulcan's Forge, with the Cyclops at work, "striking while the iron is hot," &c. &c. Maskings, shops, and booths, were also introduced into the gardens, in humble imitation of Italian Fairs, and Carnivals; which copies, it is to be fear'd, were so unlike the originals that they must have appear'd as new to the Italians as to the Cockneys; but, above all,—and which is the point to which I have been coming,—there were *Burlettas.*

These Burlettas were under the direction of the late Doctor Arnold; who, I believe, had some share in the general concern.

My father, who was a friend to the Doctor, allow'd him to act a burletta there, call'd "The Portrait," which he (my father) had taken from the "*Tableau Parlant*" of the French; it was often perform'd afterwards, if not before, at Covent Garden Theatre, of which he was then a proprietor. This piece was received, in its day, for what it profess'd to be; and so was any other piece of precisely the same description,—that is, for a Burletta;—there was no doubt, *then,* of what

it was ;—but ask *now* what is a Burletta, and you will be told it is one thing, at one theatre, and another, at another.

This disagreement arises from the Minor Theatres, which are restricted in the nature of their entertainments, having made it, *gradatim*, a different kind of Drama from what it was when first perform'd in this country; and, thereby, it is contended, by the managers of the great theatres, that they go beyond the limits of their general license.

The clashing interests, therefore, of the *Greats* and *Smalls*, under the jurisdiction of the Lord Chamberlain, occasion'd this affair, among others, to be canvass'd before the Privy Council,—who call'd in the Crown Lawyer supon the subject;—and the Lawyers, after investigating the question of "What is a Burletta?" solved it much after the manner of the respondents to Scrub in The Beaux' Stratagem;—"their answer was they could not tell; and they replied they knew nothing of the matter."

Thus a point, once thought easy, was plunged into difficulty;—and thus do people grow wiser and wiser every day; till, at last, they acquire the

sapience of that ancient philosopher who was candid enough to say,—"All I know is that I know nothing."

I had imagined that, in a case like this, the Lawyers might have form'd an opinion upon the evidence of veterans of the Stage, who could tell what was consider'd to be a Burletta, in earlier days; and have allow'd weight to old precedent, and custom, in deficiency of a minute definition, and of a positive law;—but here I was mistaken; and such veterans never were interrogated.

For my own part,—the rooted notions of an old theatrical Stager make it difficult for me to consider a Burletta otherwise than as a *drama in rhyme*, and which is *entirely musical*;—a short comick piece, consisting of *recitative* and *singing*, wholly accompanied, more or less, by the orchestra. I am borne out, I think, in this, by all that I have yet discover'd in the *Biographia Dramatica*,—except in one instance;—and the *Biographia Dramatica* is the best List of our theatrical Entertainments, from their earliest beginnings, to the present day. In this work, there are very few Pieces (comparatively with other Entertainments)

which have been acted in the London patent theatres, set down as Burlettas.

The most conspicuous are Midas, The Golden Pippin, Poor Vulcan, The Portrait, and perhaps a few others. All these come under the description of Rhyme, Recitative, and vocal and instrumental musick, with nothing *spoken*:—the only exception which I have observed, is *Tom Thumb*, alter'd from Fielding's burlesque tragedy,' "with the addition of songs." In this piece there is partly *dialogue without musick;* and I have been recently inform'd, from good authority, that it was inadvertently announced by the managers of Covent Garden Theatre (who thus produced it) as a Burletta; and that they repent of having afforded this precedent, and a greater argument for latitude, to their minor rivals:—but may it not be said, that "*exceptio probat regulam?*"

That the Minor Theatres supposed a Burletta to be what I conceive it, is pretty evident from their practice, since they were allow'd to exhibit this kind of entertainment:—

They first perform'd it according to the definition I have just given;—they then made their Recitative appear like Prose, by the actor running one

line into another, and slurring over the rhyme; — oon after, a harpsichord was touch'd *now and then*, as an accompaniment to the actor; – sometimes once in a minute; — then once in five minutes; — at last — not at all; — till, in the process of time, musical and rhyming dialogue has been abandon'd; and a Burletta now, if it *be* one, is certainly an old friend with quite a new face.

Of musical pieces, we have, in the *Biographia Dramatica*,

Opera,
Ballad Opera,
Comick Opera,
Farcical Opera,
Serio-Comick Opera,
Serio-Comick Romance,
Musical Comedy,
Musical Drama,
Musical Entertainment,
Musical Farce,
Musical Romance,
Melo-Drama,—

and various others, not forgetting *Operettas*; a term first introduced, I believe, at the Lyceum, now the English Opera-House;—and all these are enumerated as distinct from Burlettas.

If, then, we can come to a decision through negatives, and argue what a thing *is* from what it is

not, I know not, in theatricals, what a Burletta can be, but such an entertainment as Midas, The Golden Pippin, The Portrait, and Poor Vulcan.

Much of the perplexity—though not all—has been created by the term itself being a *coinage*, (evidently from the Italian,) and we have, therefore, no decided definition of it, from any authority.

Johnson has not the word in his Dictionary;—but he has *burlesque*, which he derives from the Italian *burláre*, to jest; and defines it as—"jocular; tending to raise laughter, by unnatural or unsuitable language, or images;"—neither does the word find a place in Baretti's Italian and English Dictionary, which, I believe, is the best standard work of its kind. Baretti, however, has "*burla*, a jest and banter;" "*burlare*, to laugh at, to banter;" "*burlatore*, a banterer;" "*burlesco*, *burlevole*, facetious, merry, comical,"—and a few *near relations*, as to meaning.

Now the diminutive "*Operetta*," (a coinage, also,) being form'd from *opera*, *Burletta* seems as naturally derived from *burla*, the nearest root for it, among the words above quoted; and, if so, must mean a little jest, or banter, or burlesque;—

that is, as a Drama, a short comical Piece:—still this only half settles the point; for whether "burlesque, jocular," be, in dramatick acceptation, all singing, or all speaking,—or either, or neither, or a mixture of both,—deponent Johnson sayeth not; nor is deponent Baretti more explicit as to the word "*burla*, a jest or banter*."

Under all these circumstances,—the silence of lexicographers, on one hand, and the nonplus of lawyers, on the other,—the Lord Chamberlain of the day was left in a dilemma;—but as Burlettas had been allow'd, in the first instance, to the minor theatres, and as he could not obtain any proof, or professional opinion, that the performances in question were *not* burlettas, he continued to licence them. His present successor† has *modified* this

* On further research, I find that some of the more modern Italian and French Dictionaries admit the word "*burletta*," defining it vaguely as "*Comédie*," "*Opera-Buffon*," and leaving us quite in the dark as to the main point of its precise musical character.

† His Grace, the Duke of Montrose.—I write this in April, 1827.—In my enumeration of Burlettas, I have overlook'd the following, which is mention'd in the *Biographia Dramatica*:

"AUTOGRAPHS.—Mr. Upcott, one of the Librarians at the London Institution, has just rescued from oblivion a great literary treasure in the original manuscript of *The Revenge*, a burletta, written by, and in the handwriting of, Chatterton, the poet, as an en-

matter which was done to his hands, by now granting licences for what is "*call'd by the manager a Burletta,*" and "*provided it be, in legal acceptance, a Burletta.*"

If, then, a minor play-house be acting illegally, to the detriment of a major theatre, the latter has not only the road left open, but plainly indicated to it, by such a provisional license : let, therefore, Ursa Major and Ursa Minor fight it out in the proper arena.—Judges can decide questions upon which counsellors find it difficult to form an opinion ; and, this alleged grievance being a case of law, the natural place for settling it is a Court of Justice.—Should the patent theatres object against the dearness of such a process, it may fairly be inferr'd, that the evil cannot be of vital importance, for which they will not be at the expense of a remedy.

tertainment, which was perform'd at the celebrated Mary-le-bone Gardens, with Chatterton's receipt, given to Henslow, the proprietor of the Gardens, for the amount paid for the drama, appended. *The Revenge* was publish'd many years back, by (as George Stevens call'd him) honest Tom King, the bookseller and book auctioneer; but its authenticity was doubted by several eminent criticks. Mr. Upcott found the manuscript on the counter of a cheesemonger's shop in the city, and it now forms an invaluable addition to the choice treasures of this indefatigable collector of manuscripts, and autograph letters."—(*New Literary Gazette.*)

On my mother's death, my father took me with him, from his house in town, to his villa at Richmond, in Surrey. During the many years he enjoy'd this retirement, he used repeatedly to quote, in reference to it, from his favourite Terence, of whose Comedies he has given to the world so admirable a translation,

> "Ex meo propinquo rure hoc capio commodi:
> Neque agri, neque urbis odium me unquam percipit;
> Ubi satias cæpit fieri, commuto locum*."

In fact, he had a set of quotations, as well as phrases and figures of his own, (as most men have, unconsciously, more or less,) which he was in the habit of introducing as often as he could find occasion:—for instance,—there was a horse-ferry across the Thames; and the boat in motion, wafting over passengers, carriages, and cattle, was a particularly picturesque object, when view'd from his grounds;—this was, at last, superseded by a bridge; and, if any friend condoled with him on the loss of the ferry-boat, he was sure to say, "Sir, you could not put a Higgler's

> * I've this convenience from my neighb'ring villa;
> I'm never tired of country or of town,
> For, as disgust comes on, I change my place.
>
> *Translation by* Colman the Elder.

Cart into it, that it did not become beautiful."—This eternal Higgler's Cart came over my ears in equal frequency with the quotation from Terence; and, when I grew up into a wicked stripling, I would sometimes (to my shame be it spoken!) whisper a Richmond visiter what my father would say, in precise words, upon certain topicks; and then, by leading him to them, prove the truth of my assertion.—I practised this youthful piece of waggery once too often;—for, one day, he discover'd that I was hoaxing him. I fear that he never entirely forgot this irreverence; for, from that time forth, he carefully kept clear of the "*higgler's cart,*" though, now and then, he caught himself tripping at the "*ex meo propinquo rure.*"

Should any grave reader, who may by chance condescend to look into my *Random Records*, be startled at the liberty I took with the paternal character, I beseech him to make some allowance for the levity of youth;—let him remember that I have now taken shame to myself for it; and I do assure him, that I never deliberately infringed the fifth commandment.

In those days, Richmond was to London more like what Tusculum was to Rome; for it boasted, in

itself and its vicinities, the villas of various celebrated and classical men, mingled with those of the *grandees*. All these Illuminati combined might not, possibly, equal a Virgil, a Horace, or a Cicero; —there were, however, besides my father at the bottom of the hill, Sir Joshua Reynolds at the top; Owen Cambridge, a man of good estate, not unknown to the Muses, on the opposite bank of the river; Horace Walpole, afterwards Lord Orford, (with Kate Clive's cottage at his elbow,) at Strawberry Hill, and Garrick at Hampton.

In earlier times, Pope gave celebrity, in song, to the grotto he had rear'd, "near Thames' translucent wave;" and Thomson, the author of The Seasons, not forgetting his Sophonisba, ("Oh, Sophonisba! Sophonisba* ! oh!!!") lived, and died, and was buried, at Richmond.† Some thirty years after him, a redundant namesake of his,—a naval Captain Thompson, with the letter *p*,—resided in Kew Lane; a poet, it must be own'd, of

* This line in his Tragedy is remarkable not only in itself, but for the well-known parody upon it;—

"Oh, Jamie Thomson! Jamie Thomson, oh!"

† His dwelling was in that part of Kew Foot-lane which is generally consider'd as belonging to Richmond.

somewhat ignoble and libertine fame; and not worthy of notice now, if Churchill had not recorded him, and his house by the road side, in the following extempore couplet:

> "Here lives a half-pay poet, run to rust,
> With all his willows weeping in the dust."

Though born in London, I was consign'd more to the cultivation of my father's Rural Gods, than to the worship of his *Penates* in the metropolis. Richmond, therefore, was not only my playful scene of action during infancy and childhood, but my head-quarters afterwards, in the school holidays.—Memory, which associates the dawn and forenoon of my life with the well-known spot, gives it, to this day, a strong hold upon my affections;—and I revert to its luxuriant meadows, and winding streams, with that fondness of attachment which an ultra-sexagenarian feels, in the recollection of his earliest delights.

Had not Nature been so prodigal to the place, the late crowd of cockney buildings would not, perhaps, have arisen to injure some of its charms; —as a frail fair-one might never have been ruin'd, but for her own attractions. Still, however, it is sweet fairy-ground;—it has still its elegant gar-

den-like surrounding country, and softness of scenery;—of which my father express'd his notions by constantly declaring—which, by the by, was another of his pet phrases—that "*all its shepherds were in silk.*"

I have heard of an envious Frenchman (who decried everything he saw in England) shrugging up his shoulders at the famed View from Richmond hill, and crying—"*bah! otez la rivière, et la vuë ne vaut rien*":—now, considering that the Thames is a tolerably prominent feature in the prospect, this was rather a violent postulatum; and much like proposing the amputation of a handsome nose in a fine face, to make it an ordinary countenance.

As the greatest portion of my life has been wasted in writing for the Stage, I may be allow'd to mention here, that the first Play I ever saw acted was in the playhouse on Richmond Green. I forget the name of the piece; but it appears, that I was initiated early in theatricals, from my having been in petticoats when I assisted at this representation.—Little did I think, then, while witnessing this play, in the days of my innocence, that I should be guilty of writing so many!

Few avocations are, in my present opinion, less eligible than that of the Drama;—but it caught my fancy when I was a boy,—for I began not long after nineteen. At first, the very act of scribbling gave me pleasure; and I scribbled away, ignorant of "the art to blot," and thoughtless of any danger in submitting my crudities to the criticks:—the novelty of the thing wore off;—and soon, after my amusement became my profession, I felt the irksomeness of every task, and contemplated probable vexation in the event of it. When you are labouring for fame, or profit, or for both, and think, all the while you are at work, that instead of obtaining either, you may be d—d,—it is not pleasant;—nor is it agreeable to reflect, that a handful of blockheads may, in half an hour, consign first to disgrace, and then to oblivion, your toil of half a year;—nay, that your own footman, who is one of what is call'd "The Town," can, by paying a shilling, hiss and hoot at your new Comedy, from beginning to end; and, having broken your night's rest, your Judge in the upper gallery goes to sleep in your garret.

But these considerations apart, I verily think,

that the wear and tear upon the nerves, occasion'd by dramatick composition, may deduct some years from a man's life. It has been my habit—I know not why, except, perhaps, that the Muse is more propitious after dinner—to write, chiefly, late at night; and, when I have grown *heated* with my subject, it has so *chill'd* my limbs, that I have gone to bed as if I had been sitting up to my knees in ice.

Some few Dramatists, however, have told me, that they have always written with such ease and rapidity, that I have been astonish'd;—or, indeed, have scarcely believed them;—but my wonder and incredulity have generally ceased, upon a perusal of these gentlemen's hasty productions.

After all, success may tickle an author's vanity, but failure sadly mortifies his pride; particularly in writing for the stage, where success and failure are so immediate, and so mark'd;—and, to say the best of it, a Dramatist's is a devil of a life!

The theatre upon Richmond Green was built in the year 1765, by Mr. James Dance, much better known as Mr. Love, which was his *nom de guerre* when he came upon the stage; a translation of his wife's maiden name of *De L'Amour*;—

in this change of appellation, it is to be presumed that man and wife cordially agreed; at least, it is evident that no *Love* was lost between them. He acquired some reputation at Drury Lane, by personating Falstaff; but, wanting taste and judgment to know when there is enough of a good thing, he was Falstaff in almost all the characters he acted;—against which he was admonish'd in The Rosciad. His Richmond speculation, after some years continuance, proved unprofitable, although he had a respectable theatrical company, and several of the popular London performers were occasionally engaged by him.

As managers of rural playhouses are straighten'd for variety in their dramas, and for numbers in their corps, it happens that actors often appear there in parts unsuitable to their talents; and I remember seeing Dodd at this place act Apollo, in Midas,—for which he was about as fit as the late and great tragedian, John Kemble, for Lingo, in The Agreeable Surprise; or as his incomparable sister, Mrs. Siddons, for Cowslip, in the same entertainment.

There was a gossipping anecdote told of Dodd, while he was acting here, for the truth of which

I will not be answerable. He sojourn'd, as the story goes, in lodgings near the theatre, with a *chére amie* belonging to the company. This, perhaps, he might have found to be a snug arrangement in the summer months, if the tranquillity of the *téte à téte* had not been daily disturb'd by discussing frivolous points, upon which the fond pair very furiously differ'd; insomuch, that the gentleman was wont to enforce his arguments more by missiles than by metaphors;—in short, he threw chairs, tables, and chimney-piece crockery, all about the room.

In the heat of one of these domestick *fracas*, which happen'd at an early dinner, upon a shoulder of mutton, while Dodd clatter'd and the *chére amie* scream'd, the landlord rush'd upon the scene of action,—in hopes, if he could not prevent a further breach of the peace, to hinder their breaking more of his property.—"How dare you, Mister," ejaculated Dodd, who was brandishing the shoulder of mutton in his hand, "obtrude into our apartment while we are *rehearsing?*"—"Rehearsing!" cried the amazed landlord, while the broken bits of sham china were crunching under his feet,—"I could have sworn you were fighting." "No, sir," said Dodd, "we were

rehearsing the supper scene in *Catherine and Petruchio*, or the *Taming of a Shrew**."—"Why, it does look," observed the landlord, giving a glance round the room, "as if you had been trying to tame a shrew, sure enough." "Don't you know, fellow," asked Dodd, "that we are advertised to act the parts this very night?"—"Not I, truly," return'd the host. "Then go down stairs, sir," cried the comedian, sternly, "and read the bill of the play: and read it every morning, sir, to prevent your repeating this impertinence."—History records not whether the landlord read the playhouse bill; but it sets forth that he did not forget *his own*;—for, when he presented it, at the end of the week, it contain'd an appalling longitude of charges for old tea-pots, chipp'd wedgewood vases, delf shepherdesses, and other items of paltry earthenware, headed with "Mr. Dodd, debtor to John Wilson, for choice articles of very rare and ornamental china, broken at the *Rehearsal of the Taming of the Shrew.*"

It may be supposed that the expenses attending this rehearsal check'd the comedian's ardour for giving the piece a *long run*; and, that he took

* Wherein *Petruchio* throws a shoulder of mutton about the Stage, to the delight of the Galleries.

care it should not be "repeated every day, till further notice."

When my father's grief for his domestick loss was mitigated, he placed me at Westminster School;—for a time, therefore, I bade "adieu to the village delights," and the fragrant air of Richmond, for Dean's Yard, and the neighbouring stench of Tothill Fields; which fields were then the receptacle of half the filth of the metropolis. This was just as I had attain'd, or was upon the point of attaining, (I forget which) my tenth year.

Westminster School is such old ground, that little or nothing new can be said of it;—so I wish I could *skip school* altogether;—but it is too material a thread in a man's autobiographical web to be omitted.—Well then, Westminster School was founded by Queen Elizabeth, a Blue-Stocking, who, if history tell truth, must have spoken much better Greek and Latin than one in five thousand of her *foundees*;—and Doctor Busby, like other Doctors before and after him, flogg'd in it;—and geniuses and boobies have been brought up in it, who would have been geniuses and boobies had they been brought up anywhere else;—and Doctor Smith was head-master, in my time*; and a very

dull and good-natured head-master he was;—and Doctor Vincent was under-master, a man of νοῦς and learning, and plaguily severe;—his severity, indeed, might be incidental to his position, and arise from his having to do with the *young fry* of the school; for there is no *ratiocinating* with urchins of very tender years; you cannot make the same impression upon them as upon older lads, by expostulating, by shaming them, or by rousing their pride; and when there is no maintaining order by an appeal to their heads, nothing is left for it but an application to their tails;—and this last was Vincent's way of disciplining his infantry;—but he lost his temper, and struck and pinch'd the boys, in sudden bursts of anger, which was unwarrantable: a pedagogue is privileged to make his pupil red, in the proper place, with birch; but he has no right to squeeze him black and blue with his fingers;—and so I would have told Vincent, (who is now no more,) had I encounter'd him in my riper years;—but he subsided, I have heard, into the usual mildness of a head-master, when he succeeded to that situation, which was after I had quitted school. One of the boys drew a caricature of him, which was

publish'd in the print-shops, with the following hexameter under it ;—

"Sanguineos oculos volvit, virgamque requirit *;"

upon which he remark'd to the boys, with much good sense and moral truth, that, though he laugh'd at the caricature, he disapproved of the line annex'd to it ; because the disorder in his eyes was his misfortune, and not his fault ; and it was illiberal, and inhuman, to ridicule a man for his afflictions.

Gerrard Andrewes, the late Dean of Canterbury, was one of the ushers, in those days, but not conspicuous, then ; though he excell'd greatly, afterwards, as a preacher. Hayes, another usher, was thought cleverer, by the boys ; in consequence, I suppose, of some of his Epilogues to the annual representations of Terence's comedies. Such epilogues are always of the humourous cast ; but it requires no great fancy to be an English wag in the Roman language ; for, if I be not mistaken in my notion, the comicality chiefly consists in describing things by that *tournure* of Latin expression which elevates low or familiar sub-

* ———— he rolls
His blood-shot eyes, and bellows for a rod

jects, and thereby produces a kind of mock heroick; as for example, in Bourne's "*Schola Rhetorices;*"—

> "Londini ad pontem, Billingi nomine, porta est,
> Unde ferunt virides ostrea Nereides."

Here it is seen, that, the joke lies in a general air of pomposity, such as calling London Bridge, and Billingsgate, the bridge of London, and the gate of Billing; and oyster-women the green Nereids;—which is no extraordinary "pass of pate."—Bourne's *Poematia*, however, are greatly above the common level of this kind of writing:—Bourne was, also, a Westminster usher, and epilogue-writer.

Apropos of Terence's comedies;—I am aware that I shall raise a partial clamour at my own expense, in starting an objection against their being acted by the Westminster scholars: but suppose they were new English Dramas, to be produced in Drury-lane or Covent-garden,—could they be conscientiously reported, in official language, as "not containing any thing immoral, or otherwise improper for the Stage?"—or, supposing them licenced, would a modern audience, if it tolerated the general indecency of the plots, endure the gross profligacy of some particular incidents?

Look at the *Eunuchus*,—the most popular, perhaps, of the four comedies which are acted at Westminster, out of Terence's six*. Its language is, I admit, always decorous, like all the dialogue of this author; even wholesome counsel is, now and then, put into the mouths of his most exceptionable characters;—"they guard and fence," as Collier expresses it, "when occasion requires, and step handsomely over a dirty place;"—but they give good precept with very bad example; and the transactions contain'd in the above comedy are so repugnant to the elemental purity of education, that I have been advised to refrain from analysing them here. I therefore, merely, refer my classical readers to the ruffianly behaviour of Chærea towards Pamphila; the consent of Laches to the open immoralities of his son Phædria; the old gentleman's further approval of uniting two such heterogeneous households as those of the said Phædria and Chærea, his newly married brother; and "last not least," the compact, in the conclusion of the play, made by Gnatho

* The *Heautontimorumenos* and the *Hecyra* are never represented there.

with Phædria, relative to Thraso and Thais*. Let it finally be observed, that the moral justice of the comedy is this:—Two young men, the heroes of the *dramatis personæ*, are rewarded with the accomplishment of all their desires, after conduct for which, according to English laws and customs, one of them would be excluded from the society of gentlemen, and the other would be hang'd.

There cannot, I think, be two opinions upon these points. My own notions of them, at least, have been corroborated, as thus:—

I had originally enter'd into a somewhat mi-

* My father, in reference to this last incident, adopts the following Note:

"I cannot think that this play, excellent as it is, in almost all other respects, concludes consistently with the manners of gentlemen. There is a meanness in Phædria and Chærea consenting to take Thraso into their society with a view of fleecing him, which the poet should have avoided."—*Cooke*.

To which my father adds, from himself:—

"The consent of Laches to the continuation of his son's connection with Thais, is also so repugnant to modern manners, that Fontaine found himself obliged to change that circumstance in his imitation of this comedy."

It is singular that a *female* translator, Madame Dacier, should have overlooked this passage, without any comment upon its immorality. Let us hope, that she was too much disgusted to notice the extreme grossness of the incident, rather than suppose that her feminine delicacy was not offended by it.

nute examination of the *Terentiana;* and I have lately submitted it, included in the manuscript of this my first volume, to the perusal of a much valued and noble friend. I requested his criticisms, by which I was sure to benefit; and his remark upon this part of the manuscript, as it then stood, was,—that its publication would expose me to censure; and that he could not suffer a book containing a Prospectus of such incidents to be left upon his table, open to the inspection of his family.

Since Terence, with the numerous versions of him, is admitted into every library, it had appear'd to me that an analysis of his *Eunuchus* would bear the light; particularly when accompanied with a reprobation of its principal events. I avail myself, however, very thankfully, of a much better judgment than my own, and send this portion of my volume to press in a corrected shape.

Taking it, then, for granted, that many, if not all, fathers may be of my friend's way of thinking, I have only to ask,—should lads be familiarized to the representation of such scenes as these in question?—or, is it consistent that parents should

send their sons to school to act occurrences, in latin, which are improper to be imparted to their families, in english?

"*Cereus in vitium flecti,*" says Horace, of boyhood;—if his assertion be true, (and nobody doubts it,) this is not the way to mould the manners and principles of youth. I do not mean to contend that every boy is vitiated by acting Terence's Plays;—I even admit, (which, perhaps, may make my reader smile,) that it did not corrupt the present Lord Colchester*, then Master Charles Abbott, who acted and looked Thais extremely well; nor did it unfit him, afterwards, for the grave and dignified office of Speaker of the House of Commons; a character which he sustain'd with much more general applause than that of the courtezan:—Still, it was no safe training for his lordship's morality to put him in petticoats, and paint the future Speaker's cheeks, and drill him in the part of an infamous female.

But, if these representations must still be continued, let them abolish handing about the King's Scholars' cap, at the conclusion of the play, to levy contributions upon the audience. It is as dis-

* This was written before the noble Lord's recent death.

graceful to the young gentlemen of Westminster School as the money-getting pageant of the *Montem* to their juvenile rivals, at Eton. Both customs are bad,—the difference between them is that of meanness and audacity; one is begging, and the other highway-robbery; and there is danger, at so early an age, in associating mendicity and depredation with ideas of amusement and gain.

I have my doubts upon allowing the system of *fagging*:—it may inculcate subordination, on one side, but it encourages tyranny, on the other;—it may, perhaps, curb the overweening spirit of the heir apparent to an Earldom, when the son of a rich shop-keeper sends him upon a message;—it may, also, fill the child of a wholesale dealer with notions of equality, unfit for his future commerce;—and, as great boys fag the smaller, (both being free-born little men,) it seems that "might overcomes right,"—which is the principle of the African Slave-Trade.

At all events, it must strike the impartial, that blacking shoes, and running on errands, are rather redundant parts of a liberal education.

Now comes the trite topick;—whether a publick or private education be the best;—whether, as

Cadwallader says, "little Dicky shall go to Mr. Quæ Genus's, at Edgeware, to make an acquaintance with my young Lord Knap, son to the Earl of Frize, or to Doctor Ticklepitcher's, at Barnet, to form a friendship with young Stocks, the rich broker's only child*;"—or whether we should incline to Cowper's persuasion, and wish to see

—Schools, that have outlived all just esteem,
Exchanged for the secure domestick scheme.

How to rear a rising generation, is, doubtless, a most serious concern;—but a dry dissertation upon the subject is, generally, a most sleepy one. Oh! Morpheus! what are all thy poppies, to half the Essays upon Education! The chymists and apothecaries should petition Parliament, to bring in a Bill against such treatises, as injurious to the sale of narcoticks, by overstocking the market;—with a clause to except a few of them, whose absurdities counteract the laudanum, and rescue the reader from absolute lethargy.

If the sublime Milton, the philosophical Locke, the mad Rousseau,—*cum multis aliis*, and great folks, too, down to Martinus Scriblerus, and Mr. Shandy,—could not settle the question, how the

* See Foote's play of "The Author.'

plague should I? It is as endless as disputing with a metaphysician upon the seat of the soul,—which so puzzled Hermolaus Barbarus, the Venetian, that, they say, he consulted the Devil about it.

I shall venture little more than a few indisputable *facts* upon this subject, and avoid all argument, as much as possible.—Boys are intended, by Nature, to become men; and men (being gregarious animals) are meant to form what is call'd society; a publick school, therefore, is a sort of *rehearsal* of the play which we are afterwards to act upon the Stage of Life. But publick schoolboys, unless they have a propensity to *mug*, as we used to call it, at Westminster,—that is, unless they are voluntarily studious,—obtain very little classical knowledge, in comparison with the length of time they are at school;—it may be said of them, in point of *book-learning*, as Doctor Johnson observes of the Scotch (I know not with what truth) that "every body gets a mouthful, but nobody a meal." The Westminster boy who is acute, and industrious at the same time, benefits, of course, much more by the general instructions, given to his class, than the less gifted, and less

attentive: if he be only quick, but very idle withal,—or if he be born with extreme thickness of skull,—still, he makes his way through the school;—now and then, indeed, an indolent lad, who is clever, is kept back for awhile, to shame him, and he *loses his remove;* but at last, he must be pass'd on, from form to form, with the herd: and how can it be otherwise, when only six or seven men are to teach at the least three hundred boys?—Most younkers, therefore, in such a seminary, after serving a long apprenticeship to the dead languages, turn out but indifferent Greek and Latin journeymen*.

Let us, now, look at home. Keep a boy there under the tuition of an able and honest master, and though the pupil be duller than a Bœotian,

* I must except the King's Scholars. At a certain period of the year, several town-boys, who have reach'd the upper-school, *stand out for college*, as it is term'd; that is, they offer themselves to be chosen as *King's Scholars;* but, as these boys exceed the number prescribed by the rules of the *Foundation*, they cannot *all* be admitted at once: it becomes, therefore, a trial of skill among them, as to who shall be the successful candidates; and, in the literary *escrime* which they undertake, by challenging and cross-examining each other, in the school exercises, they must necessarily acquire a good stock of juvenile learning. The forty King's Scholars, however, are a small part of the whole number of the Westminsters.

and lazier than a Turk, he can scarcely fail to be a tolerably good scholar;—for the tutor's whole attention is unceasingly directed to him, and to him alone;—he has lessons hammer'd into him, on one hand, and he *must* work, on the other: but, then, he has not the rehearsal above-mention'd; he gains plenty of book knowledge, and little of the *rudiments of society;* which boys acquire by collision, when they congregrate, without any study at all,—and which best qualify them for their future and general intercourse with the world.

In respect to connexions which are to last beyond boyhood, the common expectation of their being form'd at great schools, is rarely fulfill'd; for my own part, I can say, as a Westminster, that my oldest and dearest friends were brought up at Eton. These seminaries, however, may, to a certain extent, afford a general passport in the world, to old members of them; and act, like Free-Masonry, as a letter of recommendation, among the brothers of the establishment.

As to the Vices of publick or home-bred pupils,—all boys are, more or less, wicked young dogs;—it is in their natures to be so; and it is of no great moment whether they catch vice from one another,

or from the footmen, or the maids;—catch it they all do, somehow, and somewhere, and everywhere, that is certain; —the only difference between them is, that the Tiro of Eton or Westminster is open and dashing in his offences, and the domestick Student is a sly and sheepish practitioner. Publick schools have not sent forth into the world a greater proportionate number of vicious men than private education*.

Upon the whole, I add my humble voice to the weighty suffrage of Gibbon; who says, "I shall always be ready to join in the common opinion, that our publick schools, which have produced so many eminent characters, are the best adapted to the genius and constitution of the English people."—(*Gibbon's Life and Writings.*)

I know not that *Preparatory* Seminaries may be much improved; but, as an instance that little or nothing beyond *hic, hæc, hoc,* and *amo, amas,* were to be acquired in them formerly, I was placed, at ten years old, piping hot from the famed

* Corrumpi mores in Scholis putant; nam et corrumpuntur interim; sed domi quoque; et sunt multa ejus rei exempla, tam læsæ, hercle, quam conservata sanctissime utrobique opinionis.—QUINTILIAN.

Marylebone Academy, in a very low form, at Westminster; the upper part of the first; whence, as *removes* were approaching, I was soon to be advanced to the under part of the second.

I boarded at Jones's, in Great Dean's Yard;—among the elder boarders there, in the first years of my *Tirocinium*, were, Vernon, the present Archbishop of York, who was about to leave school as I enter'd it; Bob Hobart, the late Earl of Buckinghamshire, (whose *fag* I was, in particular,) and Cocks, the present Earl of Somers. Jones, the master of the boarding-house, retired from it during my stay; and Mrs., or, as we politely designated such lady presidents, *Mother* Clapham, succeeded him; bringing with her an additional number of boys, and joining her own firm, already establish'd, to the late Jones's. This union greatly increased the number of boarders; and, before and after the amalgamation, there were, among my young fellow-lodgers, in addition to those already mention'd, as subsequent *Hommes Celébres, et Nobles*, Willis, the present Doctor Robert Willis; Reynolds, my brother dramatist; Germaine, now Duke of Dorset; and Paget, now the Marquis of Anglesea. Percy, who died young,

(son of the late Doctor Percy, Bishop of Dromore, and Editor of the Reliques of Ancient English Poetry,) was, also, one of our hundred;—with others, whom I do not now recollect.

There was a boy, too, of the name of Cranstoun, a younger brother of the then Lord Cranstoun, whom I well and affectionately remember; for, without his generous aid, I should have had no *Random Records* to enumerate: but this requires explanation.

Be it known, then, to the reader, that once, on a fine summer's evening, during my sojournment at Westminster, I was *drown'd;*—an ominous adventure for a future Poet, and portentous of my prowess in "*the art of sinking.*"

This submersion in the silver Thames took place not far from Westminster Bridge, near the southern shore, and immediately opposite to the premises of the well-known Dicky Roberts,—who, at the time I was drown'd, and for many years afterwards, furnish'd school-boys with a capital opportunity of undergoing the same ceremony. This chance he provided at a moderate price, by letting out sailing-boats, wherries, punch-bowls, funnies, and other aquatick vehicles, calculated to convert hori-

zontal into perpendicular motion; and to send young gentlemen to the bottom of the river, instead of carrying them forward on the surface.

My young friend, George Cranstoun, and I, happen'd to be the only boys who were then bathing, in the place above-mention'd; he swam like a duck, and I no better than a pig of lead. It was low tide, and the channel of the river was very near the bank; from which I walk'd forward, up to my chin in the water, and then turning round, I began to *strike* with arms and legs, as an attempt at swimming, in order to regain the shore:—but, instead of approaching *terra firma*, the current, which was very strong, (while I was very weak,) carried me out of my depth, into the channel.—It is a false notion that drowning people rise only three times; at least, I found it so in my case; for my alternations of sinking and rising were many. Cranstoun had wander'd in the water to a considerable distance from me; but he had seen my peril before I finally disappear'd, and had to work up against a strong tide, to come to my assistance. At length, he gain'd the spot where I had gone down;—I do not think that I had quite reach'd the bottom;—he was,

however, obliged to dive for me, when he caught me by the hair, and, with great risk of his own life, kind-hearted fellow as he was! brought me to shore:—but I was insensible; and, on my return to a perception of what was passing, I found myself stretch'd upon my stomach, along the benches of a wherry, which was drawn up on dry land; while Dicky Roberts was applying hearty smacks, with the flattest end of a scull, to that part of my person which had so often smarted under the discipline of Doctor Vincent.—This, no doubt, was Dicky's principle of restoring the animal functions; though it may safely be presumed that he had never studied Harvey on the Circulation of the Blood.

I think that the sensation of drowning must be something like that of hanging; for I felt that kind of tightness about the throat which I conjecture must be experienced by those who undergo the severest sentence of the English law; yet, in the alarm and agitation of the moment, I was not conscious of any great pain. A blaze of light flash'd upon my eyes; this I imagine to have arisen from the blood rushing to the brain; though it might be occasion'd by the sun-beams,

which were then playing in full force upon the water*.

In the unthinking spirit of school-boys, Cranstoun and I trudged back, from the waterside to Dean's Yard, full of glee; treating my providential escape from death, and his preservation of my life, as light as if it were a scrape we had got into and out of again, in some frolick:—in the same thoughtless way, we mention'd the accident to one or two of our intimates; who, with equal levity, ask'd, whether I had not "*been in a devil of a funk.*"—Still, there are impulses in early youth which, in some measure, supply the want of moral sense and reflection; and I was grateful upon this occasion, without being aware of it; for, from that time, I was greatly attach'd to Cranstoun, as long as we remain'd at school together; though the effect arose instinctively, without any consideration of the cause; and I never clearly discover'd that my friendship for him had increased because he had been my preserver.

* Much to the credit of the more modern Masters of Westminster School, bathing, which was only *wink'd at* formerly, is now *allow'd*, under precautionary arrangements to ensure perfect safety; and there is a part of the river mark'd out, at Milbank, for the boys, who are attended by a waterman.

But boys have uncouth modes of expressing their feelings. I remember news being brought to a lad that his father had suddenly expired; which so shock'd him, that he stood, for some time, pale and silent;—at last, he burst into a flood of tears, and exclaim'd, in an agony of grief, "I had rather have given *half a guinea!*" This curious ebullition of sorrow did not strike his school-fellows as particularly ludicrous, and none of us had any doubt of his sincere affection for his father:—it happen'd to be his phrase, as people sometimes say they would *give worlds*,—and he might have attach'd an idea of wealth to half a guinea, which, certainly, does not belong to ten shillings and sixpence.

As one instance, among many, that school connexions are not lasting, I have never seen Cranstoun from the time of our leaving Westminster; and I am told that he is now no more! He was, I believe, a captain in the navy, and lived much out of England.

I heard that he enquired for me, some years ago, at the Haymarket Theatre, when I was proprietor of it, during his short stay in town, and my absence from it. I much regret that I lost

the opportunity of seeing my benefactor, when I could better appreciate, and acknowledge, my debt of gratitude to him.

I have no other adventure, among my puerilities, so remarkable as my dying and coming to life again;—it certainly was not an every day occurrence;—and I should have reserved it as a biographical *bonne bouche*, if I had not, all along, intended to spare my readers from the common-place anecdotes of fightings, floggings, and innumerable petty drolleries, and rogueries, of which "narrative old age" has always a store in its budget.—I was, I suppose, much like the rest of my school-fellows, except, perhaps, that I surpass'd most of them in idleness; consequently, I was but little imbued with classical lore;—yet more so than I was conscious of at the time, which I shall subsequently explain. In general, I fell in, readily enough, with the humours and fashions of the time; insomuch, that I was joint partner with a boy in a phaeton and pair, which we sported in Tothill-fields:—the equipage was of rude fabrication, consisting of unpainted pieces of rough wood, clumsily nail'd together; and the

cattle were a couple of donkeys, yclept *Smut* and *Macaroni*:—these quadrupeds enjoy'd no sinecure, being in constant requisition, both for draught and saddle; and when one happen'd to be lame, or sick, the two Proprietors rode double upon the other.

For those who expect Westminster eccentricities, I know of none greater than the singular and absurd custom observed there, on Shrove Tuesday; when the College Cook, preceded by the Verger of the Abbey, enters the school with a frying-pan in his hand, and endeavours to toss a pancake over the high bar which crosses the interior of the building, several feet from the floor. In this attempt, while I witness'd his efforts, he constantly fail'd, and threw much of the pancake *on* the bar, instead of over it; when Doctor Smith as constantly ejaculated, Πᾶν Κακὸν; a piece of Greek wit, which I translate, in a note below, for the benefit of the ladies, and country gentlemen*.

As an appropriate accompaniment to the

* Πᾶν Κακὸν signifies "*All Bad*," and is pronounced *Pan kakon*, or *Pancake* ON. This vile pun is, I believe, the traditional property of every Head-Master, at Westminster.

Doctor's greek *Paranomasia*, I conclude my chapter with an english Quibble, the genuine production of Mr. Jackson, College Baker, now deceased, and formerly residing in the Bowling Alley. He was call'd "Tip-Cat Jackson," from having made himself blind of one eye, in his youth, when playing at the game whence he obtain'd the prefix to his patronymick appellation:—by striking the *cat*, which is a sharp pointed piece of wood, too violently, it flew into his face, (as if it were a domestick cat,) and caused the extinction of his luminary.—Scarcely any thing in rhyme can be more terse, and explanatory, than his own poem upon his own views, in respect to fortune;—if not equal to Horace's "*Hoc erat in votis*," or Swift's "*I've often wish'd that I had clear*," it beats them both in brevity; and runs thus:—

"If I had a garden, a field, and a gate,
I wouldn't care for the Duke of Bedford's estate:
That is, I wouldn't care for His Grace's estate,
If I had Covent-*garden*, Smith-*field*, and Billing's-*gate*."

The happiest feature in this tetrastick is, the unexpected conversion of Country Wishes into London

Desires; it imparts a certain *rus in urbe* character to the whole poem, which is mighty refreshing, agreeable, and ingenious.—Should I be censured for editing this little posthumous effusion of Mr. Jackson, of the Bowling Alley, I can only plead, that I have done so in conformity with the reigning taste; of which the Newspapers afford so many *similar specimens,* under the head of "ORIGINAL POETRY."

CHAPTER FOURTH.

——— Celebrare domestica facta.

HORACE.

Some learned men, proud of their knowledge, only speak to decide, and give judgment without appeal. The consequence of which is, that mankind, provoked by the insult, and injured by the oppression, revolt; and, in order to shake off the tyranny, even call the lawful authority in question.

EARL OF CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS.

The company of profess'd wits and poets is extremely inviting, and their acquaintance is worth seeking, and their company worth frequenting; but not exclusively of others, nor to such a degree as to be consider'd as only one of *that particular set*.

IBID.

IT sometimes happens, when a Cynick has utter'd a sarcasm, that Drivellers echo it, till it almost passes for a proverb;—thus, the sophistry has obtain'd that "our school-days are our happiest;"—a remark as ungrateful to the Giver of all Good as it is untrue:—for, under an affectation of moralizing, it has become the side-wind complaint of every discontented old fool, for all the bitters of life, and his avowal of thanklessness for the sweets.

It erases from his reckoning all the bounties which Providence has extended to rational man;—such as the exhaustless treasures of Nature, for his support and solace;—the respect, honours, and rewards, attainable by merit;—the ties of kindred, the endearments of love, the glow of friendship, the pleasure of social intercourse, the interchange of kindly acts, the generous heart's universal philanthropy;—all, all the various soft and silken ligaments, which bind us to the civilized world, and attach us to it as much for the sake of others as for ourselves;—all these it strikes from the account; and, in lieu of them, implies, that the clouded morning of the mind is the broadest sunshine of our existence; that the blessings of life recede, in proportion as expanding reason (a blessing in itself) enables us to estimate their value; and that, consequently, the closer we approximate to beasts, the nearer we approach to human felicity!

This is illiberal, if not profane, doctrine;—but admit the cares, calamities, and disappointments, incidental to manhood,—have not children, also, their comparative heart-aches?—and, though this

were not the case, what are the beatitudes of a scholastick paradise?—to be fagg'd, flogg'd, thump'd, coerced to mental labour, and constrain'd in personal liberty. This may all be very proper and salutary, (so is physick,) but it is not happiness; and, there is, very, very rarely, an instance of a boy, while he is in one of these prisons for the body, and tread-mills for the mind, who is not always wishing to get out of it, and to get home.

Still, the Driveller says, that, he talks from experience of what he was, and what he is; and that school-boys are happiest, if they knew all:—then he talks nonsense:—for (not to waste time with him upon this metaphysical point) school-boys *don't* know all, and they *can't* know all; so how are they one jot the happier?—and, if the old gentleman still sighs for the elysium of his Academy, let him return to its birchen groves; let the Domine whip him well, every day,—soundly, till he roars again,—for a grumbling blockhead as he is;—and if this should not alter his opinion, I have nothing further to say to him.

My escapes to the paternal roof, from the overhanging beams and rafters of Westminster School,

(for ceiling it has none,) were very frequent; but, allow'd by the usher, resident at my boarding-house, and admitted by my father;—and were much more propitious to my taste for pleasure than to my advancement in erudition.

There are certain Saints in the Calender who never dreamt how much they should contribute, centuries after their deaths, to the protraction of rudimental learning;—many of their Anniversaries give the boys a whole day of relaxation;—even Saint David, seconded by Sir Watkyn Williams Wynn, released us annually from study, by nine o'clock in the morning*:—these, with other red-letter days, and the constantly recurring half-holidays, on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, and whole holidays, of course, on Sundays, in

* "The late Sir Watkyn Williams Wynn always *begg'd a Play*," as it is term'd, for the Westminster Boys, (a custom which, I believe, is continued by his son, the present Sir Watkyn,) on the anniversary of the Patron Saint of the Cambro-Britons:—the worthy Baronet came into the School, upon these occasions, and knelt down by the side of the head-master, during the prayer which is daily read, at the commencement and termination of the school-hours. A *Play* differs from a whole holiday, inasmuch as it is granted at the request of some individual, and the boys go into school, in the morning, before their relaxation for the rest of the day.

addition to the periodical vacations of a month, and sometimes more,—all these were so many loop-holes to creep out at; and I took advantage of them all, by excursions to my father's house, either in town or country;—to the first for half a day's stay; to the latter, chiefly, except in the depth of winter, for my more extended visits.

Now and then, indeed, instead of going home, I devoted a half-holiday to a trip upon the water, or upon land, with some of my school-fellows; which was effected by *skipping out of bounds*, in the *lock-up hours*;—this we call'd "going upon a scheme;" so term'd, I suppose, (like "lucus a non lucendo,") from having no regular scheme in it at all.

It is evident, however, that I had too many opportunities of blending the *Home and Foreign Departments*; and, as "all the talents" of my father's time were occasionally his guests, I soon grew better acquainted with the countenances of Living Great Men than with the pages of Dead ones. Unable as I then was to enjoy brilliant conversation, even in my own language, or to relish fine writing, in any language whatever, still I was decidedly of opinion that listening to Modern Wits,

in English, was greatly preferable to reading the Ancient Classicks, either in Latin or Greek.

A Constellation of Genius was shining forth at this period; and, when I was first suffer'd to be dazzled with their blaze, at my father's table, I was so young that I scarcely ventured to open my mouth, but to eat and drink;—a taciturnity of which I am not now, in convivial parties, very particularly observant;—and it is certain that I have long ceased to be a votary of Harpocrates.

At one of my earliest admissions to the honours of these *symposia*, I sat down with Johnson, Foote, Gibbon, Edmund Burke, the two Wartons, Garrick, Lord Kellie, Topham Beauclerk, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and some others.—Most of these (if not all) were members of the LITERARY CLUB; which title, given to them by the million, was not pleasing to several of its fastidious members; who styled it, *par excellence*, THE *Club*;—as the Sacred Text is call'd the Bible, (i. e. THE *Book*,) to mark its superiority over all other volumes.

This Club, though it boasted certain individuals of the first order, in natural and acquired ability, was rated too high;—or, rather, society rated itself too low;—for so pusillanimous, in that day, were

educated persons in general, that they submitted to the dominion of a self-chosen few, and were almost afraid to say that their intellects were their own, in the presence of these despots ; - who, in their turn, had a despot over themselves ;—for, while the Club intimidated the town, Johnson awed the Club.

In proof of this, I was told, in later times, the following anecdote, by Sheridan.—When he was beginning to be known in the world, a little before his first dramatick productions, he dined in company with Johnson, and several of *the Club;* when the Doctor advanced one of his dogmas, which was tantamount to saying that black is white* ;—Sheridan, knowing that black is black, and not white, gave a plump *negatur* to the Doctor's affirmation : -- in short, whatever Johnson's hypothesis might have been, Sheridan argued against it manfully, with all the eagerness of youth, unconscious of his peril in attacking so formidable an antagonist ;—he felt too, no doubt, those powers within him which, soon afterwards,

* A practice not unfrequent with him, in his discussions ; for he acknowledged (as we have been told) that he sometimes contended for *truth*, and sometimes for *victory*.

charm'd the stage, and ultimately surprised the senate. The party, and particularly those individuals of it who belong'd to the Club, trembled for him, at the onset;—they shrugg'd up their shoulders, and seem'd to say,—"Poor young man! clever, but ruin'd!—he is rousing the Lion, and it will soon be all over with him!" The Lion, however, was in one of his generous moods;—though growling, he did not grow ferocious; though gall'd, he was not revengeful;—he took his defeat (for defeated he was) in good part,—and SHERIDAN, through Johnson's forbearance to proclaim him a blockhead, escaped annihilation.

What times!- when a young genius could be *reputation-crush'd*,—and that genius Richard Brinsley Sheridan,—by entering into discussion (and truth palpably on his side) with a literary Dictator*!—Mortals, *then*, enjoy'd as copious

* Subsequently to his fearful encounter,—when Sheridan had establish'd his theatrical fame, and had produced his "School for Scandal," in the year 1777,—and, moreover, had paid a compliment to the *Lion*, in a Prologue to Savage's Play of Sir Thomas Overbury,—we are inform'd, by the adulatory Boswell, that "Johnson was very desirous of a reconciliation with *old* Mr. Sheridan." "It will, therefore," (says the biographer) "not seem at all sur-

and general a distribution of brains as at any period, before or since; and those brains were sufficiently cultivated to enable people to shake off their mental yoke. The hour, however, was not arrived; but, how completely, within the last forty years, has the world emancipated itself from this tyranny; and how much improved is conversation now, when sound sense feels, and asserts, its strength; when Wits and Literati are no longer Bugbears; and when extraordinary talent, of all kinds, can excite admiration, without inspiring fear, and commanding a disgraceful subjection!

Could we stop at this point, all would be well;—but alas! there is much jargonizing of late, about the "*March of Intellect*," and the "*Spread of Knowledge.*" Mechanicks' Institutions, and Uni-

prising that he was zealous in acknowledging the brilliant merit of his *son*. While it had as yet been display'd only in the drama, Johnson proposed him as a Member of the LITERARY CLUB, observing, that, 'He who had written the two best Comedies of his age, is surely a considerable man,' and he had accordingly the *honour* to be elected, for *an honour it undoubtedly must be allow'd to be*, when it is consider'd of whom that society consists, and that a single black ball excludes a candidate."—People, now. opine, that there is more *honour*, in having written "The Rivals," and the "School for Scandal," than in escaping the *single black-ball* which excluded a candidate from *the Club*.

versities for men-milliners, hosiers, and grocers, certainly indicate marching, and spreading, at a furious rate ; -- it is to be wish'd that so quick a march may not turn into a full gallop, and run away with us ; and that the Spread of Knowledge may not spread like the Fire of London, which destroy'd every thing in its way.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing ;" -- and a great deal cannot be hammer'd into the heads of vulgar men, whose attention is to be distracted between the courses of a College, and the cares of a Counter :—nay, we are told, so extensive is the philosophick plan of dispersing plebeian darkness, that the humblest handicraftsmen are to be Members of the London *Alma Mater* :—Bricklayers and Masons are to be matriculated, Scavengers to keep term, Dustmen to take degrees, yet carry on their trade, and their labour.

Try whatever we can, there is nothing new under the sun ;—and the present projects for the diffusion of knowledge are but revivals of the old systems of LAPUTA ; where, as Mr. Lemuel Gulliver informs us, every thing was executed upon the profoundest principles of erudition and science ; insomuch, that the cooks cut beef and mutton into

triangles and rhomboids; and even Mr. Gulliver's Tailor measured him, for a suit of clothes, mathematically. This "Operator," he says—*Operative* we now call him, which is only a slight distinction without a difference,—took his customer's altitude by a quadrant, and then the dimensions of his whole body with a rule and compasses;—but happening to mistake a figure in the calculation when he put it upon paper, he brought home the clothes quite out of shape; - a circumstance as little regarded in the Island of Laputa, as it will be, by and by, in the Island of Great Britain, when the *Spread* has arrived at perfection.

Care, however, must be taken that *some*, among the lower classes, should be left uneducated;—such persons will be indispensable, as they were in Laputa, to act as FLAPPERS, for the purpose of rousing their more enlighten'd brethren from abstract meditations, that they may mind their ordinary business:—otherwise, when the early Sweep pops his head out through the chimney-pot, and contemplates the morning star, he will get absorb'd in astronomy; and, if not reminded by his *Flapper*, with a blow of the bladder upon his face, he will never descend from his altitudes, and

brush down the soot, and *bag* it. Without such a remembrancer, the Butcher will be lost in anatomy, the Green-grocer in botany, the Pot-boy in metallurgy; Carpenters, deep in dialecticks, will chop less wood than logick, luminous Lamplighters will leave the streets in utter darkness, and Postmen will be too much men of Letters to deliver them in due course.

Grave discussions upon this subject, I leave to grave men;—hoping that the importation of Voltaire's principles for making philosophers may not excite the educated *Reformers of our Tea-kettles* to take upon themselves the tinkering of our Constitution.

To return to the Literary Club:—It was establish'd in the year 1764; and the extract given below, from Boswell's Life of Johnson, specifies the Members of which it consisted, from its formation to the year 1792* :—but if Boswell's be

* ——— ——— "the original members were, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, Mr. Edmund Burke, Dr. Nugent, Mr. Beauclerk, Mr. Langton, Dr. Goldsmith, Mr. Chamier, and Sir John Hawkins. They met at the Turk's Head, in Gerrard Street, Soho, one evening in every week, at seven, and generally continued their conversation till a *pretty* late hour. This Club has been gradually increased to its present number, thirty-five. *After about*

a perfect enumeration of *all* the Members comprised in the time above-mention'd, I have been much misinform'd; indeed, there are authorities extant for the insertion of sundry names which Boswell has omitted in his list.

Goldsmith's unfinish'd poetical *jeu d' esprit*, entitled "Retaliation" (publish'd after his death,

ten years, instead of supping weekly, it was resolved to dine together once a fortnight during the meeting of Parliament. Their original tavern having been converted into a private house, they moved first to Prince's, in Sackville Street, then to Le Tellier's, in Dover Street, and now meet at Parsloe's in St. James's Street.— Between the time of its formation, and the time at which this work is passing through the press, (June, 1792), the following persons, now dead, were members of it. Mr. Dunning, (afterwards Lord Ashburton), Mr. Samuel Dyer, Mr. Garrick, Dr. Shipley, Bishop of St. Asaph, Mr. Vesey, Mr. Thomas Warton, and Dr. Adam Smith. The present members are, Mr. Burke, Mr. Langton, Lord Charlemont, Sir Robert Chambers, Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore, Dr. Barnard, Bishop of Killaloe, Dr. Morlay, Bishop of Clonfert, Mr. Fox, Dr. George Fordyce, Sir William Scott, Sir Joseph Banks, Sir Charles Bunbury, Mr. Wyndham, of Norfolk, Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Gibbon, Sir William Jones, Mr. Colman, Mr. Steevens, Dr. Burney, Dr. Joseph Warton, Mr. Malone, Lord Ossory, Lord Spencer, Lord Lucan, Lord Palmerston, Lord Eliott, Lord Macartney, Mr. Richard Burke, Jun. Sir William Hamilton, Dr. Warren, Mr. Courtenay, Dr. Hinchliffe, Bishop of Peterborough, the Duke of Leeds, Dr. Douglas, Bishop of Salisbury, and the writer of the account."

Boswell's Life of Johnson.

in the year 1774), in which he writes epitaphs upon living persons, mentions Cumberland, Hickey, William Burke, Ridge, and, in a postscript, Caleb Whitefoord.—"Retaliation" as printed in the year 1777, a Dublin edition of which now lies before me, is stated to have been written by Goldsmith on some friends with whom he "occasionally dined at the St. James's Coffee-house;" and that these friends were *The Club* (which held its meetings there) is decided, by his Retaliation being epitaphs on the members of the Club, professedly occasion'd by their having written epitaphs upon *him*. In the "Foundling Hospital for Wit," there are verses from Bernard, Dean of Derry, (afterwards Bishop of Killaloe,) to Goldsmith, "read at their *Literary Club*" after the well known *Epitaphs*, written by the members, on Goldsmith. In the same collection, we have a poetical epistle from Cumberland to Goldsmith, confirmatory of his (Cumberland's) having been one of the members; and, immediately following this, are apologetical verses from Mr. Whitefoord, "for having read, in the *Literary Club*, some ludicrous epitaphs, on the supposed deaths of Dr.

Goldsmith, Dr. Cumberland," &c. &c. Hence it seems plain that Boswell's catalogue, up to the year 1792, is deficient.

There are other names which, I think, Boswell forgot; but whether these persons did, or did not belong to the Club, is of little or no moment;—there is no doubt of their having been convivial intimates with those who were indisputably members; and were so much in the habit of associating with them, (if not in the regular Club meetings,) that they were reckon'd among the Junto who then sway'd the literary Town.—Foote I always understood to have been a member;—however that may be, he was, perhaps, the only man among the set, totally independent of Johnson's monarchy; he had an intrepid wit and pleasantry of his own, and was fearless of any colloquial antagonist.

Some who mix'd with these Big-Wigs were certainly below par:—Caleb Whitefoord, though a shrewd North Briton, was, in conversation, little more than a punster. He was the original inventor of "*Cross-Readings*;" and, putting them forth under the signature of *Papyrius Cursor* was a lucky hit:—these he follow'd up with

"Ship News," and a whimsical letter upon the subject of *Newspaper Errata* ;—he, also, now and then, tagg'd some fugacious rhymes, but I have heard of no other efforts by which he signalized himself.—Hickey was a knowing attorney, and nothing more ;—Lord Kellie, a musical amateur, and hard drinker, lived much among these Illuminati; but, was himself luminous in nothing but his scarlet countenance ;—a Sir Thomas Mills was—mere inanity ;—and only to be recorded, *en passant*, as Davies was by Churchill, for having "a very pretty wife*." These men were, to my knowledge, constantly in the company of the Literati ; and we may wonder

"how the devil they got there!"

My boyish mind had anticipated an awful impression when I was first unwillingly brought into the presence of the stupendous Johnson. I knew not then, that he had "a love for little children," calling them "pretty dears and giving them sweet-meats," as Boswell hath since, in the simplicity of his heart, narrated. It was my hapless lot, however, to be excluded from the objects

* "With him came mighty DAVIES.—On my life,
That Davies hath a very pretty wife!" *Rosciad.*

of this propension ;—perhaps at my age, of about fourteen, I might have been too old, or too ugly ; —but the idea of Johnson's carrying *bon-bons*, to give to children of any age, is much like supposing that a Greenland bear has a pocket stuff'd with tartlets, for travellers.

On the day of my introduction, he was ask'd to dinner at my father's house, in Soho-square, and the Erudite Savage came a full hour before his time. I happen'd to be with my father, who was beginning his toilette, when it was announced to him that the Doctor had arrived. My sire, being one of the tributary princes who did homage to this monarch, was somewhat flurried; and, having dress'd himself hastily, took me with him into the drawing-room.

On our entrance, we found Johnson sitting in a *fauteuil* of rose-coloured satin, the arms and legs of which (of the chair, remember, not of the Doctor,) were of burnish'd gold; and the contrast of the man with the seat was very striking ;— an unwash'd Coal-heaver in a *vis-à-vis* could not be much more misplaced than Johnson thus deposited. He was dress'd in a rusty suit of brown cloth *dittos*, with black worsted stockings ;—his

old yellow wig was of formidable dimensions; and the learned head which sustain'd it roll'd about in a seemingly paralytick motion; but, in the performance of its orbit, it inclined chiefly to one shoulder,—whether to the right or left, I cannot now remember;—a fault never to be forgiven by certain of the *Twaddleri*, who think these matters of the utmost importance.

He deign'd not to rise on our entrance; and we stood before him while he and my father talk'd.—There was soon a pause in the colloquy; and my father, making his advantage of it, took me by the hand, and said,—"Doctor Johnson, this is a little Colman." The Doctor bestow'd a slight ungracious glance upon me, and, continuing the rotary motion of his head, renew'd the previous conversation.—Again there was a pause; —again the anxious father, who had fail'd in his first effort, seized the opportunity for pushing his progeny, with—"This is my son, Doctor Johnson." The great man's contempt for me was now roused to wrath;—and, knitting his brows, he exclaim'd in a voice of thunder, "I *see* him, sir!"—he then fell back in his rose-colour'd satin *fauteuil*, as if giving himself up to meditation;

implying that he would not be further plagued, either with an old fool or a young one.

The gigantick Johnson could not be easily thrown out at window,—particularly by my under-sized sire;—but he deserved to be "quoited down stairs, like a shove-groat shilling;" not exactly, perhaps, for his brutality to the boy, but for such an unprovoked insult to the father, of whose hospitalities he was partaking.—This, however, is only one among the numerous traits of grossness, already promulgated, in which the Bolt Court Philosopher completely falsified the principles of the Roman Poet:—

——"ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes,
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros."

After this rude rebuff from the Doctor, I had the additional felicity to be placed next to him at dinner:—he was silent over his meal; but I observed that he was, as Shylock says of Lancelot Gobbo, "a huge feeder;" and during the display of his voracity, (which was worthy of *Bolt* Court,) the perspiration fell in copious drops from his visage upon the table-cloth:—the clumsiness of the bulky animal, his strange costume, his uncouth gestures, yet the dominion which he

usurp'd withal, render'd his presence a phenomenon among gentlemen;—it was the incursion of a new species of Barbarian,—a *learned* Attila, King of the Huns, come to subjugate polish'd society.

Oliver Goldsmith, several years before my luckless presentation to Johnson, proved how "*Doctors differ.*"—I was only five years old when Goldsmith took me on his knee, while he was drinking coffee, one evening, with my father, and began to play with me;—which amiable act I return'd with the ingratitude of a peevish brat, by giving him a very smart slap in the face;—it must have been a tingler;—for it left the marks of my little spiteful paw upon his cheek. This infantile outrage was follow'd by summary justice; and I was lock'd up by my indignant father, in an adjoining room, to undergo solitary imprisonment, in the dark. Here I began to howl and scream, most abominably; which was no bad step towards liberation, since those who were not inclined to pity me might be likely to set me free, for the purpose of abating a nuisance.

At length a generous friend appear'd to extricate me from jeopardy; and that generous

friend was no other than the man I had so wantonly molested, by assault and battery;—it was the tender-hearted Doctor himself, with a lighted candle in his hand, and a smile upon his countenance, which was still partially red, from the effects of my petulance.—I sulk'd and sobb'd, and he fondled and sooth'd;—till I began to brighten. Goldsmith, who, in regard to children, was like the Village Preacher he has so beautifully described,—for

"Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distress'd,"

seized the propitious moment of returning good-humour;—so he put down the candle, and began to conjure. He placed three hats, which happen'd to be in the room, upon the carpet, and a shilling under each:—the shillings, he told me, were England, France, and Spain. "Hey, presto, cockolorum!" cried the Doctor,—and, lo! on uncovering the shillings which had been dispersed, each beneath a separate hat, they were all found congregated under one.—I was no Politician at five years old,—and, therefore, might not have wonder'd at the sudden revolution which brought England, France, and Spain, all under one Crown; but, as I was also no Conjuror, it amazed

me beyond measure. Astonishment might have amounted to awe for one who appear'd to me gifted with the power of performing miracles, if the good-nature of the man had not obviated my dread of the magician;—but, from that time, whenever the Doctor came to visit my father,

"I pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile;"

a game at romps constantly ensued, and we were always cordial friends, and merry play-fellows. Our unequal companionship varied somewhat, in point of sports, as I grew older, but it did not last long; – my senior playmate died, alas! in his forty fifth year, some months after I had attain'd my eleventh. His death, it has been thought, was hasten'd by "mental inquietude;"—if this supposition be true, never did the turmoils of life subdue a mind more warm with sympathy for the misfortune of our fellow-creatures;—but his character is familiar to every one who reads:—in all the numerous accounts of his virtues and his foibles, —his genius and absurdities, his knowledge of nature, and his ignorance of the world,—his "compassion for another's woe" was always predominant; and my trivial story, of his humouring a

froward child, weighs but as a feather in the recorded scale of his benevolence.

Foote's earliest notices of me were far from flattering; but, though they had none of Goldsmith's tenderness, they had none of Johnson's ferocity;—and when he accosted me with his usual salutation of "Blow your nose, child!" there was a whimsical manner, and a broad grin upon his features, which always made me laugh.

His own nose was generally begrimed with snuff; and, if he had never been more facetious than upon the subject of my *emunctories*, (which, by the by, did not want cleansing,) I need not tell the reader, that he would not have been distinguish'd as a wit;—he afterwards condescended to pass better jokes upon me.

The paradoxical celebrity which he maintain'd upon the Stage was very singular;—his satirical sketches were scarcely dramas, and he could not be call'd a good legitimate performer. Yet there is no Shakspeare or Roscius upon record who, like Foote, supported a theatre for a series of years, by his own acting, in his own writings, and, for ten years of the time, upon a *wooden leg!*

This prop to his person I once saw standing by his bed-side, ready dress'd in a handsome silk stocking, with a polish'd shoe and gold buckle, awaiting the owner's getting up;—it had a kind of tragi-comical appearance;—and I leave to inveterate wags the ingenuity of punning upon a Foote in bed, and a Leg out of it. The proxy for a limb thus decorated, though ludicrous, is too strong a reminder of amputation to be very laughable. His *undress'd* supporter was the common wooden leg, like a mere stick, which was not a little injurious to a well-kept pleasure-ground. I remember following him, after a shower of rain, upon a nicely roll'd terrace; in which he stump'd a deep round hole, at every other step he took; till it appear'd as if the gardener had been there with his dibble, preparing (against all horticultural rule) to plant a long row of cabbages in a gravel walk.

Garrick was so intimate with my father, soon after I was born, that my knowledge of him was too early for me to recollect when it commenced;—it would be like the remembrance of my first seeing a tree, or any other object which presents itself to vision, at our beginning to look about us.

While my father was on a summer excursion to Paris, and had left me at Richmond, in 1766 (in my fourth year) Garrick says of me, in his epistolary correspondence—"I have made him two visits, since your departure, which he has taken most kindly; the last time his eyes sparkled when he saw me; he is greatly desirous to know why I call him "*Georgy go jing,*" and has very seriously interrogated his Duenna about it. We have work'd very hard in the garden together, and have play'd at nine-pins till I was obliged to declare off. We are to have a day at Hampton, and he is to make love to my niece Kitty, and a plum-pudding; he seems very fond of the party, and we will endeavour to make him forget his loving parents," &c. &c.—He speaks of me again in various letters of different dates, till the year 1775, in a strain of artificial ease, well calculated to gratify fatherly vanity;—for Garrick could not suppress his propensity to *stage effect*, even while scribbling to a bosom friend; and all his letters smell strongly of the shop, whether he be or be not actually talking of it.

My rides from Richmond to his house at Hampton, had a "long run," as soon as I was

able to keep my seat in a saddle;—but my first attempt as an equestrian was a failure;—for, on bestriding a pony, which Powell, the actor, just before his death, in 1769, had presented to Papa for Master Georgy, the little quadruped threw the little biped upon the stones, at the stable door:—my horsemanship was, therefore, suspended; and the pony revell'd in a field, or shiver'd in a straw-yard, for a full year and a half.

Of this accident I was very lately reminded by General Phipps, who happen'd to witness it; and whom I shall have further occasion to mention, with his elder brother, Lord Mulgrave, in these my Records:—I had the happiness of being introduced into their family, by my father, when the present Earl could not have seen more than sixteen summers, and the General was a child not much older than myself;—consequently, they were my earliest friends when, in attempting to mount a fiery steed, I proved myself no Alexander, and unworthy of a Bucephalus;—but, from that time to this, which is full *sixty years ago,* they have never, as my pony did, thrown me off;—on the contrary, in reference to my long enjoyment of their kind and uninterrupted regard, I feel the full

force of Cicero's sentiments upon old friendships:—"Veterrimæ quæque (ut ea vina quæ vetustatem ferunt) esse debent suavissimæ; verumque illud est, quod vulgo dicitur, *multos modios salis simul edendos esse*, ut amicitiæ munus expletum sit."—But let me remount my pony, and return to Garrick.

The frequent letters passing between him, at Hampton, and my father, at Richmond, were so many opportunities for me to take airings on horseback, attended by the servant who carried the despatches. On these occasions, I always, on arriving at Garrick's, ran about his gardens, where he taught me the game of trap-ball, which superseded our former nine-pins.—He practised, too, a thousand monkey tricks upon me;—he was Punch, Harlequin, a Cat in a Gutter,—then King Lear, with a mad touch, at times, that almost terrified me;—and he had a peculiar mode of flashing the lightning of his eye, by darting it into the astonish'd mind of a child, (as a serpent is said to fascinate a bird,) which was an attribute belonging only to this theatrical Jupiter.

All this was very kind and condescending,—but it wanted the *bonhomie* of Goldsmith, who play'd

to please the boy; whereas Garrick always seem'd playing to please himself,—as he did in a theatre, where, doubtless, he tickled his *amour propre*, while he charm'd the spectators;—he diverted and dazzled me, but never made me love him; and I had always this feeling for him, though I was too young to define it.

The fact is, no remark was ever more true than that Garrick "*acted* both on and off the stage:" he was a Glutton in praise*;—and after gorging upon the applause of thundering audiences, and judicious criticks, his unsatiated grovelling appetite hunger'd for the admiration of a shoe-black, or an infant:—he would steal a side-long look at a Duke's table, to ascertain whether he had made a hit upon the butler, and the footmen.—Such were the littlenesses of the Great Roscius!

My fullest recollections of him, as a performer, are in the Characters of Abel Drugger, Benedict, Don Felix, Lusignan, and Richard the Third. An actor supereminent in such different characters (to say nothing of Hamlet, Lear, Kitely,

* "In praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame."
Retaliation.

Ranger, and various others,) must have possess'd most extraordinary powers, of the very highest order; and I shall remember him in them "while memory holds a seat in this distracted globe."—He did not quit the stage till I was nearly fourteen; and I have shown how well I must have been acquainted with his features, his manners, and his quirks and turns, in private life, which made me more particularly interested in observing him, when I had opportunities of witnessing his talents in publick.—I may venture, therefore, an opinion, (if my opinion be worth anything,) form'd upon juvenile reminiscence;—I have only, however, to repeat what others have said a thousand times, that,—

> "Take him for all in all,
> I ne'er shall look upon his like again."

I have mention'd the uncommon brilliancy of his eye;—but he had the art of completely quenching its fire; as in his acting Sir Anthony Branville, a dramatick personage who talks passionately with the greatest *sang froid*, and whose language, opposed to his temperature, breathes flame like Hecla in Iceland. In this part, I have been told,

he made the twin stars, which Nature had stuck in his head, look as dull as two coddled gooseberries* :—But his *Deaf Man's* eye, (of which I once witness'd a specimen at Hampton,) evinced his minuteness of observation, and gift of execution.

There is an expression in the eye of deaf persons (I mean of such as have not lost all perception of sound) which, difficult as it may be to exhibit in mimickry, it is still more difficult to define in writing ;—it consists of a mixture of dulness and vivacity, in the organs of vision ; indicating an anxiety to hear all, with a pretending to hear more than is actually heard, and a disappointment in having lost much ;—an embarrass'd look, between intelligence, and something approaching to stupidity :—all this he convey'd admirably ;—and if I could convey it in words, one tithe as well, I should have made myself more intelligible.

On the whole, with all his superior art in pourtraying Nature, it is to be lamented that he

* This character was not, I believe, generally understood ; though we are led to think otherwise by the Biographia Dramatica :—*vide* this work, under the article of "*The Discovery*," a Comedy, by Mrs. Frances Sheridan.

outraged her in one character,—and that was his own;—he over-acted the part of Garrick;—and it was very bad taste in him to be always performing *himself*, upon a carpet, as if he had been a fictitious personage on *the boards*;—he converted his companions into criticks in the pit; practised *clap traps* upon them; and the row of lamps, in front of the proscenium, was eternally under his nose.

The learned Gibbon was a curious counter-balance to the learned, (may I not say *less* learned?) Johnson. Their manners and taste, both in writing and conversation, were as different as their habiliments. On the day I first sat down with Johnson, in his rusty brown, and his black worsteads, Gibbon was placed opposite to me in a suit of flower'd velvet, with a bag and sword*.

* Gibbon's costume was not extraordinary at this time, (a little overcharged, perhaps, if his *person* be consider'd,) when almost every gentleman came to dinner in full dress.—Foote's clothes were, then, tawdrily splash'd with gold lace; which, with his linen, were generally bedawb'd with snuff;—he was a *Beau Nasty*. They tell of him, that, in his young days, and in the fluctuation of his finances, he walk'd about in boots, to conceal his want of stockings; and that, on receiving a supply of money, he expended it all upon a *diamond ring*, instead of purchasing the necessary articles of hosiery.

Each had his measured phraseology; and Johnson's famous parallel, between Dryden and Pope, might be loosely parodied, in reference to himself and Gibbon.—Johnson's style was grand, and Gibbon's elegant; the stateliness of the former was sometimes pedantick, and the polish of the latter was occasionally finical. Johnson march'd to kettle-drums and trumpets; Gibbon moved to flutes and haut-boys;—Johnson hew'd passages through the Alps, while Gibbon levell'd walks through parks and gardens.—Maul'd as I had been by Johnson, Gibbon pour'd balm upon my bruises, by condescending, once or twice, in the course of the evening, to talk with me;—the great historian was light and playful, suiting his matter to the capacity of the boy;—but it was done *more sud*;—still his mannerism prevail'd;—still he tapp'd his snuff-box,—still he smirk'd, and smiled; and rounded his periods with the same air of good-breeding, as if he were conversing with men.—His mouth, mellifluous as Plato's, was a round hole, nearly in the centre of his visage.

Perhaps the reader may think himself relieved in finding that I have no other celebrated persons

to record, who either brow-beat or petted me;—I have, therefore, little or nothing more to say of *the Club*,—which word, as defined by Johnson in his Dictionary, means, "an assembly of good fellows;" but in his own club it is certain that there were "good, bad, and indifferent."

Among the many conspicuous persons who visited my father, some were so much the juniors of others, that I have been promoted, "labentibus annis" to associate with them, as the ancients dropp'd off; and, thus, my father's youngest guests became, at last, my senior friends. Of these I may enumerate the names of Sheridan, Erskine, (afterwards Lord Erskine,) Jekyll, and others. Alas! the sweeping hand of Time!—of the three last *juveniles*, one only now remains;—the witty Joseph Jekyll;—and amiable as he is witty;—for we may say of him, as Sprat, Bishop of Rochester, wrote of Cowley the poet,—"His fancy flows with great speed, and, therefore, it is very fortunate to him that his judgment is equal to manage it. His wit is so temper'd, that no man had ever reason to wish it to be less."

I may surprise some, and offend others, by saying that, I think Sheridan did not excel in light

conversation;—at least, not to that degree which might be expected from his transcendent abilities. Many men of inferior powers were, in my humble conception, pleasanter dinner companions;—his son Tom, for instance.—I admit that nobody sitting down with him, for the first time, and ignorant of his abilities, could have mistaken him for a common-place character; nor would the evening pass without some thoughts, or turns of expression, escaping him, indicative of genius; but he wanted the flickering blaze of social pleasantry,—the playful lightning of familiar discourse;—his style appear'd to me more an exercise than desultory table-talk. I have heard him, late in the evening, recapitualate nearly all that had been said at table, and comment upon it with much ingenuity, and satire; but,—to say nothing of people disliking to find their careless chat thus remember'd, and *summ'd up*,—this was rather speechifying than conversing; and less fit for a dinner-party than for a debating society. It was turning a private eating-room into St. Stephen's Chapel, making the guests representatives of counties, towns, and boroughs, and the master of the mansion Speaker of the House of Commons.

This habit of harrangue grew so much upon Sheridan in his declining days, that he would, in answering the observation of any person in company, call him "*the honourable gentleman.*"

The late Joseph Richardson, Sheridan's "fidus Achates," was (with all his good-nature, and temper,) a huge lover of this particular kind of disputation. Tell Richardson where you dined yesterday, and he would immediately enquire,—"Had you a good day? *was there much argument?*"

My father often met Lord (then Mr.) Erskine in the street, and invited him to dinner on that same day;—on these occasions, our party which, when I was at home, form'd a *trio*, might as well have been call'd a *duet*, for I was only a listener;—indeed, my father was little more, for Erskine was then young at the bar, flush'd with success, and enthusiastick in his profession. He would, therefore, repeat his pleadings in each particular case;—this I thought dull enough, and congratulated myself, till I knew better, when the oration was over. But here I reckon'd without my host,—for when my father observed that the arguments were unanswerable,—"By no means, my

dear sir," would Erskine say, "had I been counsel for *A* instead of *B*, you shall hear what I would have advanced *on the other side;*"—then we *did* hear, and I wish'd him at the *forum!*

No two companions could have been worse coupled than Lord Erskine and my father; for the Lawyer delighted in talking of himself and the bar, and the Manager of himself and the theatre. Erskine was a gifted man, and, what is better, a *good* man;—in the early part of his career, he was consider'd a *great* man,—but, as John Moody says of Sir Francis Wronghead, "he could no' hawld it."

In addition to the set already mention'd, we had a heterogeneous body of visiters, consisting of noble, gentle, and simple; and in the year 1777, when my father commenced his lease of Foote's Patent in the Haymarket Theatre, we experienced a fresh influx of sundry dramatists, and performers new to London; some of whom he occasionally ask'd to dine with him.

Of our excursions from home,—but all this will be better reserved for part of the next Chapter;—besides I am going out to keep a dinner engagement, which will make, from the earliest

incidents I have just recorded—stay,—this is a matter of figures. I was in my fourth year when Garrick visited me at Richmond; counting, then, from my fourth birth-day to my last in 1726*, leap-years included, I should have eaten, within that space of my life, (if sickness had not often made a hole in the arithmetick,) twenty-one thousand, nine hundred and sixteen dinners. Well,—'tis folly to wish ourselves younger; for, of all the ancient gentlemen who *will* have their own way, "Old Time the clock-setter, that bald sexton Time," is the most obstinate.

* This was written in 1827.

CHAPTER FIFTH.

———Gaudia, discursus.—

JUVENAL.

WHILE a Westminster-boy, one of my earliest migrations, through a turnpike-gate at any considerable distance from the metropolis, was to Bath; whither I went with my father, (I forget in what year,) to pass the Christmas holidays.

Bath, at Christmas, then attracted crowds of fashionables to those waters wherein the leprous King Bladud, taking a hint from the measly hogs, once perform'd his successful ablutions. When so unsophisticated a King (who flourish'd eight hundred years before the christian era) condescended to be cured with the pork, this *pignus amoris* of a Sovereign to the "Swinish multitude," must have been particularly delicate, and delightful;—and, although there could not have been any medical practitioner resident in the town,—the town not being then built,—both the monarch and the herd were soon as sound as if they

had call'd in a regular Bath physician, and had given him a guinea a piece.

How gothick would the Balls at the upper rooms of Bath (which were the rage at the time of which I am writing) appear, even to the eldest dowager at Almack's, who is now striving to dance her daughters into matrimony!—yet, as long as I can remember a newspaper, all dancers are, invariably, the gay "Votaries of Terpsichore," and they all trip it on "the light fantastick toe," in the daily press, from the reign of Beau Nash, to the present moment. The hackney writers have hackney'd these phrases, till it is high time to vary them.—There was little tripping on the toe when I first went to Bath;—the Ball open'd with a long series of formal minuets, and then concluded, precisely at eleven o'clock, with the unfantastick jigging of the vulgar country-dance;—in the course of which last, many a shock was sustain'd, by one young gentleman running against another, while the Misses were pushing their partners into their proper places.—The graceful Quadrille, and the voluptuous Waltz, have long superseded these stately stalkings, and jog-trot jumpings;—*Cotillons* led the way to this revolution, as we learn

from the anonymous bard, who declined to immortalize himself by an avowal of the following lyrical effusion:—

> "Bath and Tunbridge-wells, adieu!
> Now no more we think on you;
> True politeness is our own,
> Since we've learned the Cotillon."

The chief Exquisite, or Dandy, (*macaroni* was then the term,) who figured in the upper rooms, was the well-known Tom Storer,—*bien poudré*, in a fine coat, with gold frogs;—he moved the *menuet de la cour*, in buckram solemnity, pale, thin, tall, and ugly,—making strange contortions of the legs when he turn'd a corner; which flourishes I am too ignorant to designate by their technical name, if they have one;—they partook something of the friskiness of the *coupée*, but were much too dignified to be call'd a caper.

There are regular breeds of Beaux, besides mongrels, still remaining; but, I believe that the old genuine Macaroni is, now, quite extinct. A few of my existing contemporaries may, perhaps, recollect, that there was a caricature in the print-shops, when they were mere boys, of the late Sir John Coxe Hippesley, under the title of "*The*

Macaroni." Age had completely silver'd him, many years before his decease; and he long walk'd about (youthful coxcombry forgotten) a most respectable and grave gentleman,—the *Ultimus Macaroni-orum*, dead in his original character.

I think it must have been in my second visit to Bath, in the year 1776, that Mrs. Crespigny gave a masquerade there;—she inhabited a handsome house in the Crescent, where she received all the fashion of the place; since which, new Crescents have arisen on the Alps of Bath, one overtopping the other.

To this select mummery I was taken by my father; a premature initiation into nocturnal gaities, and a sacrifice of health, at the altar of paternal vanity; for I believe my father was a little proud of me; as my slim skinny figure (I talk of what I was) *dress'd up* well enough in the character of Prince Arthur.

This dress *papa* borrow'd for me of his friend Palmer, proprietor of the Bath Theatre, afterwards a representative in Parliament for that city, and the projector of the mail-coach plan, which has

so well answer'd. The transition from the Stage to the Mail,—pooh! the pun is too paltry and palpable.

Masquerades are foreigners which will never be naturalized in this country. John Bull often makes himself, as we know, an ass in his own way; but, in pretending to the agreeable frivolities which are the growth of an Italian soil, he takes a clumsy jump over the pale of English folly, and departs from his national orthodox absurdities. An English private masquerade, where people are striving to be clever, is the dullest of all dull vivacity;—a publick one is the most vulgar of vulgar dissipation.

I once scribbled some lines on the subject of a publick masquerade, which were spoken on the stage, on the benefit night of an eminent comick actor; whose domestick worth, and gentlemanly manners, are equal to his histrionick talents. As these verses have never, I believe, appear'd in print, I venture, crude as they are, to insert them here.

PROLOGUE FOR MR. JONES'S MASQUERADE,

Given on the 3d of June, 1815, *at the Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden.*

When Wine and Masquerades were hither sent,
Neatly imported from the Continent,
Then Johnny Bull each continental freight
Incontinently did adulterate;
And Masquerades, announced in town, forbode
As downright trash as Port upon the road.

Take, in a careless hasty sketch display'd,
The joys of London's publick masquerade;—
A midnight squeeze, which ends in morning riot,
All roaring!—no,—the *Dominos* are quiet;
In lutestring state *they* stalk, and seem to say,
We are, by night, just what we are by day,
Mere Bond-street Loungers, come to see the fun,
And as for character,—we keep up none.

Then, pouring in, come Punches, Turks, and Tailors,
Heavy-heel'd Harlequins, and inland Sailors;
Jews without Hebrew, brogueless Pats from Cork,
And Clodpoles without dialect from York;
Sportsmen, who scarce have seen one furrow's ridge,
And ne'er shot anything but London Bridge;
Attorneys' Clerks as Shepherds,—doom'd to know
No Fields but those which Lincoln's Inn can show;
But who, if not by sheep, by parchment thrive,
And scrawl upon the skins they never drive.
These Corydons address, in cockney tone,
The high-rouged Phyllises from Marybone;
The high-rouged Phyllises, more kind than fair,
Bid not the Shepherds, blest with cash, despair;

Preferring far the *notes* of modern swains
To those which old Arcadians piped on plains.

Thickening the throng, see staggering upright Quakers,
Butchers, Haymakers, Bakers, Kennel-rakers,
Nun, Gipsey, Jockey, Friar, Cobbler, King;
All, all, that Chaos can together bring,
Sans wit, sans humour, and—" sans every thing!"

Here Songsters squall,—fat Waltzers there advance,
To crush our toes with what they call a dance;
A dance at which a well-taught bear would blush;
Till supper is announced,—and, then, a rush!
The Masks get neither seats nor meats enough,—
Rolls stale, ham rank, pies mouldy, chickens tough;
Cold punch grown warm, dead porter, wine that's rum,
And Waiters " coming" who will never come.
This scramble o'er, the revel rises high,
With Debauchees and Dollies in full cry;
Till all in blazing sunshine reel away,
With fever'd head-aches to doze out the day.

To night, we try from foreign schools to glean,
And, if we can, to *regulate* the scene;
To cleanse the home-bred specimens before us,
And be, if not less dull, much more decorous.

In the midsummer holidays of the year 1775, (betwen the two above-mention'd trips to Bath,) I started, in high glee, on a tour to the North of

England; my father being, as usual, both quartermaster and paymaster.

One part of this expedition was so joyous to me, at the moment, and is still so interesting to me, from reasons which I have to relate, that it form'd a grand epoch in my juvenile journeys.

We travell'd leisurely, and in a zig-zag direction,—our course beginning north north-west,—and, on the evening of our first day's progress, we halted at Oxford. Reader! be not alarm'd!—I am not going to inflict upon you a detail'd account of this ancient place; setting forth that it was in being before the year 721, and showing how it began to flourish, (after the devastations of the Danes,) under the auspices of the wise King Alfred, in the second year of St. Grimbald's coming into England;—neither will I impart that it returns four members to Parliament, two for the City, and two for the University; besides its being an Episcopal See, and giving the title of Earl to the noble family of Harley:—for all these, and other minutiæ, I refer you to the Oxford Guide; which I advise you to purchase, when you go to gape at the wonders contain'd in this seat of the Muses;—but, as-

suredly as you buy this manual, and necessarily consult it, while traversing the quadrangles of the colleges, halls, &c.,—so assuredly will you be very much *quizz'd*, as an old put, and a twaddler, by the junior inhabitants of them;—a practice which is still to be *un*-learn'd, by the young gentlemen who are sent thither for polite education, and the study of the *humanities*.

Buy, at the same time, the "Oxford Sausage," a short collection of oldish poems, which smells a little of the Academia; is, here and there, somewhat coarse, but, altogether, very amusing; particularly if you read it on the spot, and wish to surrender your mind to the *genius loci*.

On our arrival at Oxford, we took up our rest in a dull eccentrick part of the town, at a decay'd old-fashion'd inn, (the name of the sign has escaped my memory,) execrable in point of eating, drinking, and every accomodation;—all of which "that most venerable man which I did call my father," pronounced to be capital. This surprised me, as he was very delicate in his feeding, and precise in all his appointments, at home:—but I soon discover'd that this receptacle for man and horse had been the *bang-up* house of enter-

tainment, when he was a student of Christ-church;—he, therefore, (such is the force of first impressions, and of early habits,) insisted upon its present pre-eminence;—and he had rattled up to it, after a lapse of twenty years, in a post-chaise and four, although it was, then, only frequented by stage-coaches, commercial riders with saddle-bags, and all sorts of scrub-travellers.

We sat down to the eternal dinner at a bad inn,—smoked, black, mutton-chops, with a tough broil'd fowl, looking like the abortion of a spread-eagle, sprinkled with musty pickled mushrooms;—these dainties were served up on a short table-cloth, furnish'd with spoonless salt-cellars, and two-prong'd steel forks. *Pater* look'd a little queer, but was firm to his principles;—he had been brought up in the heathen religion of this inn, and was determined not to be an apostate.

After dinner the landlord came smirking into the room with a smear'd decanter, containing some sloe-juice, which he call'd a bottle of his *supernaculum;* this beverage was light and fiery, like all the road-port, with some flakes in it, which my father pronounced to be the *véritable* bee's wing;—and he despatch'd the waiter to Mr.

Jackson, the then Oxford Printer, begging he would come, and help him to drink it. This invitation was accepted, and Jackson speedily made his appearance;—a deed of kindness, and proof of a daring stomach;—for the printer knew every house in the town, and was aware of the poison he was about to swallow. The immediate news and gossip of Oxford having been primarily discuss'd, my sire, and the master of Devils enter'd into a long prose upon times gone by;—wherein it appear'd that Jackson had been originally employ'd in printing the periodical work of "*The Connoisseur*," of which my father and Bonnell Thornton were the authors.

The first number of these popular Essays was publish'd on the last day of January, 1754; my father was matriculated at Oxford on the 5th of June 1751; took his Bachelor's Degree in 1755; and was born in the year 1732:—from these dates it is plain that, when be began writing *The Connoisseur*, he was an undergraduate in the University, and only twenty-two years old;—a premature age to assume the title and office of "Critick and Censor-General," and dictatorially to "animadvert upon any-thing that appears vicious, or

ridiculous." The work, accordingly, though gay and entertaining, is superficial. Thornton, indeed, was several years older than his co-partner; but the author of the grave and more solid "Rambler" thought meanly of The Connoisseur, and said "it wanted matter."

To those who have heard little or nothing of Bonnell Thornton, the subjoin'd extract will afford as much insight into his character as is here requisite; to others it will be redundant*;—but, in the confabulation between my father and Jackson,

* ———"At one or other of these Seminaries [Westminster School, and Christ-church, Oxford,] it seems probable he became acquainted with Mr. Colman; in concert with whom he, in 1754, began that excellent periodical work *The Connoisseur*, which was carried on for two years with great spirit and success. Though he took one degree in physick, he never practised that science; ———like Dr. Arbuthnot, he amused himself with laughing at the follies of the times;———scarcely a single popular topick offer'd which did not afford him subject for a pamphlet, an essay, a copy of verses, or some whimsical paragraphs in the newspapers.———Few persons possess'd more wit and humour; still fewer exercised these qualities in a manner more harmless, or less offensive.———The latter part of Mr. Thornton's life cannot be contemplated with pleasure; he indulged himself so frequently, and immoderately, in the pleasures of the bottle, that he at last ruin'd his constitution, and died the 9th of May, 1768."

Biographia Dramatica.

Thornton translated five of Plautus's Plays, after the manner of my father's version of Terence, in familiar blank verse.

I learn'd that, in the above-mention'd joint production, Master Bonnell was most incorrigibly lazy, and threw very much more than a proportionate share of the drudgery upon his literary colleague.

On starting this publication, the authors were pledged, as is usual in periodical writings, to produce a certain quantity of letter-press, on certain days; and when the *onus* fell upon Thornton to provide materials, he *waddled out*, like a lame duck in the alley;—that is, he was delinquent, after having promised to be punctual;—and, at almost the very last moment, his partner was left to supply his deficiency. On one of these occasions, the joint authors met, in hurry and irritation, to extricate themselves from the dilemma; my father enraged, or sulky,—Thornton muzzy with liquor—the Essay to be publish'd on the next morning—not a word of it written; nor even a subject thought on, and the Press waiting: nothing to be done but to scribble helter-skelter. "Sit down, Colman," said Thornton,—"by od!* we must give the blockheads something." My industrious

* "By od!" was his favourite apostrophe; he spoke inarticulately, and *clipp'd* many of his words.

sire, conscious of obligations to be fulfill'd, sat down immediately, writing whatever came into his head, *currente calamo.* Thornton, in the mean time, walk'd up and down, taking huge pinches of snuff,—seeming to ruminate, but not suggesting one word, or contributing one thought. When my father had thrown upon paper about half of a moral Essay, Thornton, who was still pacing the room, with a glass of brandy and water in his hand, stutter'd out—"Write away, Colman!—by od! you are a bold fellow! you can tell them that *virtue is a fine thing;*"—implying that my father wrote nothing but mere common-place, and instructed his readers in what every body knew before.

This somewhat recondite sarcasm came ludicrously enough from a man who, through his own default in moral principle, was pushing his partner to save both their credits, at a minute's warning.

I believe that, after this joint concern, the intimacy of the colleagues, though they were always upon good terms, was not kept up; nor was it likely to be, with two persons of such different

habits, except in their pursuits of literature. I have no recollection of having ever seen Thornton at my father's house.—Not long before his (Thornton's) death, these two quondam co-partners had occasion to meet in London, on some business, at a Tavern;—their interview was at *noon*, and Thornton came half drunk!—During their conversation upon the business which had brought them together, my father observed to his old friend, that he regretted to see he by no means appear'd in good health. "Health!" said Thornton, "look here!" and he pointed to his ancles, which were alarmingly swollen;—"can't you see?—'tis the dropsy;—by 'od! I'm a-going:"—and he *was* going, for he died shortly afterwards.

When Thornton was on his death bed, his relations surrounding it, he told them that he should expire before he had counted twenty; and covering his head with the bed clothes, he began to count;—"One, two, — — — eighteen, nineteen, twenty." He then thrust out his head, exclaiming, "By 'od! it's very strange! but why aren't you all crying?"—"Teach my son," said he to the by-standers,—"teach him, when I am gone, his

A, B, C;—I know mine in several languages; but I perceive no good that the knowledge has done me;—so, if you never teach him his A, B, C, at all, it don't much signify." Within an hour after this, poor Bonnell Thornton breath'd his last.—This is dreadful!—To see a man of learning and genius lost and besotted, at an age when his talents and experience should have elevated him to many years' enjoyment of the world's admiration and respect,—to see him on the brink of a premature grave, looking down, like an idiot, into the "narrow dwelling," and beholding it with fever'd levity!—can there be a more mortifying picture of frail humanity?

Having pass'd two days in viewing the Oxford *lions*, to whose den it was intended that, on leaving Westminster, I should in due time be consign'd, we proceeded to Woodstock,—that spot sacred to the Deities of Love, Poetry, and War;—for there the bower of the hapless Rosamond was constructed; there was Chaucer born*; there,

Hic jacet in tumbâ Rosa mundi, non Rosamunda;
Non redolet, sed olet, quæ redolere solet.

If this jingling and filthy epitaph, upon her tomb at Godstow, were

too, the palace proudly stands, rear'd by England's gratitude, in honour of a Marlborough; whose military science and success could only be surpass'd by the tacticks and triumphs of a Wellington*.

From Woodstock, we pursued our winding way through Warwickshire, Staffordshire, Derbyshire, and Lancashire, till we enter'd Yorkshire;—but, as I am not writing an Itinerary, and as most of the towns, and places of note, in this serpentine tour, are familiar to everybody, (though marvellous, then, to *me*,) I say no more of them, than that, at Stratford upon Avon, I was more delighted with a cold round of beef, at the White Lion, than inspired by the birth-place of our great dramatick Bard.

written (as some have averr'd), by Henry the Second, poor Rosamond's regal lover was a great brute.—As to Chaucer, the old Bard merits his antiquated fame; but I know not why he should have been call'd "the English Homer," except that his writings are now almost as illegible as Greek to the million:—his style is far from *Homerick*.

* "From fields of death to Woodstock's peaceful glooms,
(The poet's haunt) Britannia's hero comes—
Begin, my Muse, and softly touch the string,
Here Henry loved, and Chaucer learn'd to sing."

TICKEL.

Of other places which we visited*, to enumerate them in the margin, and to say they made me stare, will be quite enough :—of adventures, as we march'd "thus far into the bowels of the land," (and we march'd *literally* into its bowels at Buxton, and again at Castleton,) I have none to record ;—except that I was nearly *burnt to death in the water*, in that part of the Peak which is call'd after a portion of the Devil's person, and which must be indispensable to him in a sedentary position.

This far-famed Cavern (one of the Seven Wonders* of Derbyshire) consists chiefly of two compartments ; and, to make myself clear to the reader, in describing the awkward situation in which I was placed, I offer him a short transcript

* Warwick, Warwick Castle, Birmingham, Litchfield, Derby, Chatsworth, Matlock, Buxton, Castleton, Liverpool, *cum aliis*.

* "Hobbs has comprehended *the Seven Wonders* in one verse :

Ædes, mons, barathrum, binus fons, antraque bina."

CAMDEN'S BRITANNIA.

These, taken in the order of the above hexameter, are,—Chatsworth, the Seat of the Duke of Devonshire ; Mam Tor, or the Mother Rock ; Eldon Hole ; the Springs at Matlock and Buxton ; Poole's Hole, and the Devil's — — —.

from an old book, entitled a "Tour through the Island of Great Britain."—Eighth edition, 1778.

"On the steep side of a mountain [at Castleton, in Derbyshire,] is a large opening, almost in the form of an *old gothick** arch. It is upwards of thirty feet perpendicular, and twice as much broad at the bottom at least, and wider, it is said, than any artificial arch now to be seen. It continues thus wide but a little way, yet far enough to have several small cottages built on either side of it within the entrance, like a town in a vault. On the left side, as it were, of the street, is a running stream of water. As you go on, the roof descends gradually, and is then so far from having houses, that a man cannot stand upright in it, though in the water; but stooping for a little way, —and, [then] passing over (in a kind of bathing-tub, wherein you lie extended,) the stream of water which crosses the cave, you find more room over your head."

* This tautology is rather unhappy!—particularly as we are told, in the title-page of the work from which I am quoting, that it was "Originally begun by the *celebrated* DANIEL DE FOE, continued by the late Mr. Richardson, author of *Clarissa*, &c., and brought down to the present time by *gentlemen of eminence in the Literary World*."

Not to criticise too minutely the above barbarisms of Messrs. Daniel De Foe, Richardson, and other "Gentlemen of eminence in the Literary World," their account is, I trust, sufficient for my present purpose of explanation.

To cross the petty stream, I was placed flat upon my back in the boat, or "bathing-tub," above-mention'd;—the bottom of it was stuff'd, like that of a hackney-coach, with musty straw and hay; and, as I lay thus supine, I held a lighted tallow-candle in my hand, without which (bating the distant gleams from a few more candles, carried by other travellers, and their attendants,) I should have been in utter darkness.

The Charon of this Castleton Styx was not exactly such a ferryman as his prototype;—his passengers were all alive, and he neither navigated with a sail, as you do in a ship, nor with a pole, as in a punt*; but he waded in the subterranean rivulet, (which I do not think was more than three

* Virgil tells us, that, the fabulous Charon was in the habit of both *sailing* and *punting*:

"Ipse ratem *conto* subigit, *velisque* ministrat."

Æneid 6. v. 301.

feet deep,) and propell'd his crazy bark with his hands, at the stern.—In fact, he call'd himself the Guide;—an Irish one, in this instance; for, instead of showing you the way, he walk'd after you: he proved himself, notwithstanding, very expert, as it will appear in the accident which befel me: —I know not whether his adroitness arose from presence of mind, or from frequent practice in similar misventures.

I had accomplish'd half the *trajet* of a voyage little longer than a hop, step, and a jump, when the lighted candle in my hand set fire to the combustible matter on which I was deposited; and the whole vessel, where I lay like an egg in a bird's-nest, was instantly in a blaze.—Charon never once thought of burning his fingers by endeavouring to pick me out of the conflagration; but, having already hold of the stern, he gave it a sudden violent twist, which turn'd the boat topsy-turvy, and shot me headlong into the stream.—Falstaff's transition from the buck-basket to the Thames was nothing to it;—down I went with a hiss, in the midst of flaming hay and straw, to the bottom;—"think of that,—hissing hot!—think of that, Master Brook!"

I emerged, in a few seconds,—extinguish'd and cool'd;—there was nothing further to be done but to hurry me back to the inn, for a change of clothes, after a decided ducking. Between the two elements, I might have fared worse;—for, considering the fright on one hand, and the indurating quality of the Derbyshire Springs on the other, the chances were that I had come out of the water completely *petrified*.

The big-wigg'd classical folks shall never "flout me out of my humour;"—they may say what they please to explode Tragi-Comedy from the regular Drama;—but I do maintain that there seldom is a grave distress, in real life, which does not produce something of the ludicrous, either in itself, or in some of the bearings upon it;—and if this be admitted, together with the Shakspearean axiom, that, the Stage is to "hold a mirror up to Nature," it is a stronger argument, in favour of Tragi-Comedy, than any which its learned opponents have advanced against it.

The foregoing account of my deliverance from fire and water, reminds me of a story which I have heard of a respectable gentleman who lately died, at an advanced age, in the county of Shrop-

shire. He was, in his younger days, an Officer in the Army; and was nearly burnt, drown'd, and hang'd, in the course of a few minutes.—In time of war, he was order'd abroad, with some of his regiment; and, when on his way to a foreign coast, in a Fleet of Transports, the little squadron fell in with the enemy;—an engagement ensued:—

During the encounter, the Ship in which he was sailing caught fire; he was enveloped in flame, when an explosion took place, which blew him into the sea;—unable to swim, he expected to sink immediately, never to rise again:—an accompanying English vessel, observing his situation, threw out a rope to him, with a noose in it;—in his hurry to fix it under his arms, it slipp'd round his neck;—and when a friendly sailor tugg'd at him, to haul him on board, the endeavour to save his life, almost put an end to it.—Luckily, he had not far to go; and he was dragg'd upon the deck half-singed, half-drown'd, and half-strangled.—This triple escape may be consider'd as quadruple; for he ran the immediate risk of being shot, in common with others engaged in the action.

We arrived, a day or two before the races, at York.—What painful reflections does the name of this place force upon my mind!—Need I tell my countrymen, that I allude to the melancholy event which has deprived us of the Royal Personage whose title was derived from this Dutchy?—A recurrence to that event has casually presented itself here;—I cannot turn periods upon it, and my pen must flow as my feelings dictate.

Presumptive Heir to the Crown, the nearest wish to the heart of the good Duke of York was the honour, prosperity, and protracted life of our excellent Monarch:—no Brother could be more affectionate, no Subject more faithful, no Citizen more truly constitutional.—His impulses were as kind and generous as ever glow'd in a human breast; and his combined loyalty and patriotism were the result of sound sense, experience, and integrity.

His admirable Military-Discipline was mark'd by the veneration of the Army, and his name will be transmitted to posterity, under the emphatick appellation of "The Soldier's Friend."—His extensive support of Charitable Establishments was, unavoidably, conspicuous; but, he hated ostenta-

tion; and his secret relief of Distress exceeded his Publick Contributions.—In Politicks, as his bosom was without guile, he utter'd his principles without reserve; and his firm ingenuous character obtain'd, not merely the boisterous acclamations of the multitude, but the permanent esteem of all classes of Englishmen, who have an interest involved in our general welfare.—In private life, his manners were most amiable;—too noble-minded to be vain of his exalted rank, too dignified to undervalue it, he was princely without pride, and familiar without derogation; hence it came, that, those who had the happiness to associate with him, felt no restraint in his presence, but never lost sight of their respect;—and all who knew him intimately became steadily attach'd to him.

Professions of acute grief, from humble men, for the loss of Princes, are suspected of hypocrisy; I shall not, therefore, attempt to describe my emotions, while I am offering this lowly tribute to the memory of my dear Illustrious Patron; whose goodness to me could only be surpass'd by His Majesty's gracious beneficence.

My father had promised to meet his friend

Captain Phipps, at the place above-mention'd;—and to accompany him with others, when the races were over, further north, to Mulgrave, near Whitby;—we proceeded accordingly.

Our party consisted of Captain Phipps, afterwards Lord Mulgrave; his youngest brother Augustus, a boy of my own age; Sir Joseph (then Mr.) Banks; my father, myself, and *Omai, the Otaheitan.*

How it happen'd that such a seemingly heterogeneous half dozen should be pack'd up together in a close carriage, upon the King's Highway, is to be explain'd.—The three principals of the party,—a Naval Officer, a Naturalist, and a Dramatick Poet, were intimate friends, and not so distinct in their worldly pursuits, as it would appear upon a superficial view of the matter;—for it is to be recollected, that, the honourable Captain was (according to a late Irish gentleman's pseudography) "*bread* to the sea*;"—The Na-

* This alludes to so well-known a story, that it is only given in a note for the information of the few who may not have heard it. The Irish gentleman had betted that a certain witty Post-Captain (afterwards an Admiral, and since dead,) was not originally intended for the sea service. He, therefore, wrote to him, requesting to

turalist, having botanized and philosophized all round the world, had, of course, *navigated* the sea* ;—and the Dramatick Poet was (at least while he presided over a theatre) an absolute Neptune; *commanding* sundry seas of paint and paste-board to roll, or not to roll, as he thought fit.—In respect to the remaining three,—the two boys, my dear departed friend Augustus Phipps, and myself, were under the separate coutrols of an elder brother, and a father;—and, as to Omai,—Sir Joseph Banks (having received him, "neat as

know whether he was "*bread* to the sea." The answer was, "I am not bread to the sea, but the sea is bread to me, and d—d bad bread it is."

* He sail'd with Captain Cook, on board the ENDEAVOUR, when he (the Captain) perform'd his *first* voyage round the world. The ship quitted Plymouth on the 26th of August, 1768, and return'd to England, coming to anchor in the Downs, on the 12th of July, 1771. Sir Joseph (then Mr.) Banks engaged, to accompany him on this expedition, his friend Doctor Solander, a learned Swede of much philosophical celebrity, who held a place in the British Museum, and who had studied under the great Linnæus. Sir Joseph had, also, in his suite two draughtsmen; one who painted subjects of natural history, the other landscapes and figures; a secretary, and four servants. I have made a mistake in "The Posthumous Letters to the Colmans," relative to Omai;—I there state in a note, that he "was brought to this country by Sir Joseph Banks:"—the account in the next note attach'd to the present pages corrects that error.

imported,") had made himself his bear-leader and guardian*.

When Omai took leave of his flock, (for he was a priest,) on a circuitous trip from one hemisphere to the other, his confidence in the *European Savages*, on board the Adventure, must have

* Lord Sandwich, Doctor Solander, and Sir Joseph Banks, (but chiefly the latter,) were the three protectors of Omai, during his sojournment here. He was not brought over to this country by Sir Joseph, who return'd to England in 1771; but by Captain Furneaux, in 1774. This Officer went out in the year 1772, on board the ADVENTURE, in company with the RESOLUTION; in which last vessel Captain Cook perform'd his *second* voyage. The two ships separated in a storm, and the Adventure came home about a year sooner thon the Resolution.—Thus far I am upon sure ground;--as to the rest:—

Omai, though generally call'd in England an Otaheitan, appears to have been a native of Ulietea, but with connexions and relatives in Otaheite. There is a cluster of islands in the Pacifick Ocean, collectively call'd "*The Society Islands*;" namely, Otaheite, Huaheine, Ulietea, Bolabola, Eimeo, Otaha, Tubai, and Mawrua.—They appear to have such intercourse with each other, that the families of the separate islanders may, in course of time, have been easily jumbled together. On Captain Cook's *third* voyage, in 1777, he took Omai back to his native clime, te settle him *somewhere*. Otaheite was first tried, where Omai behaved like a fool, and was pigeon'd by his countrymen;—Ulietea was then speculated upon; at last the captain fix'd him in Huaheine, where he left him. This last part of the account, relative to Omai's native place, I gather from establish'd works which (though not mighty clear) are more than sufficient for the present pupose.

been very strong.—On his arrival, too, in England, he trusted to the guidance of a man who had left a treacherous character behind him, in the South Seas; for it is said, that Omai's English patron was the "gay deceiver" of the Dido of Otaheite.—The story ran, that, while the crew of the Endeavour were subduing the hearts of Queen Oberea's Maids of Honour, by dint of ten-penny nails, the *fascinating Sir Joseph had obtain'd the gracious* consideration of the Queen Herself; and that he afterwards left her on the shore of her dominions, bewailing his inconstancy. The romance, however, did not terminate so tragically as the love-tale in the Æneid. Her Majesty of Otaheite, not being such a fool as her Majesty of Carthage, thought it was better to get a new lover, than to kill herself for an old one;—as to the perfidious Hero, he never thought of building a town; but contented himself, for very many years afterwards, with his estate in Lincolnshire, his house in Soho Square, and his villa at Smallberry Green*.

* See an "Epistle from Oberea, Queen of Otaheite, to Joseph Banks," in the "Foundling Hospital for Wit:"—

"I, Oberea, from the Southern Main,
Of slighted vows, of injured faith, complain."

The coach in which we rumbled from York was the ponderous property of Sir Joseph, and as huge and heavy as a broad-wheeled waggon ; but, however ill-constructed for a quick conveyance over the rough roads and sharp acclivities which we had to encounter, its size was by no means too large for its contents. It carried (as I have shown) six inside passengers, with much more than their average luggage ;—for the packages of Captain Phipps, who intended to make some stay at Mulgrave, and who was ardent in his professional studies, were laid in like stores for a long voyage ;—he had boxes and cases cramm'd with nautical lore,—books, maps, charts, quadrants, telescopes, &c. &c.—Sir Joseph's stowage was still more formidable ;—unwearied in botanical research, he travell'd with trunks containing voluminous specimens of his *hortus siccus* in whitey-brown paper ; and large receptacles for further vegetable materials, which he might accumulate, in his locomotions.—The vehicle had, also, in addition to its contingent loads, several fix'd appertenancies with which it was encumber'd by its philosophical owner :—in particular there was a remarkably heavy *safety-chain*,—a drag-

chain upon a newly constructed principle, to obviate the possibility of danger in going down a hill;—it snapp'd short, however, in our very first descent; whereby the carriage ran over the post-boy, who drove the wheelers, and the *chain of safety* very nearly crush'd him to death.—It boasted, also, an internal piece of machinery with a hard name,—a *hippopedometer*, or some such Greek coinage,—by which a traveller might ascertain the precise rate at which he was going, in the moment of his consulting it:—this also broke, in the first ten miles of our journey; whereat the philosopher to whom it belong'd was the only person who lost his philosophy:—most gentlemen who go post in their own carriages have a watch; it enables them to tell how many miles they have driven in an hour, without reference to casual inequalities of pace; knowing, therefore, the character of their speed in the aggregate, they have little occasion, or desire, to analyze a trot, by decomposing it into footsteps.

Our progress, under all its cumbrous circumstances, was still further retarded by Sir Joseph's indefatigable botany:—we never saw a tree with an unusual branch, or a strange weed, or anything

singular in the vegetable world, but a halt was immediately order'd ;—out jump'd Sir Joseph ; out jump'd the two boys, (Augustus and myself,) after him ; and out jump'd Omai, after us all.—Many articles, " all a growing, and a growing," which seem'd to me no better than thistles, and which would not have sold for a farthing in Covent Garden Market, were pull'd up by the roots, and stow'd carefully in the coach, as rarities. Among all our jumpings, the most amusing to me was the jump of a frog down the throat of the said Sir Joseph ;—he held it in the palm of his hand, (having pick'd it up in the grass,) till it perform'd this guttural somerset, to convince his three followers, the two boys, and the savage, that there is nothing poisonous in this animal, as some very ignorant people imagine ;—as far, therefore, as enlightening the minds of a couple of lads belonging to the rising generation of England, the frog took his voluntary leap of self-destruction, like another Curtius, for the good of his country.

Instead of pursuing the direct inland route, through Malton and Pickering, to Whitby, we travell'd coast-ward :—at an elevated point of the road, not far from Scarborough, they told me,

that there was a peep at the German Ocean;—never having beheld the sea, I thrust my head out at the coach-window, with extreme eagerness. My notions of the "vasty deep" were form'd upon Latin poetical descriptions, which had been whipp'd into me at Westminster; and I had, moreover, lately read George Alexander Stevens's song, of "the Storm," in which he writes of

— — — "the tempest-troubled ocean,
Where the Seas contend with Skies;"—

accordingly, I look'd up to the sky, which happen'd to be particularly serene and unclouded, and the seas were not contending with it at all. I concluded, like the wise Governor of Tilbury Fort, in respect to the Spanish Fleet, that the German Ocean

"I could not see, because
It was not yet in sight:"——

But being directed to cast my eyes lower, I observed a wide horizontal expanse of untroubled liquid, which disappointed me hugely; and I peremptorily pronounced that the Sea was nothing more than a very great puddle;—an opinion which must have somewhat astounded the high Naval

Officer, who had not long return'd from his celebrated Voyage of Discovery, towards the North Pole*, and the Philosopher who had circumnavigated the globe.

Whether my ideas, on this subject, had arisen from too much or too little fancy, it is not for me to determine;—it must have been from either one or the other;—the Poets had either set my mind like their own eyes, "in a fine frenzy rolling," or I was stupid enough to receive all their fine figures for downright matters of fact.

Be this as it may, on reaching the Inn, at Scarborough, I ran immediately to the beach; and was soon convinced that the *Puddle* was,—as the late George Hanger wrote of an army of many thousand men,—"*not to be sneezed at.*"

Some lounging fishermen laugh'd at the questions which I put to them about the surface of the

* The Honourable Captain Constantine John Phipps, on board the RACEHORSE, accompanied by Captain Lutwyche, in the CARCASS, sail'd on a Voyage for a Discovery of a North-east Passage to the North Pole, in the beginning of June, 1773. The Ships became so entangled in the Ice, that their escape was almost miraculous:—This Expedition is mention'd as remarkable, in naval records, from the extreme perils attending it, the skill and calm resolution of Captain Phipps, and the gallantry of all the officers and men under his command.

sea, and told me that it was, then, a dead calm.—I gazed over the tranquil but immense world of waters,—the "*mira quies pelagi*,"—and it seem'd the repose of an elemental terror, which the Almighty had lull'd into an awful rest.—The tide was at flow, making a sleepy stealth upon the shore; but the broad bulky waves came smoothly gliding in, like placid giants, and impress'd me with a fearful conception of their grandeur, if vex'd by a gale, and of their fury, when driven by a tempest.

That there are disgusting Braggarts pretending to super-wisdom, who deny the existence of our God, is too well known to shuddering religion; but I cannot,—I will not,—think, that there is such a wretched thing as a downright sincere Atheist;—I will not be convinced that any animal capable of reason, contemplating the "elements that clip us round about," is not stricken with impulsive veneration at the wondrous order of the Universe, and does not inwardly acknowledge The Creator.

Early next morning, I was again upon the beach; to take a dip, as the Cockneys call it, in the usual watering-place way. I was upon the

point of making my maiden plunge, from a bathing-machine, into the briny flood, when Omai appear'd wading before me. The coast of Scarborough having an eastern aspect, the early sunbeams shot their lustre upon the tawny Priest, and heighten'd the cutaneous gloss which he had already received from the water :—he look'd like a specimen of pale moving mahogany, highly varnish'd;—not only varnish'd, indeed, but curiously veneer'd;—for, from his hips, and the small of his back, downwards, he was *tattow'd* with striped arches, broad and black, by means of a sharp shell, or a fish's tooth, imbued with an indelible die, according to the fashion of his country. He hail'd me with the salutation of *Tosh**, which was his pronunciation of *George*,—and utter'd certain sounds approaching to the articulation of — "back" — "swim"—"I"—"me"—"carry"—"you."—This attempt at the English language, became intelligible to me from his "suiting the action to the utterance," or rather elucidating the utterance by the action ;—and the

* When Lord Sandwich (then first Lord of the Admiralty) introduced him to his late Majesty, Omai's address to the Sovereign was—"*How do, King Tosh?*"

proposition was, that he should swim out to sea with me.—I was "not John O'Gaunt; but no coward, Hal!"—and, considering that I had never yet ventured into the sea,—had never beheld it till the preceding day,—that I had been drown'd, about a month before, in the Thames, (not to mention my recent ducking in Derbyshire,)—that the person to whose care I committed myself, in so novel and nervous an exploit, was almost a stranger, and that stranger a savage;—all this taken into consideration, my immediate acceptance of his offer, by springing out of the bathing-machine upon his back, may be look'd upon as a bold measure, rather than otherwise.

The Scarborough Sands presented, as they still do, it is to be hoped, for the benefit of the bathers there, a hard surface, beautifully level, which extended, with a gentle declivity, very far into the sea. Omai, therefore, (who was highly pleased with my confidence in him,) walk'd a considerable way before the water came up to his chin;—he then struck out; and having thus *weigh'd anchor* for this my first voyage, I found myself on board the Omai, decidedly not as commander of the vessel, but as a passive passenger, who must sub-

mit, without effort, to the very worst that could happen.—My wild friend appear'd as much at home upon the waves as a rope-dancer upon a cord; but, as soon as he had got out of his depth, my apprehensions were aroused, and I began to think that, if he should take a sudden fancy to dive, or to turn round, and float, with his face towards the sky, I, who was upon his back, must be in a very awkward situation. Every fresh motion of his arms and legs carried us some yards further out; and, in the intervals of these efforts, he constantly cried, "*Tosh not fraid;*" but Tosh *was* fraid,—and plaguily frighten'd indeed, that's the plain truth. After a time, however, we went on so steadily, that my fears gradually subsided, and I listen'd tranquilly to the jargon of my *vehicle*, who taught me several words in his own language, which had all some reference to our immediate circumstances, and meant, "swim, drown, boat, ship, fishes," &c. &c.

At last, I felt not only quite at ease, but delighted with my mode of vectigation;—it had doubtless one advantage over sailing in a ship, for there was no rolling and pitching about, to occasion sea-sickness; and I made my way as smoothly

as Arion upon his Dolphin. I could not, indeed, touch the lyre, nor had I any musical instrument to play upon,—unless it were the comb which Omai carried in one hand, and which he used, while swimming, to adjust his harsh black locks, hanging in profusion over his shoulders.—Having perform'd a trip of full three quarters of an hour, the Omai came gallantly into harbour,—all safe,—*passenger* in good health.

On landing, we found our fellow-travellers on the shore. My young friend Augustus was vex'd that he was not with us;—but, if he had, he would probably have been *de trop*, for I much doubt whether the South-Sea Triton could have carried double. My father look'd a little grave at my having been so venturous; the noble Captain and the Philosopher laugh'd heartily, and call'd me a tough little fellow; and Omai and I were, henceforth, contant companions.

After lounging till late in the day at Scarborough, we resumed our travel; but the last four miles of the day's journey were somewhat perilous.

From Whitby to Mulgrave there was, *then*, but one road; most of which was, in fact, no road at

all.—On leaving the town of Whitby, we descended a hill call'd the "Up-Gang," which was (and is, still,) almost perpendicular;—of all *Gangs*, Banditti or others, to terrify a traveller, they cannot put a man in greater fear for his life than this *Up-Gang*;—and, when you have (God willing) got to the bottom of the precipice without breaking your neck, you are to pass over about three miles of no very wide way, full of quicksands; bounded by the Ocean, on one side, and impervious cliffs on the other;—you must make haste, too, if the sea be coming in; otherwise you will be caught by the tide, and, then,—"*bon-soir!*"

When we got upon the sands, the wind had risen, the sea roar'd, and it was almost dark;—the horses took fright, dragg'd the carriage into the surf; and the evening marine trip threaten'd to be much less propitious than my morning's excursion, upon the back of Omai.—The unusual situation in which we were placed must, I think, have puzzled the brave Sea-Captain, and the navigating Philosopher; for, however they might have been ice-lock'd, or temptest-tost, they had never, hitherto, begun a voyage in a post-coach and four.

With some difficulty, the postboys (the best

and only commanders on such an expedition) forced the horses inland, dodged the quicksands upon shore, as well as they could, in the dusk, and set us down safe at Mulgrave.

For my Records of this place,—then the delight of my boyish days,—lately the interesting scene of my declining years,—they are as I shall presently specify. Reader, we have travell'd hard in this Chapter;—I hope you are not more fatigued than I!—let us pause a little.

CHAPTER SIXTH.

"My early visitation, and my last."

MILTON.

"How nobly does this venerable wood,
Gilt with the glories of the orient sun,
Embosom yon fair mansion."

MASON'S ELFRIDA.

"Quo me cunque rapit tempestas deferor hospes."

HORACE.

THE original Castle of Mulgrave, some Ruins of which still remain, was built in the reign of Richard the Second, by a certain Peter de Malolacu; commonly call'd Mauley, a French Baron, born in Poitou, who came into a very rich inheritance in England, by marrying the only daughter of a Robert de Turnham. "This Castle" (says Camden) "from its grace and beauty he named, in French, *Moult-Grace*, as we find it in the history of Meaux; but, because it became a grievance to the neighbours thereabouts, the people (who have always the right of coining words) call'd it

Moult Grave, by which name it is every where known, though the reason of it be little understood."—Hence it may be supposed, that the said Baron Peter, commonly called Mauley, maul'd his vassals pretty well; screwing them by all sorts of exactions, according to the system of feudal times, when a Baron happen'd to be of a tyrannical disposition.—No less than seven Peters, Lords de Malo-lacu, succeeded him;—they bore a Bend Sable, on an Escutcheon d'Or;—a fact which Camden, being King of Arms, might have thought it necessary to blazon; but which, now, can come home to the business and bosoms of none but his successors in the College of Heralds The seventh dying without issue, the estate was parted, by the sisters, between the knightly family of the Salvains and the Bigots.—*Satis, superque*:—I do not mean to trace this matter minutely, from Richard the Second to George the Fourth;—but the orthodox family now in possession certainly does not belong to the *Bigots.*

Let me, however, mention John Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave, afterwards Duke of Buckingham, as there is an anecdote attach'd to him, as owner of this property.

This nobleman (a warrior, a politician, a courtier, and a poet,) was not personally a tyrant to his Yorkshire tenants, whatever his steward might have been; for he never came near them if he could help it:—But, before he had arrived at his Dukedom, and when he was very young, the great Plague broke out in London*; and he thought it

* He could have been, then, only between sixteen and seventeen years of age; for he was born in 1649, and the Plague, here mention'd, broke out in 1665; the burning of London happen'd in the year following. But all his biographers show how very early he was thrown into worldly action.

On his father's death, he became Earl of Mulgrave, at nine years old; and it is said of him, in Johnson' Lives of the most Eminent English Poets, that:—

"The young Lord was put into the hands of a tutor, with whom he was so little satisfied, that he got rid of him in a short time, and, at an age *not exceeding twelve years*, resolved to educate himself. His literary acquisitions are more wonderful, as the years in which they are commonly made were spent in the tumult of a military life, and the gaiety of a court. When war was declared against the Dutch, he went, at *seventeen*, on board the ship in which Prince Rupert and the Duke of Albermarle sail'd, with the command of the fleet;—His zeal for the King's service was recompensed by the command of one of the independent troops of horse, then raised to protect the coast. Next year he received a summons to Parliament, which, as he was then but *eighteen* years old, the Earl of Northumberland censured as at least indecent, and his objection was allow'd."

a less plague to visit his estate than to stay in the midst of the epidemick.

As soon as the pestilence was subdued,—which, by the by, was at the expense of about four hundred streets, and thirteen thousand houses, consumed by the memorable Fire of London,—he set out again for the metropolis:—but, during his stay on the estate, he had been so affable to his dependents, and it was so much their interest to have him among them, that they used every effort in their power to seduce him into a liking for the country; and to inoculate into him a taste which, it is clear, he did not take naturally.—They accompanied him, therefore, in a body, nearly through the first stage of his journey to town; and after having gone in procession with his carriage over Saltersgate Moor, a dismal waste of sundry long miles, they then took their leaves, beseeching him to come back to them soon.

Many flowery speeches pass'd between the noble Earl and his adherents;—of kindness and patronage on one side, and duty and devotion on the other;—all ending, on the part of the tenantry, with—" At what time may we hope for the hap-

piness of seeing your Lordship again?"—the answer was, for some time, ingeniously evaded; till, at last this main desideratum was so strongly push'd, that there was no parrying it; and his Lordship said,—"My worthy friends, I shall make a point of being with you again, *at the next Plague.*"

This residence belong'd, at the time of my first visit to it, to the Lord Mulgrave whose eldest son was the Honourable Constantine Phipps, with whom we were then travelling, and who inherited his Father's title and estate;—and on *his* demise, he was succeeded by his brother Henry, the present Earl.—We reach'd the place in the summer of 1775. The family abode was, then, a common modern habitation, upon much too small a scale;—more like a dwelling-house upon the limited acres of a private gentleman, than a mansion which harmonizes with a lordly domain. The best apartments were in front, and look'd upon nothing that I remember but a bowling-green,—that dull vegetable gaming-table, on which nobody plays when it rains; the back rooms, which seem'd to be little, or not at all, frequented by the family, commanded, by a strange

perversion in taste, a fine view of the German Ocean. The stone stables were handsome enough in themselves, but they elbow'd the front of the house, staring on one side of it; and between these and the woods beyond them, something (I forget what) interposed;—so that the woods, in which the old Castle had been built, irrigated by romantick streams and cascades, and, as Brown express'd it, full of *capabilities*, were shut out;—the chaotick beauties of this neglected wilderness lay like diamonds in a mine, valuable and invisible.

This *was* Mulgrave;—but I wish to describe what it *is*; and, to make the contrast stronger, I shall take a chronological leap out of one century into another, and then back again, claiming my privilege both of anticipating and resuming;—an irregularity of which I gave my readers fair notice in the first Chapter, and which, indeed, the title of my book implies.

Nearly eight years ago*, late in the autumn of 1819, and after a lapse of about *forty-five years*, I made another excursion to this place, at the kind invitation of its present possessor. In the

* I write this in the end of August, 1827.

first instance, I went thither as a boy with his father; in the second, as a father with his boy. I was in my thirteenth year, on my first expedition; my son, Edmund Craven Colman, who accompanied me on my second, was in his seventeenth.—The *sober satisfaction* of revisiting the scenes of our youth after a long interval, I have mention'd once or twice already, in the course of my Records; and the "fugaces labuntur anni," with the different circumstances under which my two journeys were perform'd, operated pretty frequently upon my mind, while on the road. The effect, perhaps, might have been stronger, if my contemplations had not been continually interrupted by jolting as far as York, in the *High-Flier;* a stage coach (the best then *flying*, as they told me,) which left London at seven in the morning; jumbled you black and blue during a day and a half, and one intervening night; and then set you down (*me*, at least,) jaded, sore, bruised, and bedevil'd. From York to Mulgrave, about fifty miles further, I and my son indulged in the shifting independence, and clattering luxury, which are known to those who travel in a hack post-chaise.

Four miles short of the coast, in the village of Sleights, we quitted the main road from London, and turn'd into an improved way to the place of our destination;—thus, avoiding Whitby, the break-neck *Upgang*, and the subsequent *Syrtis*, flank'd by the Ocean and cliffs. This struck me as excellent; for it is, according to my poor way of thinking, no inconsiderable advantage in the bearings upon a Country Seat, that you may approach it without the risk of being hurl'd down a precipice, overtaken by the sea, or smother'd in a quicksand;—but, for the accommodation of all tastes, the ancient route is generously left open to those who may prefer it.

From Sleights, we had about six miles further to go; and having accomplish'd half way, we arrived at one of the Mulgrave Lodges; hence we had a delicious drive by moonlight, through those fine woods already mention'd, as having been excluded, till we reach'd the site of the old house;—but the house itself had flourish'd prodigiously during my absence of five and forty years, and had absolutely grown into a Castle. It had been, in fact, almost completely gutted, heighten'd, increased with wings, each larger than the pri-

mary dwelling;—the front reversed, and looking towards the sea,—the bowling-green bowl'd off, —the old staring stables removed,—and the new castellated edifice and woods connected, and gracing each other. The late Constantine Lord Mulgrave completed, I believe, this metamorphosis of the mansion, and cut some walks and drives through the woodland scenery, where very much has since been effected.

My stay here, at this time, was a little more than a fortnight. We had occasional visiters, and the inmates then at the Castle were not a small family party;—a party which (as the reader must have already seen) was very interesting to me. My time pass'd delightfully, excepting two days, during which I was laid up by FRIAR BACON, on whom I had taken a ride to Whitby. The fat of this handsome pamper'd animal proclaim'd him an old favourite, and the width of his back distended my femoral sinews, as if I had been put to the question by the Spanish Inquisition. My kind and noble friend had, I know, been studying my comfort before he mounted me upon this corpulent quadruped, whose ambling pace was smoother than the swing of a cradle,—but

oh! his rotundity!—take him altogether, he was one of the mildest tortures that ever stretch'd the limbs of an elderly gentleman.

On taking my leave, I scrawl'd the following doggerel in an Album which is on the table of the Library. However worthless the poetry, it contains a "brief epitome" of the alter'd state of the place, and of my unalterable feelings.—Of course, I do not print the lines without Lord Mulgrave's permission.

AN ADDRESS TO THE PRESENT YEAR, EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND NINETEEN;

Written on the 10th of November, on the eve of departure from Mulgrave Castle.

Sweet Eighteen Hundred Ten and Nine,
Who art, like Me, on the decline,
I prize thee beyond measure!—
Whate'er my days when Thine are past,
I shall remember, to my last,
What store thou brought'st of pleasure.

But listen to the reason why
I hail thee, Annus Domini,
In language so endearing:—
Nay, patience!—'t is not much to give,
From full seven weeks Thou hast to live,
A bare five minutes' hearing.

Thy Tour above two thirds was run,
Ere *my* excursion I begun,
(Due north in its direction,)
To view, once more, now I am grey,
Scenes where my boyhood loved to stray;—
A feast for restrospection!

Snug in the coach's corner placed,
How fondly my "mind's eye" retraced
The spot where I was going;—
The house,—its door,—the bowling-green,—
The stables, and the wood scarce seen,—
All, all, in memory glowing.

"Yet ah!" sigh'd I, "Fate would not spare
Him who first bade me welcome there,
And touch'd my feelings nearly;—
Still there are Brothers, longer known,
With ages closer to my own,
Whom I regard most dearly."

Arrived, at length, within those bounds
Where Taste now adds, throughout the grounds,
To Nature's rich vagaries,
Cried I, "at Mulgrave, all I see
Has changed, save Mulgrave's Lord to me,—
His kindness never varies."

"The House a Castle grown I find;
Before it,—was, before, behind;
The bowling-green has vanish'd;
Stables unstably have retired,
And woods on woods are now admired,
Which, erst, from sight were banish'd."

The Landscapes of this wide domain,
Tried I in dogg'rel to explain,
To epick length 'twould spin it;
But though the Castle boasts, no doubt,
Such various beauties from without,
Still greater charms are in it:

For there the Noble Owners sit;
The Host replete with social wit,
The Hostess with good-nature;—
But, named I all who, there, delight,
'Twould only be, in full to write
Their kindred's nomenclature.

Then Eighteen Hundred Ten and Nine,
The joy Thou givest this breast of mine,
All transient joy eclipses;—
My daily thoughts will turn to Thee,
And daily dedicated be
To Friendship, and the Phippses.

Now, reader, step back with me, if it so please you, into the last century, and let us return to my fellow-travellers of the year 1775.—Return to them!—ah, me! it is to their *memories* that I must return;—they themselves are all swept from me; all, all gone to

That Bourn from which *no* traveller returns!

It is melancholy, no doubt, to ponder on the rapid loss of relatives and friends;—but is there not a

more gloomy picture to contemplate, of the distress which mortality might have suffer'd, had not Providence, in mercy to mankind, ordain'd a brief span of individual life, in order to prevent the annihilation of the whole human species?—For, if the prodigious increase of annual births, since the world was peopled, be consider'd, and if the tenants of the cradle and the grave bore no proportion,—if one generation did not fade, and fall, while another buds, and blossoms,—would not the augmented numbers have been, ere now, the cause of their own universal extinction?—and would not mankind have, long ago, become too multitudinous for Nature's products to supply their wants; till, like a crew whose stores are exhausted in a disastrous voyage, they suffer'd a lingering and simultaneous death by famine?—In such a state of horror, the expiring inhabitants of the ransack'd earth—parents, children, lovers, friends,—would have groan'd in heaps upon her bosom, and have let

"Darkness be the burier of the dead."

These may be romantick and morbid fancies; they find their source, however, in the calculations of men learned in natural philosophy and mathe-

maticks* ; and I have only hazarded my own thoughts interrogatively, that my betters may instruct me; for I am the merest smatterer in physicks, and an utter ignoramus in political arithmetick :—But, lest any sage criticks should accuse me of treating so solemn a subject as Divine ordinance with fantastick levity, I beg to say that my intentions are directly the reverse :—let them laugh and welcome at my want of science, but I protest against their calling me profane.

Our rural pursuits, at Mulgrave, being of course influenced by the leaders of our company, were, as may be supposed, widely different from the usual sports of country gentlemen ;—the commander of the North-Pole expedition, and the visiter of the South-Sea Islands, disdain'd to shoot at any

* They tell us, that, the gradual declension of longevity, since the flood, argues the interposition of a Divine power.—When the World was to be peopled by *two* persons, (Adam and Eve) the age of man was 900 years, and upwards. Immediately after the Flood, there being *three sons* of Noah "of whom the world was overspread," only one of these three arrived at 500 years. After them, as population century after century increased, the term was proportionably curtail'd ; till, at last, the ordinary duration of human life dwindled to 70 or 80 years, and thus it has remain'd since the days of Moses.—Hence, say the learned, the world is neither overstock'd, nor too thinly inhabited.

bird or beast more common than a Penguin or a Bear.—It was late in August; yet our licenced murders, on the neighbouring moors, were always perpetrated by a hired assassin;—the sanguinary game-keeper despatch'd the feather'd innocents, for pay; and we saw no Grouse till it was kill'd, roasted, and put upon the table.

Omai, indeed, prowl'd about the precincts with a gun,—a weapon of terror and destruction which had scared him half out of his wits, in his own country, when he first heard its explosion, and witness'd its effects, in the hands of Europeans;—but he was, now, familiarized to the instrument; and, if practice can lead to perfection, he promised to be an excellent marksman; for he popp'd at all the feather'd creation which came in his way; and which happen'd, for the most part, to be dunghill cocks, barn-door geese, and ducks in the pond.

His slaughter of domestick birds was by no means inconsiderable;—he knew nothing of our distinctions between *meum* and *tuum*, nor of any of our laws whatever;—and had it not been that he was naturally a tender-hearted barbarian, it is probable that, after having kill'd off a farmer's

live stock, he might have taken a shot at the farmer himself.—Even when he had to deal with the *feræ naturæ*, in the regular way, his native wildness often betray'd him into most unsportsmanlike conduct.

One day, while he carried his gun, I was out with him in a stubble field, (at the beginning of September,) when he pointed to some object at a distance, which I could not distinguish;—his eye sparkled; he laid down his gun mighty mysteriously, and put his finger on my mouth, to enjoin silence;—he then stole onwards, crouching along the ground for several yards; till, on a sudden, he darted forward like a cat, and sprang upon a covey of partridges,—one of which he caught, and took home alive, in great triumph. I am not studied in Game Laws, but if they do not, either by some particular clause, or by a sweeping expression, prohibit catching partridges with the hands, poachers might, in time, become disciples of Omai, and evade the penalties of the statute,—as far, at least, as the *capture* is concern'd.

I was present at another instance of *Orsonism* in my tattow'd friend, when, with the intent to

take a ride, he seized a grazing horse by the tail;—the astounded animal gallop'd off, wincing and plunging, and dragging his tenacious assailant after him, till he slipp'd from his grasp, and left him in the mire;—how Omai contrived to dodge the horse's heels, and escape with his brains in his head, I cannot explain. He was not always so intrepid;—there was a huge bull in the grounds, which kept him at a respectful distance; and of which he always spoke reverentially, as the *man-cow*.

On the morning after our arrival, we went to visit the Alum Works on the Mulgrave estate, which I believe are very valuable. The first process of obtaining, and the second of crystallizing the material, are both interesting: but the inspection of them is more curious than pleasant, as is generally the case in delving, and manufacturing. The rocks, dug into quarries, from which the alum is taken, are of a very formidable height, and as upright as a wall: but, if the labourers employ'd upon them were a parcel of goats, they could not have a greater contempt for a precipice. These fellows stand upon little narrow ridges

(some higher, some lower,) which they have cut, where they scarcely have a footing: and, if they made a false step, or the ridge were to give way, they would be hurried headlong down many a fathom, and dash'd to pieces:—yet here they work and whistle, with perfect nonchalance, although they are in the same perilous situation, except that they do not *swing* in the air, with "one who gathers samphire—dreadful trade*!" The depth into which an accident, at every moment likely to happen, might plunge them, and the tranquillity and phlegm with which they seem to consider such an event, (if they consider it at all,) brings to mind the incredible tale, à la Munchausen, of the Scotchman's tumble from one of the loftiest houses in the Old Town of Edinburgh. He slipp'd, says the legend, off the roof of a habitation sixteen stories high:—and, when midway in his descent through the air, he arrived at a lodger looking out at a window of the eighth floor; to

* They *do* swing, however, till they have got upon the ridge; being let down by a rope, from the top of the rock;—but, when arrived on their scanty footing, they no longer dangle in the air, like the samphire-gatherers.

whom (as he was an acquaintance) he observed, *en passant*,—"*eh, Sandy man, sic a fa' as I shall hae* !*"

Most readers will pardon me for not taking them into the Alum-House, to explain the several methods of crystallization, &c. &c.;—should any one be very inquisitive on so astringent a subject, I must refer him to an Encyclopædia, where he will learn much more than I am able to tell him.

In regard to the nature of our daily occupations,—they were guided, as I have already observed, by the two principals of our party; and as active inquiry was their ruling passion, the spirit of research predominated over all our amusements. Botany, and opening the ancient *tumuli*, of which there were several in the neighbourhood, were our chief objects. Sir Joseph Banks, who had a better claim, I imagine, than

* To account for the extreme elevation of the above-mention'd dwellings,—there is a deep *Ravine* between the old and new Towns of Edinburgh, which are connected by a bridge over the chasm. Some houses, therefore, in the principal street of the ancient Edinburgh, erected on the edge of this hollow, are very considerably higher on one side than on the other. A few similar instances of building may be seen in the raised road leading to St. George's Fields, from the southern toll-gate of Waterloo-Bridge.

Dioscorides to the title of "the Prince of Botanists," put the two boys (Augustus Phipps and myself) into active training for the first of these pursuits, by sending usi nto the woods, early every morning, to gather plants. We could not easily have met with an abler master; and, although it was somewhat early for us to turn natural philosophers, the novelty of the thing, and rambling through wild sylvan tracts of peculiarly romantick beauty, counteracted all notions of studious drudgery, and turn'd science into a sport.—We were prepared over-night for these morning excursions by Sir Joseph*,—who could speak, like Solomon, "of trees, from the cedar-tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall."—He explain'd to us the rudiments of the Linnæan system, in a series of nightly lectures, which were very short, clear, and familiar;—the first of which he illustrated by cutting up a cauliflower, whereby he entertain'd the adults (Omai excepted) as much as he delighted the younkers.

* I have call'd him *Sir Joseph*, throughout, though he was, then, only plain Mr. *Banks*; but he was familiarly known for so many years, previously to his decease, under the first denomination, that I conceive him to be better designated, to readers of the present day, as a Baronet.

I soon got a Botany mania; which lasted, after I return'd to London, not quite so long as a voyage to Botany Bay. It cost my father, however, sundry reams of whitey-brown paper, which were sew'd into books, and which I stock'd with

> "Rank fumiter, and furrow weeds,
> With harlocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
> Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
> In our sustaining corn.———"

I can still distinguish a moss-rose from a Jerusalem artichoke; and I never see a boil'd cauliflower, without recollecting the raw specimen, and the dissecting knife, in the hands of Sir Joseph; and thinking on fructification, sexual system, pericarpium, calyx, corolla, petals, &c. &c. &c.

But the busiest scenes of our research were opening the tumuli, or *Barrows*, as they are vulgarly call'd, of which there are many in different parts of England.

Dislodging the "cineres et ossa*" of the ancients, and becoming an antiquarian resurrection-man, was the gallant Captain's terrestrial hobby, now he had dismounted from his Race-Horse, which had carried him in his marine hunt after the North Pole;—and it was whimsical to

* "Nunc ultrò ad cineres ipsius et ossa parentis," &c.—*Virgil.*

observe the intrepid adventurer who had been lately attempting to force his way through the globe's arctick extremity, eagerly employ'd in penetrating a few feet below the surface of a field in Yorkshire. But he doated upon a Discovery, (great or small,) as Hotspur did upon Honour; and, when he could not pluck it from the Sea*, why, *pour passer le temps,* he tried a *tumulus*;—and in this he succeeded;—it is easier to find an old passage to the dead, than a new one for the living.

For what purpose, let me humbly ask, still persist in the idle endeavour of boring beyond a frigid zone, where the sullenness of Nature seems so decidedly to have interposed its barriers?—If, by possibility, a passage were obtain'd this year, it would be block'd up in the next.—A lasting ship-way through a foreign sea, subject to the capricious movements of mountains of ice, is as hopeless as a turnpike road over the shifting

* "By heaven! methinks it were an easy leap
To pluck bright Honour from the pale-faced moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks."

Shakspeare.

sands of a desert, or a permanent bridge across the crater of Ætna.

On the occasions of breaking up the Barrows*, we went to work upon our sepulchral undertakings as cheerfully as undertakers in general;—although upon reversed principles; for we *un-did* "funerals perform'd;" and if the era be consider'd in which the men whose ashes we disturb'd had probably flourish'd, we dealt in heathen deterration, instead of christian burial.—But it was a kind of field-day whenever we open'd a tumulus;—a grand muster of all our party, attended by helpers, each carrying "a pick-axe and a spade, a spade;"—and as the operation, which occupied several hours, was effected at some distance from the house, we pitch'd a tent upon the scene of action, under which we dined.

* Doctor Plott takes notice of two sorts of *barrows* in Oxfordshire; one placed on the military ways, the other in the fields, meadows, woods, &c.; the former were doubtless of Roman erection; the latter more probably erected by the Britons or Danes.

"Some of these barrows appear made and erected only of earth; others are more regular, trench'd round, some with two or three circumvallations, and surmounted with monumental stones."

PLOTT's *Natural History of Oxford.*

The barrows near Mulgrave were of the inferior description; being only small hillocks, artificially raised.

Dinner is a very important affair;—and the daily necessities of hunger demand a mutton-chop, rather than the potted remains of an old Roman. Foresight, therefore, prompted us to carry out provisions; but as we were all of old Rapid's opinion that,—"if it is ever so little, let me have it hot,"—the eatables were to be dress'd on the ground; and having no Doctor Kitchener, or Monsieur Ude, of our party, (the last of whom I take to be the best kitchener of the two,) we were obliged to cook for ourselves, after our own receipts.—Sir Joseph made very palatable stews, in a tin machine, which he call'd by a hard name, and which is now very common. One day, anong other dainties, we had a barbicued hog,—a huge whole monster,—which I thought very nasty;—but this might be partly fancy; for I took a prejudice against him while he was roasting:—he was put down to a blazing fire in the field, where he was burn'd, scorch'd, and blacken'd, till he look'd like a fat Protestant at the stake, in the days of Bishop Bonnor:—we all had a flap at him, with a rag dipp'd in vinegar, at the end of a stick, by way of a basting ladle,—otherwise he would have been done to a cinder:—But at these

anti-grave-digging jollifications, the talents of Omai shone out most conspicuously; and, in the culinary preparations, he bèat all his competitors. He practised the Otaheitan *cuisine;* which I cannot better describe than by quoting a work now before me.

" First the fire is kindled by rubbing one piece of dry wood upon the side of another; then, digging a pit about half a foot deep, and two or three yards in circumference, they pave the bottom with large pebble stones, which they lay down very smooth and even, and then kindle in it a fire with dry wood, leaves, and the husks of cocoa-nuts. They take out the embers when the stones are sufficiently heated, and, after raking up the ashes on every side, cover the stones with a layer of cocoa-nut leaves, and wrap up the animal that is to be dress'd with the leaves of the plantain.———Having placed it in the pit, and cover'd it with hot embers, they lay upon it bread-fruit and yams, and which are also wrapp'd in the leaves of the plantain. Over these they frequently spread the remainder of the embers, mixing among them some of the hot stones with more cocoa-nuts, husks and leaves among them, and then close all up

with earth, so that the heat is kept in. The oven is kept thus closed a longer or shorter time, according to the size of the meat that is dressing."—(*G. A. Cooke's System of Universal Geography.*)

Hence it appears that the Cooks of the Society Islands are, in fact, Bakers, whose ovens are underground, with mouths at the top. Omai, in dressing a couple of fine fowls, observed the above process; but, as may be supposed, with some exceptions:—he did not obtain his fire by friction, having much greater facilities of kindling a flame; he cook'd fowls instead of *dogs*, which last he would have preferr'd, in his own country, as the greater delicacy*. For part of his combustibles, and the layers to cover the stones, he had other materials than the husks and leaves of the cocoa; for plaintain leaves, to wrap up the animal food, he was supplied with writing paper, smear'd with butter;—for yams, he had potatos;—for the bread fruit, bread itself,—the best home-made in Yorkshire. My readers will think, (at least I do)

* Dogs, fed entirely upon vegetables, are the most favourite fare of the Otaheitans. The naval *gourmands*, from England, who tasted the flesh of these animals, pronounced it to be nearly equal to *lamb*.

that some of these substitutions,—particularly a couple of *hens*, for a couple of *hounds*,—were altogether absolute improvements.—The homely adage explains the "proof of the pudding;"—and as to Omai's dish, in the eating, nothing could be better dress'd, or more savoury :—the smouldering pebble-stones and embers of the Otaheitan oven had given a certain flavour to the fowls, a *soupçon* of smokiness, which made them taste as if a ham accompanied them. This saving, by the by, in procuring the relish of a ham, without incurring the expense of the ham itself, argues greatly in favour of Omai's receipt, and is well worthy the consideration of all good house-wives :—as to the potatos, all the Paddies of the Emerald Isle must own themselves outdone in the cooking of *praties*.—One day, we roasted a Sea-gull, which was enough to turn the stomach of a Cormorant; the experiment was a complete failure ;—the raw dinner of a Hottentot must be refuge from it.

As to the products of the *Tumuli*, which were to reward our toils, they consisted of a few crumbling pots, dignified by the name of urns, of less intrinsick value, than a Staffordshire pipkin ; and

some small pieces of copper money, with which it was impossible to toss up, for they boasted neither heads nor tails;—whatever had been stamp'd upon them was either quite obliterated, or inexplicable.—Two or three of them came into my possession, from my being one of the researching party, but I did not keep them long;—and, from that time to this, I have evinced no talents as a hoarder of coin. My attempts, indeed, in this way, have been generally made with a view to *modern English specimens*, stamp'd with Kings' Heads of the Brunswick line;—many of these have, at different times, been in my hands; but, somehow or other, they have *soon pass'd out of them again*, and I have never been able to succeed as a collector.

During our stay, in Yorkshire, Omai and I were reciprocally School-master and Scholar, through mutual instruction in our different native languages. We began by pointing to objects, the names of which Omai pronounced in his own tongue, and I gave him their translations in mine; from words, we easily advanced to phrases, and short sentences; till, in the brief space of the first week, we could hold something like a

conversation,—jabbering to each other between Otaheitan and English.

This plan of taking a short cut to literature, in open defiance of all philological rules, is the grand object of the Hamiltonian system; which was, thus, forestall'd by a savage and a boy of thirteen, who were themselves anticipated, by everybody who had then been born, gifted with the power of speech, since Adam;—for do we not all originally learn to talk our vernacular tongue before we have ever seen or heard of a grammar?—and since *that* tongue is as foreign to us, at first, as any other, of course we may acquire any other in the same way:—it saves time, shortens mental labour, and practically gives us a great deal of grammatical knowledge, without the mechanical study, to which those who wish to be conspicuous pupils of Priscian may afterwards, and with more facility, resort:—

But, after all my Yorkshire progress in the attainment of knowlege, I may say with Lingo,—"*quid opus?—what use of all my laarning?*"—I have already shown that my antiquarian persuits were fruitless; and, as to botany, I remember no more of it than of South-Sea verbality, of

which I retain not one word,—except that I have a faint notion of *Marama* being Otaheitan for the moon.—I had rather, however, lose one language than have only a smattering of two.—I once met with an english groom at Chantilly, where he had resided for some years, who had lost so much of his vulgar English, and could speak so little of his *patois* French, that he was almost unintelligible to John Bull, or to *Mounseer.*

In proportion as his holidays are drawing to a close, a School-boy is always breaking his heart, (however soon he may cement it again,) upon the breaking up of parties which have delighted him. It was, therefore, a tristful morning for me when we quitted Mulgrave;—but, to mitigate my sorrows, my father had invitations still further north; and our friends accompanied us about twenty miles on our way, to the places at which we made our two first halts.

On the first day, (for we made two days' journey of twenty and odd miles,) we dined and slept at Skelton Castle.—Hail to the merry memory of J. S. Hall, Esq.!—the much too prurient author of "*Crazy Tales,*" "Epistles to Grown Gentle-

women and Gentlemen," &c.—whom Skelton Castle then acknowledged for its Master,—and who contrived to obtain for this residence the appellation of *Crazy Castle*, while he fix'd upon himself the name of *Crazy Hall**. His poems have found their way into most English modern libraries;—their drollery, if not their wit, having procured them a place there; but in some corner which prudential morality prescribes, as most likely to escape the notice of those who would be shock'd, or vitiated, by reading them.—Certainly, they are ill calculated for the perusal of the Clergy, or other grave characters, or of young gentlemen under age, or of any female.—I was too young to relish that peculiar vein of humour in the conversation of this eccentrick person, which seem'd to entertain my elder fellow-travellers;—to the best of my recollection, he was an odd thin figure,—in a dark scratch wig, which was remarkable,—as almost every body's hair was then dress'd, and powder'd†.

* The Frontispiece to the *Tales* is an engraving of Skelton Castle, represented as "*Crazy Castle*;" with an owl upon a tub, in the foreground of the print.

† He was intimate with *Sterne*, who addresses him in several of his posthumously publish'd letters under the title of "dear

From Skelton Castle, we went to Kirkleatham Hall,—the family mansion of Sir Charles Turner;—both these places are in the neighbourhood of Gisborough.

The Sir Charles Turner of the time I am mentioning was a very worthy Country-gentleman. He was in Parliament, and was one of those "large-acred men" whose *voice* Ministers consider to be as desirable in the Senate as it is powerful in the field;—he persecuted a fox with jovial inveteracy, and was the most formidable Nimrod in his district.

He show'd us a picture of a favourite white Hunter, surmounted by himself, in the act of leaping a five-barr'd gate; being the last of an uncommon number of similar jumps which this

cousin," and "dear Antony;"—and in one of these epistles, (a strange one! written at a Coffee-house, in a kind of burlesque Latin,) the author of Tristram Shandy says to him,—"mi consobrine, consobrinis meis omnibus carior."—From this it appears, at first sight, that they were kinsmen;—but Hall, in these letters, is call'd *Antony*, which was not his christian name; the relationship, therefore, seems to have been a literary one, arising from "A Lyrick Epistle to my Cousin Shandy by J. S. Hall, Esq.;"—and which is sign'd "your affectionate cousin, Antony Shandy."—They were congenial spirits; for Sterne was as singular, and sometimes almost as licentious, in his prose, as Hall in his poetry.

fine animal had accomplish'd, with Sir Charles upon his back, during one day's chase.—When such paintings formerly met my view, they excited in me an admiration for the rider which I have, long ago, exclusively transferr'd to the horse.

The above-mention'd Baronet had many amiable qualities; his successor and son, the last Sir Charles, not many years deceased, was a child, on my juvenile visit to Kirkleatham;—he was educating according to his father's principles of making him a fine dashing fellow, but under excellent control. When I first saw him, he ran into a drawing-room, full of company, with a live mouse in his hand:—"Bite off his head, Charles," said the father;—the subordinate boy obey'd the word of command;—his white dental guillotine fell upon the condemn'd vermin, and poor *mousey* was instantly executed.

In the adjacent village of Kirkleatham, there was, at this time, an individual residing in a neat comfortable cottage, who excited much interest in the visiters at the hall.—His looks were venerable from his great age, and his deportment was above that which is usually found among the lowly inhabitants of a hamlet. How he had ac-

quired this air of superiority over his neighbours it is difficult to say, for his origin must have been humble. His eightieth summer had nearly pass'd away; and, only two or three years previously, he had learn'd to read, that he might gratify a parent's pride and love, by perusing his Son's first voyage round the world!—He was the FATHER OF CAPTAIN COOK.—This anecdote was told to us on the spot, and I vouch no further for its authenticity;—but, if it be true, there are few touches of human nature more simply affecting.

After three or four days' stay at Kirkleatham, we took leave of Sir Charles Turner; and bade adieu, till our next meeting in London, to our interesting friends,—the gallant Constantine, the young Augustus, and the philosophical Sir Joseph, not forgetting (et tu, Brute!) Omai.

Still we went northward;—first to Stockton upon Tees,—a cheerful town;—then to Durham, the capital of the Bishoprick,—a strange up-and-down Episcopal City; and, (if you include the straggling suburbs,) partly picturesque, partly mean and ugly;—and, about four miles further, to *Cocken Hall*, a famed seat of romantick beauty, then belonging to Mr. Carr. To this place my father

had been invited; and we reach'd it safely, notwithstanding the ford which you had then to pass, before you could arrive at the mansion. I need not describe the nature of a ford;—every body knows that, if you deviate from it, you slip into deeper water,—which is an extremely wet event, any how,—but particularly perilous in a post-chaise. The post-boys, however, assured us that there was not the least danger; because, (which we thought a very odd reason,) a horse, a cart, and a butcher,—the butcher sitting in the said cart, and driving the said horse,—had all been swept away by the flood, two days ago:—they argued, therefore, that we had now nothing to apprehend, as such an accident was never known to happen oftener than *once or twice a year*. This logick we did not think quite convincing, —for we were then just mid-way in the passage, and the horses up to their girths in a rapid river.

We found nobody at Cocken, but Mr. Carr, his wife Lady Mary Carr, and his devoted companion, Peter,—an army Captain on half-pay; whose surname it seemeth not meet that I should register;—suffice it to say, that, being a man of little substance, he deem'd it politick, seeing his

own pecuniary deficiencies, to seek out a man of better substance than himself,—and to become his shadow; accordingly Squire Carr and Captain Peter were inseparables; upon the usual terms of agreement, which are tacitly understood between two such worthies,—ostentation on one side, and adulation on the other.

Such a family party was somewhat discouraging to my father, who had pledged himself to a week's stay; the only consolation to be expected, was from her Ladyship, a most amiable and perfectly well bred woman*. The Squire was a deep-drinker,—my father a very shallow one; I did not drink at all;—Captain Peter, of course, drank as a shadow should do,—that is, glass after glass, and quart after quart, more or less, after the example, or rather *ordonnance*, of his substance.—The substance had two modes of addressing the shadow, upon these occasions;—first, by interrogation, secondly, by assertion;—as thus,—" Hav'nt we had enough to-night Peter, what say you?—in this case, Peter answer'd and said,—"A drop more, Mr. Carr, would be the death of me;"—but, when, on the

* Lady Mary Carr was sister to the late Earl of Darlington, father of the present Marquess of Cleveland.

contrary, it was—"We must have another bottle," Peter was sure to observe, (getting up, at the same time, to ring the bell,)—"it will do us a deal of good, Mr. Carr*." I remark'd, however, that in the course of seven evenings, there was only one on which the Patron put the interrogative to Peter;—on all the other six, he peremptorily declared for another bottle,—and another, and another.

As to the conversation, (if conversation it can be call'd,) it was chiefly usurp'd by the Squire, and consisted of the narrative of his own youthful exploits, and of his travels abroad;—showing how he managed a horse, unmanageable by anybody else, in the Great Square of a Foreign Town;—how the Great Square was crowded with spectators;—how the horse rear'd, and how the Ladies, living in the Great Square, waved their handkerchiefs at him out of the window;—and many a tale of the same sort, at which my father yawn'd, and the patient Peter express'd his admiration, as much as if he had not heard them a hundred times.

* These were Gnatho's principles of toad-eating his Patrons.
"Quidquid dicunt laudo; id rursum si negant, laudo id quoque.
Negat quis? nego; ait? aio: postremo imperavi egomet mihi
Omnia assentari; is quæstus nunc est multò uberrimus."

TERENCE.

Now "this was worshipful Society!"—which did, in no small degrees of drinking and dulness, distress and bore my temperate and literary Sire.—I was happily sent away, in decent time, to bed;—but my poor pitiable parent had no escape from the dinner-table to the drawing-room; for her Ladyship, calmly submitting to the habits of the Squire,—his protracted potations, and his embargo upon his guests,—retired very early to her chamber; where she must, I presume, have experienced much the same *désagrémens* as those of Mrs. Sullen, in the Comedy of the Beaux' Stratagem*.

Our morning's exercise was my father's great compensation for his sedantry infliction of the evening. The Squire, as might be expected, was no early riser;—the Shadow could not be look'd for without the Substance;—therefore, while the

* Mrs. Sullen, in talking of her husband, says,— ——"he comes flounce into bed, dead as a salmon into a fishmonger's basket; his feet cold as ice, his breath hot as a furnace, and his hands and his face as greasy as his flannel nightcap.—Oh! matrimony! matrimony!—He tosses up the clothes with a barbarous swing over his shoulders, disorders the whole economy of my bed, leaves me half naked, and my whole night's comfort is the tuneful serenade of that wakeful nightingale, his nose."

FARQUHAR.

Patron and Peter dozed beyond noon, we were enjoying the beautiful rides and drives in the grounds of Cocken Hall, and in excursions to their vicinities.

The Coal-Waggon Roads, in the neighbourhood, were, then, reckon'd curious, although they are no longer so;—being nothing more than railways, common, now, throughout England.—These roads present a busy scene of commerce, near Newcastle; and are throng'd with carts going thither, laden from the collieries. I was much amused by seeing, when they arrived at a descent, the horse which drew them taken from the front, and placed in the rear, to keep them back,—in order to check the impetus of the machine's progress, which would otherwise be too great, in going down hill.

This seemingly Irish operation, and the traffick going on, are a practical refutation of the two sayings, which express a reversal in the right order of things;—for here the honest folks literally prove that it is very good sense to "*put the cart before the horse,*" and to "*carry coals to Newcastle.*"—

In our airings, we often pass'd Lumley Castle; so we *did* pass Lumley Castle,—which is all I have to say about it.

Cocken Hall, four miles from the City of Durham, is so decidedly a Lion for travellers, in those northern latitudes of England, that a description of its attractions would be like repeating the *bon mots* of the excellent Mr. Joseph Miller. I say nothing, therefore, of its "dingles and bushy dells," its wooded paths, under precipices bedeck'd with vines, by the side of the pellucid river Wear,—and its view of Finchal Abbey in ruins;—but to these Ruins there is so curious a story of barbarian religious bigotry attach'd, that I cannot help transcribing it;—the transcript may be more excusable, as it is derived from a book which is not in every body's hands.

"Saint Godric was born at Walpole, in Norfolk; and, being an itinerant merchant, got acquainted with Saint Cuthbert of Tarn Island. He made three pilgrimages to Jerusalem; but, at length, was warn'd by *a vision*, to settle in the desert of *Finchal*. He lived an hermitical life there during sixty-three years, and practised un-

heard-of austerities: he wore an *iron shirt* next his skin, day and night, and *wore out three;* he mingled ashes with the flour he made his bread of; and, lest it should then be *too good,* kept it three or four months before he ventured to eat it. In winter, as well as in summer, he pass'd whole nights up to his chin in water, at his devotions. Like ANTONY, he was often haunted by fiends, in various shapes; sometimes in the form of beautiful damsels, so was visited by evil concupiscence, which he cured by rolling himself naked among thorns and briars. His body grew ulcerated; but to increase his pain, he pour'd salt into the wounds. He wrought miracles, and died in 1170."—(*Britannia Sacra.*)

This gloomy Beast of a Saint is a fine specimen of ascetick fanaticism, in the twelfth century; when Englishmen trembled at the Pope's supremacy, and their Monarch was bullied by his Metropolitan*: but the Roman Catholicks in our United Kingdom, now, have left off the economy of iron shirts, and do not go to bed, perpendicularly, into sheets of water;—neither do they dine upon ashes, and bad bread, as a penance

* See the reign of Henry the Second.

for their vice, nor jump into a bramble-bush, as a preserver of their virtue. It is possible, therefore, as they have become enlighten'd enough to mitigate their mortifications, that they may have proportionally modified their creed;—that their assertion of papal supremacy, and their practice of self-torture, may be equally obsolete;—and that they may not prove unworthy of sharing in that political power which the Cabinet Ministers have lately conceded to them, upon the proviso that so liberal a boon be found "*consistent with the full and permanent security of our establishment in Church and State, with the maintenance of the Reform'd Religion, establish'd by Law, and of the Rights and Privileges of the Bishops and Clergy of this Realm, and of the Churches committed to their charge**."

Having touch'd the northern extremity of our tour, the first place at which we stopp'd to dine and sleep, on our return southward, was Raby Castle, the seat of the Darlington family. This noble pile of building rears its lofty head, in all the baronial pride of feudal times,—of turrets,

* See His Majesty's Speech to the Lords and Commons, read by Commission, on the 5th of February, 1829.

terraces, and battlements;—it stands on those confines of Durham which adjoin to Yorkshire, and commands extensive views over the two counties.

The late Earl of Darlington (then Lord of the Castle) was an old acquaintance of my father; and when first we came beneath his roof, it presented to us a warmer picture of ancient hospitality than I had ever witness'd; or may, perhaps, ever see again.

We were benighted on our road thither;—our day's journey had been all along unpropitious; it rain'd heavily and incessantly; and we had met with delays, and petty accidents, and vexations, at every turn.—In the last seven miles, after sunset, a fog arose;—one of the horses cast a shoe, and his rider dismounted to grope for it in the mud, and in the dark;—my father let down the glass, to ask what was the matter, in phrase too classical for a north-country post-boy to understand; and the post-boy answer'd in a dialect quite incomprehensible to the translator of Terence. I could not act as interpreter between them; for I knew nothing of the north-country

language, having neglected it altogether, while I was studying the Otaheitan. All this time, the rain was pelting in upon us, at the chaise window: we were chilly,—hungry,—impatient,—comfortless.—Ye who have travell'd where tigers prowl,—who have fled from an *avalanche*, or have been plunder'd by wandering Arabs on your way,—look not with derision on the minor "Miseries of Human Life."—Hold not in contempt—because ye have dealt in the *sublimities* of disastrous peregrination—the casual discomforts of a turnpike road, where everything is expected to go upon velvet;—pity the englishman, on a dark rainy night, sitting dinnerless in a post-chaise,—and waiting the issue of a hunt after a horse-shoe.

As we pass'd through the outward gate-way of the Castle, the vapour was dense upon the moat, and we were enveloped in night-fog, while the rolling of the carriage-wheels, and the trampling of the horses' hoofs, sounded dolefully over the draw-bridge;—we might have fancied ourselves victims to the darkest times of Gallick despotism, condemn'd by a *lettre de cachet*, to linger out our lives in the deepest dungeons of the Bastille;

but, lo! on the opening of a massive door, a gleam of light flash'd upon us;—crack went the whips,—we dash'd forward at full trot,—and, in a moment, drew up,—not to a piazza, nor a vestibule, nor a flight of steps in a cold court-yard,—but before a huge blazing fire, in a spacious Hall. —The magical effect of this sudden transition, from destitution to luxury, has never occurr'd to me any where else,—except in the two last scenes of every Pantomime, when the Guardian Genius, with a wand, waves and recitatives Harlequin and Columbine out of a Coal-pit, into the Temple of the Goddess of Gas;—

"Hence grief and darkness, enter life and joy!"

If there were space enough in all the Town Houses of our *Noblesse* to admit of carriages setting down, and taking up the company, before a fire in the Hall, what an improvement would it be, even in this improved, and still improving, age! —How would colds, catarrhs, and rheumatisms, be prevented, or assuaged!—How many more old Butterflies of Balls and Routs would continue to flutter through a hard winter!—but it would half ruin the Doctors and Apothecaries.

From Raby Castle, we did not plod our way to London upon the principles of sameness adopted by that King of France who, with twenty thousand men,

"March'd up the hill, and then march'd down again;"—

for, in many instances, we varied both from the regular route, and the devious track we had already gone over:—but, I do not mean to stuff this Chapter (already *enrich'd with Three Castles**) with more minutiæ of a School-boy's Travels in England. As to general points, in addition to some already mention'd, the three objects of publick interest which most attracted my notice, during our expedition, either outward or homeward bound, were the Docks at Liverpool, the Manufactory at Soho, near Birmingham, and the Duke of Bridgewater's Canal-works, at Worsley Mills, seven miles from Manchester:—these last were visited as great curiosities, before the passion for Canals had cut through almost every county in our island;—and, if I wonder'd at the tunnel for a subterraneous navigation leading to

* When an old french Book happens to be illustrated with engravings, (however hideous some of them may be,) we are told, in the title-page, that, it is "*enrichi d'estampes de taille-douce*."

the coal mines, I was still more astounded at seeing laden coal-barges gliding along, in a kind of water-trough, over the masts of vessels sailing in the river Irwell.

I thought little, as it will easily be supposed, about travelling expenses;—I cannot, therefore, with any accuracy, tell at how much less cost a man might "take his ease in his Inn," in those days, than in the present; my father, however, frequently observed upon the gradual lowering of charges, in proportion to the distance from London:—the articles enumerated in a bill for dinner, which were then cheap, not only grew cheaper as we went on, but, when we reach'd the northern counties, were not enumerated at all;—and, instead of swelling the account with "a roast fowl, sauce for ditto, potatos, melted butter for ditto, to poach'd eggs, to cheese, to toasted ditto," &c. &c., the items were all consolidated under the head of "EATING;" against which was regularly placed the sum of——guess how much—*One Shilling*;—and this for no scanty meal, but plenty of everything; fish, flesh, and fowl, and excellent of their kind,—contradicting, at every stage of our journey, the saying of "go further and fare worse."

The common rate of Posting was one shilling a mile, for a chaise and pair;—and I often remark'd, on the Surrey side of Westminster Bridge, a Board at a hackney-man's stable-yard, on which was inscribed, in large letters, "*Posting at Ninepence per Mile.*"

Late in September, after a huge encroachment upon the term of my holidays, my father happily arrived in Soho Square;—whence I proceeded next morning, by no means so happily, to Dean's Yard,—to commence the horrors of Τύπτω, in the fourth form of Westminster School*.

* In the fourth Form (to which I was soon to be removed) the boys are first taught the rudiments of Greek.

CHAPTER SEVENTH.

"The Allurements of a Theatre are still so strong in my memory, that perhaps few, except those who have felt them, can conceive."

COLLEY CIBBER.

THE year 1776, subsequent to my northern trip, presents almost a blank in my Records:—America, indeed, in this year, declared herself independent of the Mother Country;—but what was that to me?—how could I sympathize in the Mother's misfortune, before I was old enough to understand anything about the family quarrel, or the nature of the relationship? As to the consequences of a disastrous war, and the loss of our Colonies, I saw none which did not make me, and many other foolish Londoners, merry;—for numbers were singing the newly imported song of Yankee-doodle Dandy, about the streets; and caricatures of transatlantick occurrences, and of Lord North, were stuck up, in all the print-shops.

I have been told, from very good authority, that Lord North was, once, discover'd among the crowd, which is generally attracted to the windows where caricatures are display'd, staring at one of the graphick libels upon himself.—He was represented in a ludicrous attitude, bidding the leaders of the Opposition do homage to his person, by the most abject of all possible salutations. No Premier but his Lordship,—so unpopular as he then was, as a minister,—but so amiable in private life,—so totally unaffected, and devoid of all the pomposities of a high office,—would have thrust himself, in such times, into a mob, to gape at satires upon the Government. Soon finding, however, that he was recognized by those nearest to him, who began to titter, he made his retreat, though by no means in confusion;—saying with a good-humour'd laugh, to the by-standers, as he turn'd his back to depart,—"Don't you think, gentlemen, it is very like?"

In the same careless spirit of forgetting a Statesman's gravity, and yielding to the idlest ebullitions of a humourous and playful mind, he, one day, walk'd into the china and glass-shop, so well-known for many years, in New Bond Street,

over the door of which was written in capitals,—"FOG AND SON."

"Sir," said his Lordship to the tradesman, whose customer he was,—"this is a very extraordinary coalition of your's, and cannot be expected to last;—for either Fog banishes Sun, or Sun expels Fog; and, in both cases, there's an end of the partnership."—His Lordship little thought, then, that he should enter into a Coalition which was much more extraordinary than that of the dealer in glass and china*.—The foregoing anecdote is familiar to the old friends and acquaintances of the Norths; but not, I believe, so generally known as to preclude its insertion here;—it is given as a trait of the noble Lord's indulgence in the nonsense of genius,—not as a specimen of his conversational wit and humour, which were of a very superior kind.

But I had almost forgot poor 1776.—I recollect but two occurrences of this year which, in the

* Among the various Caricatures of this remarkable *Coalition*, there is one, still known to Collectors, which produces a very ludicrous effect,—consisting of *half* the faces of Lord North and Mr. Fox, join'd together;—over this Compound Head, is written,—"*Fronti nulla Fides.*"

phrase of the mighty Colley Cibber, "coerced my passions*." The first was the trial (which lasted several days, in April,) of the Duchess of Kingston, for Bigamy.—As she was tried by the Peers, the interior of Westminster Hall was properly arranged for the occasion; and the trial, after the usual opening ceremonies, commenced on the 15th of the month. Tickets of admission were not very plentiful; each Peer had only seven, on each day, to distribute among his numerous friends; but the Westminster Boys always contrived to squeeze in, somehow;—sometimes they were smuggled in by a nobleman, sometimes by a door-keeper;—and quantities of us ran every day, from Dean's Yard, between the school hours, to get a slice of the Duchess. The nature of the trial in itself excited a lively interest, and afforded ample food for curiosity;—and the "pride, pomp

* Colley Cibber, they say, was extremely haughty, as a theatrical Manager, and very insolent to Dramatists. When he had rejected a play, if the Author desired him to point out the particular parts of it which displeased him, he took a pinch of snuff, and answer'd, in general terms,—"Sir, there is nothing in it *to coerce my passions*." Fielding introduces this expression, in one of his Plays, containing a personal satire upon *Colley*, and his son *Theophilus*.

and circumstance" of such an Assembly,—the venerable Hall, superbly fitted up, occupied by the Peers of the Realm, in their Robes, who were attended by the Judges, several Masters in Chancery, Garter King of Arms, the Usher of the Black Rod, with various other officers in the train of the Lord High Steward *pro tempore*,—all these, —and the crowd of visiters, elegantly dress'd, in the places assign'd for their accommodation,—render'd the scene splendid, solemn, and imposing. —When the preponderating "GUILTY UPON MY HONOUR" had un-duchess'd the Duchess, she claim'd her privilege of peerage*, which, though strongly opposed by the Attorney-General, was ultimately allow'd, and she was, in consequence, exempted from any kind of *corporal punishment*.

There is a wanton cruelty in the disposition of almost all boys;—and, soon after they have pass'd the age of mutilating flies, and torturing cockchafers, they arrive at that degree of taste when the corporal punishment of a Peeress must be thought very good sport:—great was the glee,

* In right, I presume, of her first marriage; her second having been proved invalid.

therefore, of the Westminsters, when this bodily correction was mention'd as likely to ensue ; and proportionally great was their disappointment, when it was obviated. We naturally annex'd no other idea than that of *scourging*, to the term "corporal punishment ;" which term was always so elucidated by our two learned Professors of the Art, the Doctors Smith and Vincent ;—and our anticipations had been, that we should witness a *promenade* through London, at the tail of a vehicle, after the manner of the lower class, when convicted of certain minor offences ;—we expected, however, that the vulgarity of the ceremony would be sublimed as much as possible ;—that the delinquent Duchess would follow a *State-Cart*, built expressly for the occasion, and that no less a personage than the Usher of the Black Rod would act as her *ci-devant* Grace's disciplinarian.—Some Wiseacres among the people had supposed that she would have been condemn'd to hard labour at Woolwich, on board the Justitia Hulk, then in the river ;—but a second *Kingston upon Thames* was never intended.

My second and last *Memorabile* of the year is the termination of Garrick's histrionick course ;

when he came forward at Drury Lane Theatre, on the 11th of June, after performing Don Felix, in the Comedy of The Wonder, to take his final leave of the Publick. The particulars of this event are so fully detail'd, in theatrical annals, that I shall confine myself to a few observations on his valedictory Address;—an Address which, in my opinion, corroborates what I have advanced in the fifth Chapter;—that whenever Garrick chose to *show off as himself*, (and he generally did so chuse,) he was almost sure to play that character worse than any other.

He says to the Audience,—"It has been customary with persons, under my circumstances, to address you in a farewell epilogue. I had the same intention, and turn'd my thoughts that way; but, indeed, I found myself, *then*, as incapable of writing such an epilogue as I should be, *now*, of speaking it." How delicate!—what sensibility! how quivering-all-over with sentiment!—But, it is to be recollected, that, Master Davy Garrick was a sly old Stager, and a practised epilogue enditer;—and whether he threw his leave-taking thoughts upon paper in couplets, or in prose paragraphs, there could be little, if any, difference

in his mental struggles, as to the writing; and none at all in the speaking;—this alleged paralysis of his powers must apply, therefore, to his prose as well as to his verse, and would have made him as unequal, upon this occasion, to the penning of plain reason as of rhyme;—hence it follows that, although his Farewell carries the strongest internal evidence of a factitious speech, he would fain have pass'd it off for an *extempore*. Now, such an attempt was adding nonsense to hypocrisy;—for observe,—he would persuade the Town that his feelings disabled him from writing anything explanatory of them, in his hours of privacy, and quiet; but that they permitted him to perform the *much more difficult task* of describing them before a tumultuous crowd, in a moment of extreme flurry, and painful agitation of mind;—and, moreover, that he could not utter the very same sentiments of gratitude, if he had composed them, and *got them by heart*, which he was then uttering *without premeditation**.

* His biographer, and panegyrist, simple Thomas Davies, seems to have been somewhat credulous on this point; for he writes, that, "No premeditation whatever could prepare him for this affecting scene."

To say nothing of the spruce antithesis in the above quotation, (his "writing *then*," and his "speaking *now*,") let us go on with him a little further. He proceeds to say,—"The jingle of rhyme, and the language of fiction, would but ill suit my present feelings."—This unlucky sentence betrays the whole plot, at once. Can any observer of nature and art,—listening to unstudied diction on one hand, and attentive to labour'd composition on the other,—read the foregoing paragraph without being convinced that it is the deliberate polish of the pen, and not the genuine flow of the passions* ?—What man, while his affections are in a ferment, and he is yielding to their sway, ever thinks of thus decorating and smoothing his periods?—Who, while his bosom is wrung with distress, at parting with his old friends and benefactors, betakes himself to culling nice noun-substantives, selecting figurative expressions, and hunting after cadences?—who,

* The quaint wording of this sentence, so much at variance with the implication of an off-hand address, was regretted by many of Garrick's friends;—by my father, among the rest; who, though his intimacy with him had, in some degree, cool'd, was his well-wisher, to the last.

THEN, talks of "the *jingle* of rhyme," "*the language of fiction*," &c. &c.?

The wind-up of the Address, though bald in its phraseology, and without trope or figure, still smells of the inkstand, and ends just like a letter; as thus:—

"I will very readily agree to my successors having more skill and ability for their station than I have; but I defy them all to take more sincere and more uninterrupted pains for your favour, or to be more truly sensible of it, *than is your most obedient grateful servant.*"

It is a pity that he had not completed the epistolary form, by adding his name; and then it would have run in the regular way,—

"Your most obedient grateful servant,
David Garrick."

After all, this taking leave of the Town is an awkward business at best;—and all performers whom I have ever seen or heard of, in this situation, have studied something in writing, without pretending that they had *not* so prepared themselves*,—foreseeing that their nerves would be

* They *could not* so pretend, if it were in verse; and they *did not*, when it was in prose.

severely shaken, and that, if they neglected such a precaution, they would, in all probability, when put to the test, be *dumbfounded.*

It may seem like dissimulation in an actor, to be mechanically writing down, on Monday, a passage expressive of his private sorrow, whereat he is to weep in publick, next Saturday;—yet, when the Saturday comes,—and he recites that passage before his old patrons whom he is to meet no more,—he is tremblingly alive to the sentiment it expresses, (however artificially he may have worded it,) and he sheds a tear in heartfelt earnest:——And that Garrick was soften'd, and greatly agitated, there can be no doubt;—he could not, however, be content to do exactly "what had been customary with persons under his circumstances;"—prudence, indeed, had suggested a prepared speech, but false taste dictated the composition, and vanity bade him imply that it was an *impromptu.*

Garrick's uncommon abilities had arrived at as close an imitation of Nature as, perhaps, may be attainable; but the preference he gave to art, in instances where nature alone should have govern'd his conduct, (as in the above case,) re-

minds me of another theatrical genius, though in a far inferior walk :—

Johnstone, the Machinist,—who flourish'd at Old Drury, (chiefly in the reign of Sheridan,) when the revival of Cymon, the production of Lodoiska, Bluebeard, and other gew-gaw Dramas, brought his talents into play,—was celebrated for his superior taste and skill in the construction of flying chariots, triumphal cars, palanquins, banners, wooden children to be toss'd over battlements, and straw heroes and heroines to be hurl'd down a precipice ;—he was, further, famous for wicker-work lions, paste-board swans, and all the sham birds and beasts appertaining to a theatrical menagerie.—He wish'd, on a certain occasion, to spy the nakedness of the enemy's camp ; and, therefore, contrived to insinuate himself, with a friend, into the two shilling gallery, to witness the night rehearsal of a Pantomime, at Covent Garden Theatre.—Among the attractions of this Christmas foolery, a *real* elephant was introduced; and, in due time, the unwieldy brute came clumping down the stage, making a prodigious figure in a procession. The friend, who sat close to Johnstone, jogg'd his elbow, whispering—" This is a

bitter bad job for Drury!—why, the Elephant's *alive!*—he'll carry all before him, and beat you hollow:—what d'ye think on't, eh?"—"Think on't?" said Johnston, in a tone of the utmost contempt,—"I should be very sorry if I could'nt make a much better Elephant than that, at any time."

And, now, for the important 1777;—to *me* at least, important;—for then did my Evil Genius enthrone himself upon a thunder-trunk, with a roll of play-bills in his hand; and, beckoning me into a *Theatridium**, where the presiding Muses gasp'd for air, and elbow-room, cried, "Come hither, and learn to be a Dramatist."—I obey'd the mandate, "nothing loth;"—and consider'd not, in the giddiness of youth, that the Tempter only show'd me the fascinations of the Stage, while he let fall a drop-scene upon its discouragements.—But this needs explanation:—

At this time, then, my father, having sold his share in the property of Covent Garden Theatre, in 1774, and lain fallow for three years,—had just completed his bargain with Foote; which bargain

* From the Greek diminutive, θεατρίδιον,— a *Little* Theatre.

is not fully, nor clearly explain'd, in any printed account which I have seen;—the particulars are as follows:—

He agreed to rent the Summer Theatre, in the Haymarket, which Foote held by a Patent for his life, granting to him a Life Annuity of sixteen hundred pounds, in half-yearly payments of eight-hundred pounds:—he was to pay him, also, for his services as an Actor, although, as it happen'd, he only perform'd three times;—and he purchased, for five hundred pounds, the copyright of his unpublish'd Dramatick Pieces.—I should have mention'd, that this Patent enabled the holder of it to open his house, annually, for the acting of all english dramatick performances from the 15th of May to the 15th of September, inclusive.

With the theatre, certain decay'd and moth-eaten articles were made over to the Lessee, which Foote dignified by the collective name of a Wardrobe;—and which might have produced altogether, at a sale, if well puff'd by a knowing auctioneer, about twenty pounds, at the utmost. The fading gaiety of Major Sturgeon's Regimentals, trimm'd with tarnish'd copper-lace, was

splendour itself, compared with the other thread-bare rubbish of this repository.

In fact, Foote's stock plays were chiefly of his own writing, and his Dramatis Personæ required little more than a few common coats and waist-coats;—when he wanted more habiliments than he possess'd, he resorted to a *friperie* in Monmouth Street,—not to purchase, but to job them, by the night;—and so vilely did some of the apparel fit the actors, that he was often obliged to make a joke of the disgrace, and get the start of the audience, if he could, in a laugh against his own troop of tatterdemallions.—There was a skeleton of a man belonging to his Company, who perform'd a minor part in the scene of a Debating Club, in which Foote acted the President;—this *anatomie vivante* was provided with a coat which would not have been too big even for the late Stephen Kemble;—the arms were particularly wide, and the cuffs cover'd his hands:—Foote, during the debate, always address'd this personage as the "*much respected Gentleman in the Sleeves.*" —So improvident was he, that he even hired most of the printed musick which was play'd be-

tween the acts;—whereby he had given its original price ten times over; and, in the end, not a scrap of it was his own property.

My father, as the proposing Renter of the Hay-Market Theatre, employ'd a matter-of-fact person of business to negotiate for him; and Foote did not know, till the terms had been fully agreed upon, the principal with whom he was in treaty: —He often, however, met the principal at dinner pending the transaction, little dreaming that he was in company with his future Lessee. On these occasions, as it was publickly avow'd that the Patent was about to be farm'd, there was no indelicacy in talking about it to Foote; and one day, when this subject was introduced, he turn'd towards my father, saying,—"Now, here's Colman,—an experienced manager,—he will tell you that nobody can conduct so peculiar a theatrical concern as mine, but myself;—but there's a fat-headed fellow of an agent, who has been boring me every morning at breakfast, with terms from some blockhead who knows nothing about the Stage, but whose money burns in his pocket."— "Play-house mad, I presume," said my father;—

"Right," replied Foote, "and if BLEEDING *will bring him to his senses, he'll find me a devilish good doctor*.*"

When the parties met to sign and seal, any body but Foote,—who never blush'd in his life,—might have look'd a little foolish, upon recollection of the *bleeding* system, which he had un-

* This conversation must have pass'd in that interval when the terms had been fully agreed upon, and Foote was to be inform'd of the name of the Lessee in a few days; for, previously to this he seems to have been led to imagine, that there were more than one bidder concern'd; as appears by the following letter to my father, from his agent, Mr. Colborne.

"SIR, 8th Oct.

"It is now near ten o'clock, and I am just come from Mr. Foote, with whom I think we shall soon settle this business, should the proceedings of the day meet your approbation.—I was obliged to advance one hundred before he would say any thing, and soon after he felt the same sum; I strove hard to split the other hundred, but he declared he would never take less than £1600, in which is to be included the unpublish'd Plays *during his life*, after which they are to be his Boy's; but should the *Renters* of the Patent be desirous of purchasing them, he will take £500 now, tho' he cannot he says estimate them at less than £1000 if to be sold to the Trade."———The unpublish'd Plays were bought, as I have stated, for the £500—and some days afterwards the agent again writes—" I proposed waiting on him to-morrow with the name and person of the Principal."—This disclosure was put off, by Foote's engagements for two or three days longer, when all was finally settled.

consciously avow'd to his patient.—The stipulated Rent was excessive, considering the average profits, at that time, of this limited theatre, and the great risk to be run of losing even these, by unavoidably entering upon a new and enlarged plan of action,—when Foote's plays, and his performance in them, could no longer be almost the sole support of the establishment.—As it happen'd, however, the Lessee had much the best of the bargain,—for, not long after its completion, in stepp'd that fatal terminator of all Life Annuities, —Death;—and took off the English Aristophanes who had himself taken off so many.—Poor Foote died at Dover*, before the second half-yearly payment became due;—my father, therefore, after having disbursed only eight hundred pounds, (the first half-yearly payment,) to the Annuitant, and being in possession as Lessee, quietly stepp'd into the Theatre, as his successor.—Of course, he had to purchase all the *property* in it which his predecessor might have left behind him;—but from the account I have just given of the wardrobe, and the orchestra, the nothingness of such

* On the 21st of October, 1777.

a purchase may be easily estimated*. But the *Biographia Dramatica* is very wrong in representing that the *Patent* was continued†;—my father, and I after him, held this property under the gracious protection of the Crown, and open'd the House by annual *License* of the Lord Chamberlain. The Theatre which has been lately built, near the old Site, on the east side of the Hay-Market, is carried on in the same way;—with an understanding that the yearly permission will be always renew'd, as a *quamdiù se bene gesserit* License;—but there has been no Patent for a Summer Theatre in London, since Foote's death.

I was too young, when my father was directing Proprietor of Covent-Garden Theatre, to see more of a play-house than I could witness from the Manager's private box, whither I went, very frequently, as a delighted spectator of the entertainments;—but having at the commencement of this new speculation, nearly arrived at the *mannish*

* He expended, however, a good deal of money, in repairing, altering, and decorating, the theatre, previously to the second season.

† "On the death of his father, His Majesty was pleased to transfer the *patent* to him." See *Biographia Dramatica*, under the article *George Colman, junior*.

age (as I then thought) of fifteen, I made a bold and successful effort to obtain *the Entrée of the Green Room*; a privilege which many gentlemen, double, if not treble, the age of sweet fifteen, are anxious to enjoy. This indulgence allow'd to me is far from the best instance that can be adduced of paternal care and wisdom;—for when the expanding mind of youth is warm, and soft as wax, and the first ideas stamp'd upon it are likely to be deep, if not indelible, I cannot think that the fittest impression is to be found behind the scenes of a Theatre.—I am fully sensible of the moral worth of many individuals who do honour to the Stage; and so far from fearing that I may offend them by the above opinion, I appeal to their good sense, and candour, for a confirmation of it.—But whatever opinions may be,—thus stand the facts, in reference to three very ticklish years in my life:—

For the two first Haymarket Seasons, I was in the upper Form of Westminster School;—for the third an Ungraduate of Oxford;—and I snatch'd every opportunity afforded to me, by frequent holidays in one place, and the long vacation in the other, to waste my summers within the walls

of the Little Theatre, and to counteract the wholesome purposes of a scholastick education.

At length, it appear'd that the young Prince intermix'd too much with the subjects of the theatrical Monarch; giving himself up entirely to the pleasures ahd dissipations of the Court, and utterly neglecting his serious studies:—the good old King Colman, therefore, deem'd it advisable, in the third year of his reign, to banish the Heir Apparent;—and I was accordingly, and very properly, pack'd off to Scotland. Alas! this happen'd too late;—a dramatick fever, not to be subdued by the cool temperature of Northern climes, was already lurking in my veins; it lay dormant for the first months of my exile, and then began to rage:—but of these matters anon;—at present they would be premature;—and although I have asserted, throughout, my right of breaking chronological fetters, I wish the indulgent reader to linger with me a little longer in the year 1777.

The leading feature of the revolution which took place in the Haymarket Theatre, in consequence of farming the Patent, was the formation of a Company of Performers to act in all branches of the Drama, and to overleap the narrow bounds

within which Foote had chiefly confined his stage, by his own Plays, and his own performances in them;—And as the List of the Company, on starting this novel undertaking, is now scarce, and may be a desideratum to amateurs, I adjoin it, with a few notes attach'd. For these documents I am indebted to the kindness of my friend, and quandom co-partner, Mr. Winston, who has acquired, by long and indefatigable research, a very valuable Collection of Dramas, and Theatrical Annals.

A LIST OF THE COMPANY OF PERFORMERS, AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET,

In the Year 1777.

Messrs. Aickin,
Bannister, (*Charles*)
Bedford,
Blissett,
Bransby,
Davies,
J. Davies,
Digges,
Dubellamy,
Edwin,
Egan,
Fearon,
Foote,
Francis,

Miss Barsanti,
Mrs. Collis,
Mrs. Davies,
Miss Farren,
Mrs. Fearon,
Mrs. Gardner,
Miss Hale,
Mrs. Hitchcock,
Mrs. Hunter,
Mrs. Jewell,
Mrs. Love,
Mrs. Massey,
Miss Morris,

Messrs. Griffiths,
Henderson,
Hitchcock,
Jackson,
Kenney,
Massey,
Palmer,
R. Palmer,
Parsons,
Pierce,
Stevens,
Walker,
Younger, (Deputy Manager.)
Brownsmith, (Prompter.)

Mrs. W. Palmer,
Miss Platt,
Mrs. Poussin,
Miss Twist.

Children as Dancers; pupils of Monsieur Georgi.

Children who acted in the revival of Garrick's Dramatick Entertainment, call'd *Lilliput* :—

Master Edwin,
Master Hitchcock,
Master Pulley,

Miss Besford,
Miss P. Farren,
Miss Francis,
Miss Hitchcock,

NOTES TO THE FOREGOING LIST,

BY MR. WINSTON.

"The Theatre open'd with the Comedy of the English Merchant, and Lilliput, on the 15th May ;—closed till the 28th, and then perform'd 3 nights a week, till the 11th June.

—— 9th June.—MISS FARREN first appear'd in London, in the Character of Miss Hardcastle, in the Comedy of " She Stoops to Conquer."—

11th June.—MR. HENDERSON (from Bath) first appear'd in London, in the Character of Shylock.

MR. FOOTE acted 11th July, 25th and 30th, *only*;—was to perform again, but was prevented by illness.

MR. DIGGES made his first appearance in London, in the Character of Cato,—(August 14)—which he perform'd twice;—next, Cardinal Wolsey, twice; Sir John Brute, twice; and repeated Sir John Brute, for a Benefit on the 18th of Sept. after the close of the regular season.

Miss Farren took her Benefit after the close of the season,—on the 16th September.

During the Season, Miss Barsanti was married to Mr. Lesley; she was afterwards Mrs. Daly."

The closing of the Theatre directly after its opening on the 15th of May; (as mention'd in Mr. Winston's first note,) is easily accounted for, by the attempt to enter into a competition with the two great Winter Houses;—The Proprietors of which were not yet preparing to shut their doors for the summer.—Empty benches, at the Haymarket, were the consequence of this experiment;—and no wonder, when so weak a rivalry, in an incipient scheme, was set up against the attractions at Drury Lane and Covent Garden. —What could be expected from the "English Merchant," a milk-and-water, though *pretty*, Comedy, from Voltaire's *Ecossaise*, and brought out ten years before?—Little more could be hoped

for by a revival of Lilliput, (one of the flimsiest of Garrick's fiddle-faddle farces,) although a new scene and a procession were added to it. This Piece was entirely acted by children, with the exception of the character of Gulliver;—but the "little eyases" were not "most tyrannically clapp'd for it*."

On the 28th the Little Theatre re-open'd, to play three times a week; for the season of the Great Houses was, it seems, then drawing towards its termination, and as the cats were going to sleep, the mouse ventured again to look out at its peephole.

After the eleventh of June, the Haymarket Theatre, having the Town to itself, its entertainments were continued *nightly*, through each week of the season, Sundays of course excepted;—this was one of the grand points of speculation, (and it succeeded,) as an improvement upon Foote's old plan, who only open'd his doors on every alternate night:—

But before the House had commenced its ope-

* "But there is, sir, an aiery of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of the question; and are most tyrannically clapp'd for't; these are now the fashion; and so berattle the common Stages," &c. &c. HAMLET. *Act 2, Scene 2.*

rations, it was the opinion of the knowing ones that the chances rather threaten'd a losing game for the Lessee, as the Company of Performers, with reference to those who were already known in London, appear'd to be meagre in *first-rate* talent. Among the men, indeed, there were two excellent comedians, and establish'd favourites,—John Palmer, and Parsons;—the elder Bannister, also, was, then, in full voice, and very popular as a singer:—after these, we must descend to Aickin, commonly call'd "*Belly Aickin,*" (to distinguish him from his brother "*Tyrant Aickin;*")—nobody could be better in his secondary, or perhaps *thirdly,* line of Characters.—R. Palmer was, then, a rising young actor, who was afterwards *unique* in a few sketches of dramatick character, but he never attain'd the highest walks.—Dubellamy, too, should not be quite forgotten, who had, *faute de mieux,* stood in the place of a secondary singer, for several years, at Covent Garden; but he was very awkward in his deportment, and remarkable, while singing and speaking, for the *cocking up of his thumbs*:—this person was originally a shoemaker; and it must be confess'd that his mode of treading the stage sometimes provoked a remembrance of the proverb—"*ne sutor ultrà cre-*

*pidam**." Fearon was a respectable and useful Actor, in a minor line; but I only notice him on account of a few short characters,—dramatick *morceaux*,—which he was noted for acting admirably;—Stern (a sailor,) in O'Keeffe's Farce of "The Positive Man;" Zedan, in Mrs. Inchbald's Play of "Such Things Are;"—and two or three others. Beyond these, there were, on the list, no male performers familiar to the London boards worth mentioning;—and still fewer females.

Of these last, Miss Barsanti was by far the most distinguish'd in talent. This lady was said to be of an Italian family, but there was nothing foreign in her dialect or manner. She made her first appearance at Covent Garden Theatre, on the opening of the season 1772—3, in a Prelude, written by my father, expressly for her introduction,—it gave her an opportunity of displaying

* In proof of "*what is bred in the bone*," &c.,—it was told of Dubellamy, that, when he had quitted his original occupation for the Stage, he, one day, gallanted some Ladies to a shop in Cranbourn Alley, who went thither to purchase shoes.—In his great zeal to see them well fitted, he found such *technical* fault with the articles offer'd to them for sale, that the journeyman, "spied a Brother," and could bear it no longer;—"Come, come, master!" said he to Dubellamy, "this is telling the secrets of the trade, and that's not fair *to one another*."

her merits, not only as an actress, but as a mimick of both Italian and English Singers. I can remember (although I was then not eleven years old) seeing her act Estifania, to Woodward's Copper Captain, with a great deal of spirit and good effect.—During this year (1777) she married a Mr. Lesley; after his death, she became the wife of Mr. Daly, Manager of the Dublin Theatre; and, in consequence, flourish'd upon the Irish Stage, for many years. Mrs. Gardner had been long establish'd in Foote's Company, and was well received as his Mrs. Cadwallader, Mrs. Sneak, and various other comick characters in his own Pieces*. —Mrs. Jewell is, also, to be recorded as one of his hundred; she had play'd his young ladies in the *love* line, occasionally *sprinkled with Songs;* and had play'd them so long, that, if Time strengthen'd our title to youth, nobody could have disputed her claim to remaining in possession of such characters.—Mrs. Love, a respectable second and third rate representative of the comick old goodies, many play-goers must still remember.

Here ends my enumeration of all the regulars

* She made her *début* in the year 1763, at Drury Lane, as Miss Prue, in Congreve's "Love for Love."

worth enumerating.—Foote himself can scarcely be included as one of the Company; for he perform'd (as stated in Mr. Winston's note) only three times during the season; and, although his re-appearance, after the 30th of July, was advertised, it was postponed again and again, through illness;—he had "fretted and strutted his hour," and Fate decreed that he should be "heard no more."

The dearth, however, of superior abilities, which might have been perceptible in the above Corps Dramatique, was completely remedied by three new Performers, who made so strong an impression upon the Town, that they evinced the excellence of the Manager's judgment in having selected them:—These were Messrs. Henderson and Edwin, and Miss Farren.—Any one of these, coming singly, would have been a most happy acquisition of lustre, in a hemisphere where Palmer and Parsons were the only two very brilliant luminaries; but, coming all together, the additional stars produced a constellation, and the Haymarket welkin was in a blaze.—It is needless, now, to record their subsequent engagements at the larger Theatres, or to trace them through their career of celebrity.

Two years previously to Henderson's appearance in London, Garrick's account of him had more sour than sweet in it :—he writes as follows, in April 1775, from Bath, to my father :—

"I have seen the great Henderson, who has something, and is nothing—he might be made to figure among the puppets of these times—his Don John is a Comick Cato, and his Hamlet a mixture of tragedy, comedy, pastoral, farce, and nonsense,—however, though my Wife is outrageous, I am in the secret, and see sparks of fire which might be blown to warm even a London Audience, at Christmas—he is a dramatick phænomenon, and his friends, but more particularly Cumberland, has [have] ruin'd him—he has a manner of paving, when he would be emphatick, that is ridiculous, and must be changed, or he would not be suffer'd at the Bedford Coffee-house."

In another letter from Bath, he says,—"The Inflexible Captain" has been play'd here with success*,—Henderson play'd Regulus—and you would have wish'd him bung'd up with his nails before the end of the third act."

* "*The Inflexible Captain*," Tragedy, by Miss Hannah Moore;—founded on the story of Regulus, and was acted one night only, at Bath." *Biog. Dram.*

Without pausing to enquire into the *impartiality* of Garrick's censure upon any fellow-artist,— which was, at least, equivocal when he compared the silver tones of Barry with the hooting of an owl,—he plainly acknowledges, in the midst of his dispraise, Henderson's capabilities,—nay, he even pronounces him a *phænomenon*;—and however injudicious friends, with Cumberland at the head of them, might have operated upon his "sparks of fire," it did not appear, upon his arrival in Town, that they had raked them out;— on the contrary, something (his own genius and study, most probably,) had blown them into a flame; and after they had increased the heat of the Hay-Market Theatre in the Dog-Days, no *Bath stove* ever "warm'd London Audiences at Christmas" more to their satisfaction.

Henderson seems, in his style of acting, to have follow'd (though not servilely copied) the very man who reprobates his manner.—As to his Hamlet being "a mixture of tragedy, comedy, pastoral, farce, and nonsense,"—how any body ever did, or could, give a touch of the *pastoral* in Hamlet, I cannot comprehend;—but in respect to the other ingredients, are they not exactly those of which Shakspeare has been pleased to compose

the character?—The Don John of Henderson, which the mighty Roscius condemns, was in my mind very *Garrickian*:—His Falstaff—a part which was to Garrick a *noli me tangere*—was as rich a specimen of acting, *quoad* the fat knight, as I have ever witness'd.

It is not easy to understand by his "*paving*, when he is emphatick," whether it is meant that he ramm'd down his words with his lungs, or his action;—but there is no denying that he had contracted some bad habits in deportment;—such as an odd mode of receding from parties on the stage, with the palms of his hands turn'd outward; and thus *backing* from one of the Dramatis Personæ, when he was expressing happiness at meeting. With these adventitious faults, he had to contend against physical drawbacks;—his eye wanted expression;—and his figure was not well put together:—my father was anxious to start him in characters whose dress might either help, or completely hide, personal deficiencies;—accordingly, it was arranged that the two first personations should be Shylock and Hamlet, in which the Jew's gaberdine, and the Prince of Denmark's "inky cloak," and "suit of solemn black," were of great service.—I know not whether Falstaff

immediately follow'd these; but, whenever he *did* come, Sir John's proportions were not expected to present a model for the Students of the Royal Academy.—By this management, the Actor's talents soon made sufficient way to baffle such ill-natured remarks as might have been expected, upon symmetry; and the Audience was prepared to admit, when he came to the Lovers, and Heroes, that,

"Before such merit all objections fly."

I do not mean, by what I have said, to cry up Henderson beyond his deserts, but to protest against running him down:—he was many degrees below the standard of Garrick's theatrical genius, and many degrees above the mark of his critical detraction.

Of Edwin, I have already said, in a note in the Posthumous Letters to the Colmans, that he "had dragg'd through one season (1775) in the Hay-Market, under Foote's management;—but his talents were, then, so little exercised, that he was consider'd to be new to the Town, in the year 1777." —The memory of him, however, is not so old, that I have much to say new of him, now.—There are sufficient documents of his being the best

Burletta singer that ever had been, or, perhaps ever will be; and of his obligations to O'Keeffe, and of O'Keeffe's to him, through the reciprocity of Author and Actor.—What has not yet, I believe, been observed of him, is,—that Nature, in gifting him with the *vis comica*, had dealt towards him differently from low comedians in general;—for she had enabled him to look irresistibly funny, with a very agreeable, if not handsome, set of features; and, while he sung in a style which produced roars of laughter, there was a melody in some of the upper tones of his voice that was beautiful.—There was no medium in his performance of the various characters allotted to him;—he was either excellent or execrable;—and it might be said of his acting, as my father (in one of his farces) makes a Gourmand remark upon Shakspeare's writing,—"it was like *turtle*; the lean of it might, perhaps, be worse than the lean of any other meat, but there was a quantity of green fat about it which was delicious."—I do not quote accurately, not having the book before me;—but Edwin had a great deal of *green fat*;—his *good* acting had a copious range;—for besides his *Lingos*, his *Peeping Toms*, *et hoc genus omne*, many Authors of his day were indebted to him;—

I, among others;—particularly for his performances of Trudge, and Gregory Gubbins, in my early plays of *Inkle and Yarico*, and the *Battle of Hexham*.—Liston is exquisite in his line,—Edwin was equally so;—the rich humour of these two eminent artists is distinct;—that of the departed comedian was peculiar to himself; and (as the living Actor now singeth) "*vice varsy*;"—but I know not how I can better express my opinion of both than by stating that I admire Liston now as I admired Edwin formerly;—and that when Edwin was, and Liston is, in his element, I have no conception of a greater comick treat than the performance of either.

Miss Farren, then in her *teens*, made her *début* as Miss Hardcastle, in Goldsmith's Comedy of "She Stoops to Conquer,"—as appears by Mr. Winston's note. She conquer'd so much subsequently, in the superior walk of Comedy, that she might have stoop'd in resuming this character, although it is worthy the acceptance of an actress of great ability:—she came most opportunely to prevent a chasm, which would have been greatly lamented; and to personate modern females of fashion, when the retirement of the Abington, with the *vielle cour*, was approaching.———To dilate,

upon the history of the lovely and accomplish'd Miss Farren, would be very superfluous;—no person ever has more successfully perform'd the elegant levities of Lady Townly, upon the Stage, or more happily practised the amiable virtues of Lady Grace, in the highest circles of Society*.

Foote was weak enough to betray his soreness at my father's prosperous proceeding;—he could not bear to see anybody, or anything, succeed in the Haymarket, but himself, and his own writings;—and forgot that a failure of the new scheme might possibly endanger the regular payment of his annuity.

His pique broke out, sometimes, in downright rudeness. One morning, he came hopping upon the Stage, during the rehearsal of the "Spanish Barber," which was shortly to be produced; the performers were busy in that Scene of the Piece when one servant is under the influence of a sleeping draught, and another of a sneezing powder.—"Well," said Foote, drily, to my father, "how do you go on?"—"Pretty well," was the answer, "but I can't teach one of these fellows to gape as he ought to do."—"Can't you?" cried

* Alas! I have *now* (May, 1829) to record that The Countess of Derby is no more!—She died since the above was written.

Foote,—"read him your last Comedy of the 'Man of Business,' and he'll *yawn for a month.*" —On another occasion he was not less coarse, (though more laughable,) to an Actor than he had been to the Manager.

This happen'd when Digges, of much celebrity out of London, and who had come to town from Edinburgh, cover'd with Scotch laurels, made his first appearance in the Haymarket. He had studied the antiquated style of acting; and Davies, in his Dramatick Miscellanies, states him to have been "the nearest resemblance" of Cardinal Wolsey "he had ever seen represented, if he had not sometimes been extravagant in gesture, and quaint in elocution."—In short, he was a fine bit of old Stage buckram; and CATO was, therefore, selected for his first essay.—He "discharged the character" in the same costume as, it is to be supposed, was adopted by Booth, when the Play was originally acted; that is,—in a *shape*, as it was technically term'd, of the stiffest order; decorated with gilt leather upon a black ground, with black stockings, black gloves, and a powder'd periwig*.

* "The heads of the english Actors were, for a long time, cover'd with large full bottom'd periwigs.—Till within these last

Foote had planted himself in the Pit, when Digges stalk'd on before the Publick, thus formidably accoutred;—the malicious wag waited till the customary round of applause had subsided, and then ejaculated, in a pretended under-tone, loud enough to be head by all around him—"*A Roman Chimney-Sweeper, on May-Day*!"—The laughter which this produced in the Pit, was enough to knock up a *débutant*, and it startled the old Stager, personating the Stoick of Utica;—the sarcasm was irresistibly funny; but Foote deserved to be kick'd out of the house for his cruelty, and his insolence in mingling with the Audience for the purpose of disconcerting a brother Actor.

Digges had too much intrinsick merit, (with all his old fashion'd mannerism,) to be put down

twenty-five years, [the date of the book from which I quote is 1784] our Tamerlanes and Catos had as much hair on their heads as our Judges on the Bench. Booth was a classical scholar, and well acquainted with the polite arts; he was conversant with the remains of antiquity, with busts, coins, &c., nor could he approve such a violation of propriety; but his indolence got the better of his good taste, and he became a conformist to a custom which he despised. I have been told, that he and Wilks bestow'd forty guineas each on the exorbitant thatching of their heads."

Davies's Dramatick Miscellanies.

by Foote's satire. His Cato,—or rather Addison's Cato,—"a being above our solicitude,—a man of whom the Gods take care, and whom we leave to their care with heedless confidence*,"— was too dull for frequent repetition; but Digges play'd it a second time;—and his Wolsey was greatly approved;—here, "his gesture and elocution" assisted him in delineating the "high-blown pride" of the Churchman; and, in the scene of the Cardinal's Fall, he drew tears (genuine tributes of approbation) even from the eyes of flinty hearted Criticks.

In the next Season, his performance of Caratach, in the revived and alter'd Play of Bonduca, was an excellent piece of acting.—His style and age, however, which confined him to a narrow range of characters, forbade his making anything like such an impression as was produced by the three performers previously mention'd;—but he was invited, like them, to the honours of an engagement in the Winter Theatres†.

* See Johnson's Life of Addison.

† DIGGES's real name was WEST; he was born in 1720, and was supposed to be the natural son of a Nobleman.—He was in the Army, which he quitted for the Stage; and made his first

After Digges, all the other *new comers* can only be consider'd (except Mrs. Massey and Blisset) as different shades of the middling and underling; —they must be class'd under one general term, like Æneas's common-place companions,—"*fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum,*"—and were, in newspaper language, "*respectable.*"—Mrs. Massey* was a somewhat *squeezy* Lady, with features not much more attractive than her figure was majestick; but she evinced sound judgment,

appearance as an Actor, at Dublin, in 1749.—In 1764, he acted in Edinburgh, under the name of Bellamy, which *cognomen* he borrow'd from the celebrated Mrs. Bellamy, (whose *Memoirs* are publish'd,) with whom he was at that time living.—He was, here, thrown into prison by his creditors, whence he *escaped*; and eloped with a Merchant's Wife, leaving Edinburgh, deeply involved in debt. In July 1784, he was seized with paralysis, while rehearsing Pierre, to Mrs. Siddons's Belvidera, on the Dublin Stage;—he was removed from the Theatre, and never acted more;—he was buried in the Cathedral Church, at Cork.

He is spoken of in a "Letter from Edinburgh," of the date 1786, as follows:—

"*West Digges, Esq.* expired at Cork, 10th November last.—In July 1784, a paralytick stroke deprived him of the power of following his profession; and, as he had more of the generous than the prudent in his composition, the distresses attendant upon poverty must have been the consequence, had not Mr. Daly soften'd his sorrows, and delicately supplied his wants.—He was an excellent Actor, and an accomplish'd Gentleman."

and a good deal of energy, in some grave, and tragick characters. Blisset (a great favourite for many years at Bath) made a good hit as Basil, in the then new Comedy of the Spanish Barber;—"*O, si sic omnia!*"—he was ineffective in every thing else, although he tried both comedy and tragedy;—but the less of Tragedy, in the Hay-Market, (at least with the Company of which I am now speaking) the better.

Monsieur Georgi's infantile pupils, mention'd in Mr. Winston's List, as Dancers, were a complete burlesque upon a *Corps de Ballet.*—The audience laugh'd, and tolerated the poor little things, when they were push'd on, between the acts, to caper and lose their shoes; while Monsieur Georgi was *Peste*-ing, and *Sacre-Dieu*-ing at them, by the side of the scenes.

There were two or three *hobbedyhoys* among them; but some were so young, that keeping them up late at night, to the injury of their health, seem'd as if the cruel Manager had resolved to try a new method of murdering the innocents.

To have done with the Hay-Market Theatre,—at least, for the present;—the experimental sea-

son proved successful, and lucrative, beyond the most sanguine hope; and the new monarch, with his new *régime*, was thoroughly establish'd.

During the dog-days of this year, the Hay-Market Muses had not a little unsettled my reason;—hopes were entertain'd of my recovery in the autumn;—when, lo! an accident, in December, quite unhinged me again, and brought on a relapse of Stage-mania, stronger than ever.—This fortuitious occurrence was,—going with my father into Wales, to pass the Christmas holidays with the late Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, who gave, at this time of year, and for some years in sequence, *Private Theatricals*, in Denbighshire.—Dramatically imbued as I had just been, nothing could better suit my young propensities; and never were parties more festive, nor arrangements better made, for the perfect ease and comfort of a house full of guests, than at Wynnstay;—the family mansion of the much-esteem'd and hospital Baronet. The *Company* here, when *off* the stage, was superior to any regulars *on* it;—but I much doubt whether my father, or any London Manager, would have offer'd the best actor among

them a good salary.—The Party, upon these occasions, staid about three weeks,—began to muster strong about eight or ten days previously to the performances,—acted through the holiday week,—and separated a few days afterwards.—At the fullest time of our *season*, we generally sat down to dinner from twenty-five to thirty in number, upon an average,—the family, and guests, (partly visiting actors, partly audience,) included. We certainly were very attractive; for the good Cambro-Britons, of the first families, flock'd from distant domains to see us;—some came from thirty miles off;—and carriages were in such requisition at the Inns, that, on one night, there were *two mourning coaches* waiting in the Park, which had each brought *a merry party of six insides.*

My Father's habits of *the Shop* broke out naturally enough at the first rehearsal;—he sat tolerably tranquil for some time, observing the awkwardness of the amateurs, and their ignorance in the commonest arrangements of the Stage;—they either cross'd behind each other's backs, or ran against one another, in the attempt to change sides;—at length, the under-butler (who, in the

dearth of numbers, was made a minor actor,) in attempting to deliver a sword to the person he was addressing, did it so very clumsily, that the Hay-Market Manager could bear it no longer;—he jump'd upon the stage, and, snatching the sword out of the man's hand, cried, "Zounds, sir, can't you do it thus?"—showing him the proper way;—but the under-butler was dull, and begg'd for further directions how to give it:—"How?" said my father,—"why as you gave a gravy-spoon to Sir Watkin yesterday, at dinner, you did that gracefully enough,—I observed you."—After this the ice was broken;—the gentlemen actors saw that they might profit as much as the under-butler, by my father's stage-knowledge, and from that moment he became stage-manager, and driller of the whole Company.—As to the distribution of Parts, he was wont to express his sentiments to Sir Watkin upon this head, in the following liberal manner:—"Amateurs, my dear Sir Watkin, should not be jealous about showing off in the best Characters, like regular Actors;—Now, if we get up Richard the Third, or the Merchant of Venice, which you have talk'd of, I shall have no objection to taking Richard in the one, or

Shylock in the other,—*anything to accommodate*."
—In fact, he was, as ought to be expected, vastly superior to the whole corps. The two great heroes, in my time at Wynnstay, were Harry Bunbury,—(Colonel, I think,) brother to the late Sir Charles Bunbury,—and little *Bob Aldersey* as he was call'd,—who they said was like Garrick;—he was *punchy*, like Garrick in his latter days,—but in other respects—alas! alas!

Sir Watkin himself was (after my father) the best actor in the Company, and play'd Tom Errand, I remember, with much drollery.—The character of Host of Wynnstay, he perform'd, the whole time we were there, to the utmost perfection; and the Hostess was as admirably represented by the, now, Dowager Lady Williams Wynn.

I went annually to Wynnstay, for three seasons,—beginning as a promising actor, and having greatly risen in my cast of parts, after the first year. At the end of the THIRD SEASON, 1779, my transition from the festivities of Wales to the austerities of a College was more violent than agreeable:—but my father, on his way to town, then dropp'd me at Oxford, leaving me there,

after having seen me matriculated, as a Member of Christ-Church.

Here let me observe, that, there are certain CARDINAL EVENTS upon which a man's Life may be said to turn ; and I would fain consider them as indicative of so many resting-places for an Autobiographer and his Perusers :—As the great and small *Lapides Terminales* of the Romans stood in their lands, to designate the different boundaries of property, so would I have Events operate as *Life-Marks* in biographical publications;—the minor occurrences should challenge less notice than those of greater importance. Upon this principle,—conceiving the transition from School to College to be a grand incident in man's "eventful history,"—it requires a more than ordinary pause.—I shall defer, therefore, till to-morrow morning, the commencement of my next Chapter ;—and when it is written,—and publish'd,—prithee, courteous reader! take a little more breathing-time than usual, before you begin to read it.

CHAPTER EIGHTH.

> "My years are many;—they were few
> When first I entered at the U-
> niversity."—
>
> POETRY OF THE ANTI-JACOBIN.

> "Suppose the young, heedless, raw, and unexperienced, in the hands of money Scriveners; such fellows are like your wire-drawing mills; if they get hold of a man's finger, they will pull in his whole body at last, till they squeeze the heart, blood, and guts, out of him."
>
> SWIFT'S HISTORY OF JOHN BULL.

> "————Feeling so the loss,
> I cannot choose but ever weep the friend."
>
> SHAKSPEARE.

WHEN I was an Oxonian, the hand of Time was forestall'd by the fingers of the Barber; and an english stripling, with his hair flowing over his shoulders, was, in the course of half an hour, metamorphosed into a man, by means of powder, pomatum, the comb, the curling irons, and a bit of black ribbon to make a pig-tail.

These marks of assumed maturity, which cropping and honey-water have abolish'd, prevented many mistakes;—for, as soon as Master Jacky was *tied up*, every body saw that he had become Mister John, and treated him with due discrimination;—whereas, at present, through the want of this *capital* distinction, a very spruce, very young, gentleman has become so equivocal in his costume, that we know not whether tipping him a guinea may gratify or affront him.

On my entrance at Oxford, as a member of Christ Church, I was too foppish a follower of the prevailing fashions to be a reverential observer of academical dress:—in truth, I was an egregious little puppy:—and I was presented to the Vice-Chancellor, to be matriculated, in a grass-green coat, with the furiously be-powder'd pate of an ultra-coxcomb;—both of which are proscribed, by the Statutes of the University*.

* "Statutum est quod omnes Præfecti, &c. — — —, quodque alii omnes (exceptis filiis Baronum in superiore Parliamenti Domo suffragii jus habentium, necnon Baronum ex Gente Scoticâ et Hibernicâ,) vestibus coloris *nigri et subfusci* se assuefaciant; nec quæ fastum aut luxum præ se ferunt, imitentur; sed ab iis procul absint. — — — — — Etiam in capillitio modus esto; nec *cincinnos*, aut *comam nimis promissam alant*."

Parecbolæ, sive Excerpta, é Corpore Statut: Univers: Oxon

Much courtesy is shown, in the ceremony of matriculation, to the boys who come from Eton and Westminster; insomuch, that they are never examined in respect to their knowledge of the School Classicks;—their competency is consider'd as a matter of course:—but, in subscribing the articles of their matriculation oaths, they sign their *prænomen* in Latin;—I wrote, therefore, GEORGEIUS,—thus, alas! inserting a redundant *e*, —and, after a pause, said inquiringly to the Vice-Chancellor,—looking up in his face with perfect *naïveté*,—pray, sir, am I to add *Colmanus?*"

My Terentian father, who stood at my right elbow, blush'd at my ignorance;—the Tutor (a piece of sham marble) did not blush at all,—but gave a Sardonick grin, as if *scagliola* had moved a muscle!

The good-natured *Vice** drollingly answer'd me, that,—"the Surnames of certain *profound Authors*, whose comparatively modern works were extant, had been latinized;—but that a Roman termination tack'd to the patronymick of an english gentleman of my age, and appearance, would *rather* be a redundant formality."

* The Vice-Chancellor, at this time, was President of Magdalen College;—I think, Doctor Horne.

There was too much delicacy in the worthy Doctor's satire for my green comprehension,—and I walk'd back, unconscious of it, to my college,—strutting along in the pride of my unstatutable curls and coat, and practically breaking my oath, the moment after I had taken it.

No character is more jealous of the "Dignity of Man" (not excepting Colonel Bath, in Fielding's Novel of Amelia,) than a lad who has just escaped from School-birch to College discipline.

This early Lord of the Creation is so inflated with the importance of virility, that his pretension to it is carefully kept up, in almost every sentence he utters.—He never mentions any one of his associates but as a *gentlemanly* or a pleasant *man*;—a studious man, a dashing man, a drinking man, &c. &c.;—and the *Homunculi Togati* of Sixteen always talk of themselves as Christ-Church *men*, Trinity, St. John's, Oriel, Brazen-Nose *men*, &c.,—according to their several colleges, of which Old Hens, they are the Chickens;—in short, there is no end to the colloquial *manhood* of these mannikins.—I recollect two of them upon the point of settling a ridiculous dispute by *gentlemanly satisfaction*, who had, scarcely six weeks

before, given each other a black eye, in a fair set-to with fists, at Westminster :—

The impending Single Combat was prevented as absurdly as it was proposed.—The Duellists, who were to engage in mortal strife at day-break, lived on the same stair-case; and possess'd no weapons but pistol tinder-boxes, by means of which, after supping out, they produced ignition, and thereby obviated the necessity of exploring a bed, at the risk of running their heads against the bed-post.

One of them had mislaid this illuminative piece of mechanism, so useful to a solitary tenant of college chambers; and, with unkindled wick, tapp'd at his antagonist's door to borrow a-light: —the enemy, who oped his portal at the sound, had been groping about, in vain, for his midnight taper :—

We get on, in this jarring world, by helping one another ;—the mutuality of wants, creating a reciprocation of relief, cements the casual crack in benevolence, and

"A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind."

This maxim was strongly *illustrated*, in the pre-

sent obscure instance. Two parties held between them the separate halves of one grand *desideratum;* —but Hesiod's* πλέον ἥμισυ παντός did not apply to their case*;—for, instead of half being more than the whole, it was absolutely as little as nothing:—dormant combustible and latent fire, if not brought into contact, yield no accommodation to people in the dark.

The Duellists were sensible of each other's distress, and wanted each other's assistance.—The Proprietor of the Tinder-box generously snapp'd his machinery, to assist the Possessor of the Candle,—the possessor of the candle gratefully cut it in two, to relieve the proprietor of the tinder-box;—so luminous an interchange of aid, rekindled the embers of good-fellowship;—the hot-headed, but good-natured, lads shook hands, and their intended encounter in the field was changed into a friendly meeting, next morning, at breakfast.—At this meeting, it occur'd to them, for the

* "ΝΗΠΙΟΙ, οὐδ' ἴσασιν ὅσῳ πλέον ἥμισυ παντός."

HESIOD.

"Fools, blind to truth! nor knows their erring soul,
How much the half is better than the whole."

COOKE.

first time, that they would have been much puzzled to procure any pistol, for the *duellum*, except that which had produced their reconciliation.

"Of two evils," the maxim tells us to "chuse the least;—but the ease with which these petulant youngsters (who did not "quarrel in print, by the book*,") patch'd up their differences, coupled with a negotiation in which I was, soon afterwards, involved, made me sceptical in balancing calamities;—I doubted whether there might not be less danger in accepting a Challenge than a Bill of Exchange.

In those my days of academical precocity, a brother collegian of my own *non-age*, with whom I was very intimate, and who is now a Dignitary of the Church, frisk'd up to London, while I remain'd at Oxford.—During his short stay in Town, he made the young Oxonian's usual discovery of a vacuum in his pocket;—and his reflections upon it were not at all in unison with that contempt for riches manifested by Diogenes in

* "Oh, sir, we quarrel in print by the book; as you have books or good manners."—See *Touchstone's* account of this method of quarrelling, in SHAKSPEARE'S "*As you like it.*"

his tub;—looking at the question algebraically, he was of decided opinion that converting the *minus* of his finances into *plus* would be vastly agreeable:—

It occurr'd to him, therefore, that, being of an excellent family, though a younger brother, he might raise a good round sum, at once, for his present and future *menus plaisirs*;—and there were then, in London, as there always will be, plenty of depredators, who profess to furnish pecuniary accommodation,—not merely for gentlemen come of age, but even for *infants* of good expectancy.

One morning, I received a letter from him,—he in London and I at College,—enclosing his draughts upon me for five hundred pounds, which he desired me to accept, *as a matter of course*, that he might complete a loan:—in the flush of youthful friendship, and ignorance of worldly business and cares, I subscribed the Bills, without hesitation, and sent them back by return of Post.

A few days afterwards, he sent me a second letter, containing further Bills to the same amount, for my acceptance;—stating that there was

some informality in the first draughts, which were, therefore, useless.—I accepted *de novo*;—thus, the Notes for Five Hundred were *encored*, to the tune of a Thousand!

The reader need not be told that my friend, who was as unpractised in the world as myself, had fallen into the clutches of one of those low advertising scoundrels who call themselves money-scriveners, with whom the town swarms.—All the money advanced was a hundred, or a hundred and fifty pounds;—the first bills were not return'd, when the second were given;—*all* of them were put into circulation, and brought against us, according to their dates, as they became due.

Here was the devil to pay!—or, rather, the bill-holders (confederates, most likely, with the original rascal,) were to be paid, or not paid, as it might happen.—The young pigeons had "*no assets*;" the rooks, therefore, attack'd the parent nests;—in other words, they attempted to bully our relations.

My father, on being apprized of what had occurr'd, was outrageous against me;—he forgot every line in his elegant version of parental lenity

towards youthful delinquents* ;—far from being intimidated by the claimants, he swore that, instead of paying them a shilling, he would make a Bow-street business of it, and take them all up, for a parcel of swindlers :—in respect to nonpayment, he most religiously kept his oath.

I do not exactly remember how the affair was settled ;—but it appear'd, upon investigation, that I had never received, or expected to receive, any money upon the bills ;—my seeming prodigality, therefore, dwindled into the old story,—the imprudence of becoming "bound for a friend." My father, in consequence, as one of the consulting family elders, who met upon the occasion, declared

* "Hoc patrium est, potius consuefacere filium
Suâ sponte rectè facere, quam alieno metu.
Hoc Pater ac Dominus interest ; hoc qui nequit
Fatetur nescire imperare liberis."

TERENT : ADELPH : ACT I, SCENE I.

"'Tis this, then, is the duty of a father;
To make a son embrace a life of virtue
Rather from choice than terror or constraint.
Here lies the mighty difference between
A Father and a Master. He who knows not
How to do this, let him confess he knows not
How to rule children."

COLMAN'S TRANSLATION OF TERENCE.

himself *hors de combat;* and I believe that my friend's mother, who was a widow, and his near relative Sir —— ——, compromised the matter at some expense; which, upon principles of publick justice, should, perhaps, have been resisted; particularly as there was every reason to suspect that the bill-holders were not *boná fide* creditors.—But let me apostrophize my quondam associate, who was engaged with me in this transaction:—

Dear and worthy Doctor! My Condiscipulus of Westminster, and chief Companion at Christ-Church,—who, in our Spring of Life did'st nourish with me those blossoms of regard which were blighted by vernal accidents, and have never come to fruit;—Bosom Friend of my Immaturity!—Refuter, among thousands, of that fallacy which perceives a freehold in the frail tenure of School and College Connexions,—how many Terms and *Long* Vacations have flitted over our heads since last we parted!—those heads which, while thou did'st speculate upon borrow'd gold, little reck'd how Time, in his stealing course, might silver them!—But should'st thou bestow a glance upon these rambling pages,—and I think it probable that thou may'st;—first, because their publication

may excite thy curiosity, in respect to the Records of thy early friend;—secondly, (which, perhaps, should be first,) because thou may'st expect to find therein some mention of thyself;—no matter for the motive;—but, should these Crudities fall in thy way, they will cause thee to ruminate awhile perhaps, and to philosophize upon this wild transaction of our "Salad Days, when we were green in judgment*."—They may bring back to thy mind's eye the eight-feet square Study, —thy *Sanctum Sanctorum*, in Peckwater Quadrangle,—whither we were wont to retire, after our three o'clock dinner in the Hall;—and there, over a bottle of fiery Oxford Port, (worthless and pernicious, dear Doctor, as the draughts which I had accepted for thee!) compose letters to our angry relatives,—palliating, as ably as we could, the follies which had brought us into such a scrape.—Thou may'st recollect, too, (I can, if Thou can'st not,) thy ingenuous impulses of youthful honour, which made thee so anxious to take the whole blame upon thyself, and to clear me from the

* "My salad days!
When I was green in judgment."
Shakspeare, Ant. and Cleop. Act 1 *Scene* 5.

supposition of being an intended participator in the loan;—calling thyself the "*only responsible* MAN;"—at which my father (to whom thy letter was address'd) would frequently laugh outright after his wrath against me had subsided;—for much, indeed, did he chuckle at thy manly tone, and the ripe responsibility of thy pubescence.

The foregoing transaction has blurted from my pen, to the interruption of that beautiful regularity which, for once, I had resolved to maintain, throughout this chapter. It reminds me strongly (and unfortunately, perhaps, for my reader,) of another anecdote, which is *not at all like it;*—except that it relates to another young college friend, who was afterwards a clergyman.—If I do not introduce it here, I may never tell the tale;—I have half a mind, therefore,—indeed I have a whole one,—to tell it now;—so, dear friends, my perusers,—since I have already broken the chain,—take it at once, and take it indulgently.

I have, heretofore, treated of "*Two Parsons,*" when I gave the reins to my curvetting Muse, in her "*Poetical Vagaries*;*"—but the present inci-

* "Two Parsons, or the Tale of a Shirt."
Vide "*Poetical Vagaries,*" (my own nonsense).

dents are of a different description; and end,—although they begin gaily,—in a "Story of Woe."

THE REVEREND ROBERT LOWTH,—Son of the deceased Bishop of London, (the venerable and learned Doctor Lowth,) whose English Grammar is one of the standard books in our philology,—received the rudiments of his classical education, I believe, at Winchester School; and was one among a few contemporaries in whose society I most delighted, while at Christ-Church.

From the period of my quitting the Oxford University, in the year 1781, till the year 1822,—a considerable lapse of time, and, on my part, (as far as it concern'd my regard for Lowth,) *hiatus valdè deflendus*,—I had no communication, with him, personal or epistolary. In the last-mention'd year, however, on returning home to dinner, one day, after a walk, I found the following letter from him;—he had call'd at my house, where he had written it, in my absence, and left it on my table.—Its unaffected, and lively style proves that age had not alter'd the good nature, nor impair'd the pleasantry, which formerly made him so popular, and beloved, among the junior members of our college.

If the letters I received from him—I publish *two*—contain'd any thing confidential, or did not manifest the kindness of his disposition, and the fancy of his head, (his long remembrance of me may, perhaps, call his *judgment* in question,) I should not print them.———

DEAR COLMAN, *August* 16*th*.

It may be some Five and Thirty years since we met*;—and I believe as near Forty years as may be, since I was promoted from my Garret, No. 3, Peckwater, into your ci-devant Rooms in the Old Quad: on which occasion I bought *your things*†. Of all your Household Furniture, I possess but one article, which I removed with myself, to my first House and Castle in Essex, as a very befitting Parsonage Sideboard—viz. a mahogany Table, with two side drawers, and which still "does the State some service," (though not of Plate). But I have an article of your's on a smaller scale; a

* My friend mistook, here;—we had not met for nearly one and forty years.

† This purchase was call'd "*Thirds*," and always at the same price,—the buyer paying two-thirds of the money which it had cost the preceding tenant of the Rooms, for each article of furniture," &c.

certain little flat mahogany box, furnish'd (partially I should say) with cakes of paint, which probably you overlook'd, or undervalued, as a vade-meeum, and left. And, as an exemplification of the great vanity of over-anxious care, and the safe preservation, per contra, in which an article may possibly be found, without any care at all,— that paint-box is still *in statu quo*, at this present writing; having run the gauntlet not merely of my Bachelor Days, but of the practical cruelties of my Thirteen Children, (all alive and merry, thank God!) albeit as unused, and as little disposed, to preserve their own playthings, or chattels, from damage as children usually are;—yet it survives! "The reason why I cannot tell"—unless "I kept it for the dangers it has pass'd."

Though I have been well acquainted with you *publickly*, nearly ever since our Christ-Church days, our habits, pursuits, and callings, having cast us into different countries and tracts, we have not, I think, met since the date I speak of. I have a house at Chiswick, where, I rather think, this nine-lived Box is; and whether it is or no, I shall be very glad if you will give me a call, to dine and take a bed if convenient to you; and, if

I cannot introduce you to your *old* acquaintance and recollections, I shall have great pleasure in substituting new ones,—Mrs. Lowth, and eleven of our Baker's dozen of olive branches,—our present complement in the House Department; my eldest boy being in the West Indies, and my third having return'd to the Military College last Saturday, his vacation furlough having expired. As the Summer begins to borrow now and then an Autumn evening, the sooner you will favour me with your company, the surer you will be of finding me at Grove House;—the expiration of other holidays being the usual signal for weighing anchor, and shifting our moorings to Parsonage point.—I remember you (or David Curzon*) had among your phrases quondam, one, of anything being "*d—d summerly*;" I trust, however, having since tasted the delights of "the sweet shady side of Pall Mall," that you have worn out that

*Another clergyman, and early college friend, whom I have seen but once since I left Oxford, and that was about four years after I had quitted it. I am happy to hear that he is still alive;—he is a younger son of the late Lord Scarsdale; and resides, I am told, chiefly in Derbyshire.

prejudice, and will still catch the season before it flies us.

Or give me a line naming a no distant day; that I may not be elsewhere when you call; and you will much oblige,

Your's sincerely,

ROBERT LOWTH.

N. B. In your address to me, you must not name *Chiswick*,—but Grove House†, Turnham-

† This is the Villa which, if I am not mistaken, formerly belong'd to the well-known *Humphrey Morris*—a gentleman of large fortune, and thought to be, for more reasons than one, a *very* peculiar person.—I remember seeing this place, (and the then master of it.) one morning, when I was a boy, by riding thither with a relation, (a Lawyer,) who went there upon business. On entering the Court-yard, we were assail'd by a very numerous Pack of *Curs* in full cry. This was occasion'd by Mr. Morris's humanity towards animals:—All the stray mongrels, which happen'd to follow him in London, he sent down to this villa, where they were petted, and pamper'd.—He had a Mare in his stables call'd "*Curious*," who, though attended and fed with the greatest care, was almost a skeleton, from old age, being *turn'd of thirty*. Many of his horses enjoy'd a luxurious sinecure. During summer, they were turn'd into his Park (or rather Paddock) at Chiswick, where, in sultry weather, they reposed beneath the shade of the trees, while a boy was employ'd to flap the flies from their hides.—The honours shewn by Mr. Morris to his beasts of burden were only inferior to those which Caligula lavish'd on his Charger.

Green—as, otherwise it goes into another *Postman's walk*—who walks it back again to the office, and it does not reach me (per Turnham-Green Peripatetick) 'till the *next* day,—which is "*tout autre chose.*"

Had a man been "*bearing fardels*" for half a century, till his jaundiced mind could perceive nothing in this world but "envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness," such a kindly letter as the foregoing might present an antidote to his misanthropy, and bring back his affections to his fellows.

I answer'd it immediately, telling my old friend how much he had gratified me, and how happy I should be in attending him, on any early day most convenient to himself;—when he would perceive, no doubt, that I had not worn so well as my quondam table, his first parsonage sideboard; and that I was more damaged than the little paint-box, by the wear and tear which "flesh," less tough than mahogany, "is heir to."

His chronology somewhat varied from my own. —At the beginning of the Long Vacation, in 1781, we clubb'd in the expenses of a journey; and

were convey'd, from stage to stage, (through the pride and aristocracy of our undergraduated hearts,) from Oxford, to our separate homes, by means of a hack-post-chaise and pair.—Having pass'd the Lodge, and driven through the Avenue to the Bishop of London's Palace, at Fulham, I set down my friend at the Bishop's (his father's) Gate, and proceeded to my own paternal habitation, in Soho Square. During the vacation, I frequently visited Lowth, at Fulham;—but our intercourse, from that time, ceased, from my never returning to Oxford, and my unwilling emigration, in October of the same year, to Scotland.

After refreshing my friend's memory, by touching on the above particulars, (which I should not mention here, if they did not bear upon matters which immediately follow,) I inform'd him that I was, of late years, in the habit of *suburban* rustication; and that I pass'd a considerable part of my summers in a house where I was intimate at Fulham; whither I desired him to direct to me, as much nearer Chiswick than my own abode,—being within a few hundred yards of his old family residence, where we last parted. Whenever I was at this place, the *Avenue*, I told him, and the

"Bishop's Walk," by the river's side, (the publick precincts of the moated episcopal domain,) had become my favourite morning and evening *lounge*.—I told him, indeed, merely the fact, omitting all commentary attach'd to it;—for often had I, then, (oftener have I since,) in a solitary stroll down the avenue, thought of *him*,—regretting the wide chasm in our intercourse, and musing upon human events*.

In a few days after his first letter, and my answer to it, I heard from him again, as follows:—

Grove House, Chiswick, Saturday, 9 *A. M.*
August 17*th*.

DEAR COLMAN,

"Surgere diluculo saluberrimum est;"—but all general rules having their exceptions, so in my case of turning out on Wednesday morning.—On seeing, from my up-two-pair-of-stairs bedroom, two active Citizens in full march for a grove of Orleans Plum-trees at the bottom of the Park, I

* Of course, I have kept no copy of my own letter; which was written in the "flow of soul," and at the impulse of the moment.

forthwith added my grey camlet jacket and trowsers to my flannel drawers and waistcoat, and finding my active Citizen Gardener already up, we soon reach'd the scene of action;—but, alas! not only the birds were flown, but my plums were diminish'd, though not twenty minutes from the skirmishers' forced march. So, being up,—a most cogent argument,—I thought I could not do better than work my passage back by a different route, which lay through an ozier bed to the river, glittering with all the gems of pearly dew,—through which, being some acres of ground, I, of course, got my feet as wet as heart could wish.—To cut the story short,—by changing cold water, or rather water-drench'd worsted, for a hot foot-tub, and *ditto* bason of tea, I thought to bully the thing off,—but it was not so to be bullied by a middle-aged gentleman; so, after dinner, I retired up stairs to bed; and to make some amends for my "*diluculo*" expedition, have never been down stairs since. Having no personal interest with the dinner-bell, and living *à la Sangrado*, has so reduced my strength, that I dread the journey up, and down again.

But for this "inter poculum et labra," it was my intention to have made you my first *poste restante*—with, perhaps, a walk down the *old avenue*,—in my way to Town, that identical day; and still hoping to accomplish three miles and back, I have hoped from day to day: but I can't get in travelling condition, even for so short a journey.—Therefore, I hope you will send me word by my new Yorkshire groom lad, that you will take pot-luck with me, on Sunday, as the most likely day for you to suburbize. You will meet nobody but ourselves, and, perhaps, Lord Oxford, who, having been laid up this week past, may not be able to come, then.

No time for this sheet, as the Carriage is at the door, behind which Yorkshire is to have a cast to Hammersmith-Pump,—whence he foots it to you, and returns with your answer forthwith;—but, should you not be at Fulham Lodge, I have desired that this may be forwarded to you by the first Two-penny—in hopes of its still reaching you in time for Sunday, at six or half-past six o'clock dinner.

Thank God, as I often have, that I am not "set

on a pinnacle, to cast myself down," as poor Lord Londonderry has done* !—on which subject, nunc, et semper, prescribere longum est."

Yours, Dear Colman,
very truly,
ROBERT LOWTH.

From the playfulness of this letter, continued through three pages, it then appear'd to me that my friend had been labouring under no very formidable, though an acute attack, brought on by accident; and that four and twenty hours more rest would considerably advance his convalescence; —I, therefore, answer'd that I anticipated great pleasure from dining with him. But I have since had reason (melancholy reason!) to reflect, that, while giving this cheerful account of himself, he was still in bed,—at least in his bed room,—"reduced in strength," and "dreading the journey down stairs, and up again;"—that this was inconsistent with his inviting me to dinner on the Sunday, *the very next day*;—and that he was

* The deplorable death of the Marquess of Londonderry (Secretary of State for the Foreign Department) had recently occurr'd.

much too sanguine, and, perhaps, fever'd in no trifling degree, when he wrote to me.

Early next morning, his daughter, (his eldest, I believe,) Miss F. Lowth, favour'd me with a few lines, which I omit from fear of displeasing a young lady by publishing her Note,—which would, however, be very pleasing to others;—for there are *traits* in it so amiably feminine,—so unconsciously indicative of a good heart, and of daughterly love, that it would do honour to her if I publish'd it;—as it would to her mother,—who, in a moment of alarm, was particularly anxious (as it appears by the Note,) to show mark'd attention to one whom her husband regarded.

My partial friend had, I conjecture, told his family that he should feel pleasure in receiving the companion of his youth,—and they were all prepared to welcome me with more than common kindness;—a sure proof of their domestick concord, and affection.

Miss Lowth's letter inform'd me, that her father, since the foregoing day, had become extremely unwell,—that bleeding and cupping had been prescribed; the most perfect quiet enjoin'd;

and that, of course, our proposed party must be deferr'd. This was sent to me without his knowledge;—he was too ill to be disturb'd about such trifles as the postponement of a dinner, or to be talk'd to upon any subject whatever.

I began, now, to be seriously apprehensive for him; and the "inter poculum et labra*" which he had so sportively quoted, *only the day before*, came over my mind like the Raven's croak upon the ear of Superstition.

On the following day, my son rode to Grove House, (at my desire,) to make inquiries.—The family seem'd in some confusion, for he rang repeatedly at the gate, which was, at last, open'd by an elderly female, from whom he understood that her master was no more!—but her account, it seems, was given in a hurried manner, and was so perplex'd and equivocal, that I still flatter'd my wishes, and would not believe the very worst.—For two days afterwards, I remain'd, therefore, in suspense;—on the third, I received a most painful confirmation of all my fears.

* "Between the cup and the lips."

The Grove, Chiswick,
August 22, 1822.

SIR,

I am requested by Mrs. Lowth to apprize you, should you not already have heard, of the decease of Mr. Lowth, which took place on Sunday evening. He became much worse on the Sunday morning, and his constitution being unable to bear the necessary depletion, he sunk in the evening, at eight o'clock.—The suddenness and severity of the blow must plead her apology for not giving you earlier information of the distressing event. His remains are to be interr'd in the Family Vault at Fulham, on Monday morning, at ten o'clock.

I am, sir,
Your most obedient,
J. C. BADELEY*.

It would be difficult to describe my emotion, when reading the foregoing letter.—Seldom have I felt the trite ethicks on the fragility of human

* This gentleman is, I suppose, Doctor Badeley of Half-Moon Street,—a Fellow, and Censor, of the Royal College of Physicians.

hopes, the evanescence of life's joys, and of Life itself, more bitterly illustrated than by this affecting occurrence:—

A fortnight had not gone by, since, in the enjoyment of health, and gaiety of spirit, he had sought me out, to court a renewal of our intimacy;—and, on the evening of the very day appointed for our meeting, after one and forty years of separation,—nay, at the very hour when I had pictured to myself our sitting at his hospitable board, with his wife, and his "eleven olive branches," smiling round us,—listening to our talk of former times, and happy to see *us* happy;—even at that impending hour of social Reason's happiness, did the awful decrees of Heaven snatch him from friendship, from domestick love,—and from this world for ever!

I continued at Fulham Lodge, which is nearer, in a direct line, to the Church, than to the Bishop's Palace, and the "*old avenue*."—On Monday, the adjacent Steeple gave early notice of the approaching funeral;—Religion and sorrow mingled within me, while the slow and mournful tolling of the Bell smote upon my heart.—Selfish feelings, too

(though secondary) might, now and then, obtrude, for they are implanted in our nature;—My departed friend was about my own age; we had enter'd the field nearly at the same time; we had fought, indeed, our chief battles asunder,—but, in our younger days, he had been my comrade, close to me in the ranks;—he had fallen, and my own turn might speedily follow.

My walk, next morning, was to the Sepulchre of the LOWTHS,—to indulge in the mournful satisfaction of viewing the depository of my poor friend's remains.—It stands in the Church-yard, a few paces from the eastern end of the ancient Church at Fulham. The surrounding earth, trampled by recent footsteps, and a slab of marble which had been evidently taken out, and replaced, in the side of the tomb, too plainly presented traces of those rites which had been perform'd, on the previous day:— — —

For several mornings, I repeated my walk thither;—and no summer has, since, glided away, (except the last, when my sojournment at Fulham was suspended,) without, my visiting the spot, and heaving a sigh *to the Memory of* ROBERT LOWTH!

However brief this Chapter, I must close it here:—Reader! if thou canst sympathize, thou wilt know my reasons*.

* I have never had the honour of being introduced to Mrs. Lowth; but meant to have paid my respects to her, in due time, after this sad event;—I have since consider'd, that, under all the combined circumstances, our interview would uselessly excite the most afflictive recollections;—I have, therefore, abandon'd my intention.

CHAPTER NINTH.

———" Domus meæ
Nutrix juventæ, jure mihi ædibus
Prælata cunctis, quas benignus
Ingenuo lavat Isis amne;
Wolsæa sedes!"

ANT. ALSOP, ÆD. CHR. ALUMN.

" Ye venerable bowers, ye seats sublime,
Clad in the mossy vest of fleeting time;
Ye stately piles of old munificence,
At once the pride of Learning and defence,—
Hail, OXFORD, hail!"

THOMAS WARTON.

" Oxford Term ends."

ALMANACK.

A FRESHMAN, as a young academician is call'd, on his admission at Oxford, is a forlorn animal.—It is awkward for an *old stager* in Life to be thrown into a large company of strangers, to make his way among them, as he can;—but to the poor *Freshman* every thing is strange,—not only College society, but any society at all,—and he is solitary in the midst of a crowd.

If, indeed, he should happen to come to the University (particularly to Christ-Christ) from

one of the great publick schools, he finds some of his late school-fellows; who, being in the same straggling situation with himself, abridge the period of his fire-side loneliness, and of their own, by forming a familiar intercourse;—otherwise he may mope for many a week;—at all events, it is generally some time before he establishes himself in a *set* of acquaintance.

But the principal calamity of the Freshman,—by which, as I shall presently show, he smarts in purse, and suffers in person,—arises from his ignorance in œconomicks;—from his utter helplessness in providing himself with the common articles of consumption, and comfort, requisite for the occupant of a lodging.

An outline of my own grievances, on my *début* as a Commoner*, at Christ-Church, may serve

* There seems an invidious distinction in the terms *Gentleman Commoner*, and *Commoner*, as if the latter were not a gentleman. At Worcester College alone, in this University, a Gentleman Commoner is call'd (as he is at Cambridge) a Fellow Commoner. The Oxford Guide states as follows:—

"The *Independent Members* are *Noblemen, Gentlemen Commoners*, and *Commoners*. The *Noblemen* are Peers, and Sons of Peers, of England, Scotland, and Ireland."—[As to the Sons of Peers, it means those sons only who have Titles by Courtesy;—that is to say, all the sons of Dukes and Marquesses, and the eldest

to describe the state of almost all the new-comers.

This flourishing College was, at least, full, if not overflowing; and afforded me a very remote prospect of sitting down in regular apartments of my own;—in the mean time, my Tutor stow'd me in the Rooms of one of his absent pupils, which were so much superior to those of most other undergraduates, that I did not at all relish the probability of being turn'd out of them, as soon as the owner arrived,—and he was daily expected.

This precarious tenure, however, was envied by several of my contemporaries; for the College was so completely cramm'd, that shelving garrets, (witness my poor friend Lowth's letter,) and even unwholesome cellars, were inhabited by

sons of Earls.]—" *Gentlemen Commoners* are young men of family and fortune who are educated at their own expense. A *Commoner* is a young gentleman who resides in the University a his own expense."—

The fact is, that, there are frequently many young men among the Commoners of nobler families than several of the Gentlemen Commoners;—these latter only wearing finer gowns, paying more, and seemingly studying less;—so little, indeed, are they thought to fatigue themselves with reading, that the other young Collegians call their *empty bottles* the *Gentlemen Commoners.*

young gentlemen, in whose fathers' families the servants could not be less liberally accommodated.

I *drank wine**, one afternoon, in the little Canterbury Quadrangle, with a young friend,—a brother Westminster, of the name of Watkins,—who was stuff'd into one of these underground dogholes;—he was in a course of ancient and modern geographical research, and the maps of the learned Cellarius served him for the double purpose of reference and decorating the walls of his *Souterrain*. I half affronted him, though without any such intention, by calling him *Cellarius Watkins*, in allusion to his studies and his habitation:—

Thus early, it appears, I was infected with a propensity to play upon words;—and, even now,

* The Members of Christ Church all dine in the Hall at different tables, according to the Degrees they have taken; and, as libations to Bacchus are not allow'd at the table of the undergraduates, they give invitations reciprocally to take wine and a dessert, in each other's rooms; whither they repair on quitting the Hall, as soon as they have dined.—I speak throughout of Christ-Church as it was when I belong'd to it; since then, customs and manners may be much alter'd: for instance,—in my time, we dined there at three o'clock; I am told that, now, they dine at five.

this disease of my youth will break out, occasionally. Horace, however tells us,—and other ancients, who were no fools, are of his opinion*,—that " *dulce est desipere in loco*" ;—which means, in *my* translation, that it is very pleasant to talk nonsense after dinner ;—at such a time, at least, a man may be excused for having hazarded a few apposite *jeux de mots*; if " rebellion lay in his way, and he found it."

As for the inveterate mere Punster, and the intolerant Pun-hater, it is lamentable that they cannot come to a compromise ;—they are both very great *bores* ;—neither of them have taste or fancy enough for the genuine sportiveness of table-talk ;—dapper dullards, and fastidious pedants, are equally the *Kill-Joys* of a convivial party.

The retainers in my establishment, at Oxford, were a Scout and a Bedmaker ;—so that, including myself, I might have said with Gibbet,—" my Company is but small,—we are but three."—There was this difference, indeed, between Captain Gib-

* " *ȣ πανταχȣ̃ το φρόνιμον αρμόττει παρον, και συμμανῆσαι δ'ενια δεῖ.*"

MENANDER.

" Si Græco Poetæ credimus, interdum et insanire jucundum est."

SENECA.

bet* and myself,—he insisted on dividing booty with his gang, but I submitted to be robb'd by my adherents.

My two mercenaries, having to do with a perfect *greenhorn*, laid in all the articles for me which I wanted,—wine, tea, sugar, coals, candles, bed and table-linen,—with many useless *et cætera*, which they *told* me I wanted;—charging me for every thing full half more than they had paid, and then purloining from me full half of what they had sold.—Each of these worthy characters, who were upon a regular salary, introduced an assistant, (the first his wife, the second her husband,) upon no salary at all;—the auxiliaries demanding no further emolument than that which arose from their being the conjugal helpmates of the stipendiary despoilers.

Hence I soon discover'd the policy of always employing a married Scout, and Bedmaker, who are married to *each other*;—for, since almost all the college menials are yoked in matrimony, this rule consolidates knavery, and reduces your *ménage* to a couple of pilferers, instead of four.

* See Farquhar's "*Beaux' Stratagem.*"

Your Scout, it must be own'd, is not an animal remarkable for sloth;—and, when he considers the quantity of work he has to slur over, with small pay, among his multitude of masters, it serves, perhaps, as a salve to his conscience, for his petty larcenies.

He undergoes the double toil of Boots at a well-frequented Inn, and a Waiter at Vauxhall, in a successful season.—After coat-brushing, shoe-cleaning, and message-running, in the morning, he has, upon an average, half a dozen supper-parties to attend, in the same night, and at the same hour;—shifting a plate here, drawing a cork there,—running to and fro, from one set of chambers to another,—and almost solving the Irishman's question of "how can I be in two places at once, *unless I was a bird?*"

A good and really honest drudge of this description is a phænomenon at Christ-Church; and, even then, his services are scarcely worth the purchase;—he is so split into shares, that each of his numerous employers obtains in him something like the sixteenth of a twenty-pound prize in a Lottery.

The Bedmaker whom I originally employ'd was rather more rapacious than her sister harpies; for, before she commenced the usual depredations upon me, she had the ingenuity to "rob me of that which did not enrich *her*," and made me very "uncomfortable, indeed!"—The article of which she contrived to despoil me was neither more nor less than a *night's sleep*:—this aforesaid theft was committed, as the deponent hereby setteth forth, in manner and form following:—

My spirits had been flurried during the day, from the revolution in my state:—launch'd from the School-Dock, into the wide Ocean of a University;—matriculated by the Vice-Chancellor, in the morning,—left by my father, at noon,—dining in the Hall, at three o'clock, unknowing, and almost unknown,—inform'd that I must be in the Chapel, next-day, soon after sun-rise,—elated with my growing dignity,—depress'd by boyish *mauvaise honte*, among the *Sophs*,—dreading College discipline,—forestalling College jollity,—ye Gods! what a conflict of passions does all this create in a booby boy!

I was glad, on retiring early to rest, that I

might ruminate, for five minutes, over the *important* events of the day, before I fell fast asleep.

I was not, then, in the habit of using a night-lamp, or burning a rush-light;—so, having dropt the extinguisher upon my candle, I got into bed; and found, to my dismay, that I was reclining in the dark, upon a surface very like that of a pond in a hard frost.—The jade of a Bedmaker had spread the spick and span new sheeting over the blankets, fresh from the linen-draper's shop;—unwash'd, uniron'd, unair'd, "with all its imperfections on its head."

Through the tedious hours of an inclement January night, I could not close my eyes;—my teeth chatter'd, my back shiver'd;—I thrust my head under the bolster,—drew up my knees to my chin;—it was all useless; I could not get warm;—I turn'd again and again; at every turn a hand or a foot touch'd upon some new cold place; and, at every turn, the chill glazy clothwork crepitated like iced buckram.—God forgive me, for having execrated the authoress of my calamity!—but, I verily think, that the meekest of Christians who prays for his enemies, and for mercy upon all "Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Hereticks," would in

his orisons, in such a night of misery, make a specifick exception against his Bedmaker.

I rose betimes,—languid and feverish,—hoping that the customary morning ablutions would somewhat refresh me;—but, on taking up a towel, I might have exclaim'd with Hamlet; "*Ay, there's the rub!*"—it was just in the same stubborn state as the linen of the bed; and as uncompromising a piece of huckaback, of a yard long, and three quarters wide, (I give the usual dimensions) as ever presented its superficies to the skin of a gentleman.

Having wash'd and scrubb'd myself in the bed-chamber, till I was nearly flay'd with the friction, I proceeded to my sitting-room, where I found a blazing fire, and a breakfast very neatly laid out;—but again I encounter'd the same *rigour!* The tea equipage was placed upon a substance which was snow-white, but unyielding as a skin of new parchment from the Law Stationer;—it was the eternal unwash'd linen!—and I dreaded to sit down to hot rolls and butter, lest I should cut my shins against the edge of the table-cloth.

In short, I found upon enquiry that I was only undergoing the common lot,—the usual seasoning,

—of almost every Freshman; whose fate it is to *crackle* through the first ten days, or fortnight, of his residence in College.—But the most formidable piece of drapery belonging to him is his new surplice; in which he attends Chapel, on certain days of the week;—it covers him from his chin to his feet, and seems to stand on end, in emulation of a full suit of armour.—Cased in this linen panoply, (the certain betrayer of an academical *débutant*,) the New-Comer is to be heard at several yards distance, on his way across a quadrangle, cracking and bouncing like a dry faggot upon the fire;—and he never fails to command notice, in his repeated marches to prayer, till soap and water have silenced the noise of his arrival at Oxford.

Several of the Offspring with which Christ-Church teem'd, at the period I am recording, were destined to become eminent men.—Of embryo Statesmen, there were the Marquess of Wellesley, Earl Bathurst, and Lord Grenville, (I mention them according to their present titles,) the last of whom is, now, Chancellor of the University.—There was, also, Lord Colchester, now Keeper of the Privy Seal in Ireland*, who was

* He died since this was written.

Speaker of the House of Commons. Appended to these, as if by a foretaste of his attendance on the Lords, was the much respected Sir Thomas Tyrrwhit; whose gentle and unassuming manners, in his conspicuous office of Usher of the Black Rod, so well accord with the personal modesty of his perpendicular elevation above any surface parallel with the horizon :—

There was, moreover, the late Mr. Samuel Whitbread :—this honourable gentleman was not of the first-rate abilities ;—yet, after certain Whigs, far superior to him in talent, had dropp'd off, he did not rank meanly as a Wrangler in the Lower House. One of his Speeches, at least, has been immortalized, by a Parody attributed to the Muse of Canning; and most of my readers must remember the lines in which the Rhetorical Brewer, like another pious Æneas, holds forth over the ashes of his defunct father ;—I need not quote the *entire* passage :—

"That day, too, he died, having finish'd his summing,
And the Angels cried out, here's old Whitbread a-coming;
So that day I hail, with a smile and a sigh,
For his Beer with an *E*, and his Bier with an *I*."

And why, in this enumeration, should I omit

my honest, open-hearted, quondam friend, "Jerry Curteis, as we familiarly call'd him, at Westminster, and at Oxford? He is a joint representive of the County of Sussex,—less prepared, perhaps, to illustrate the doctrines of *Cicero de Oratore* than to comment upon the *Georgicks* and *Bucolicks* of Virgil;—but he is to be class'd among those plain-spoken independent Country Gentlemen whose voices are important in the Senate, and who are, in part, bulwarks of the english constitution.

Among my youthful contemporaries, in so clerical a hotbed as Christ Church, there could not fail to the be plenty of future Parsons;—some of these have shot up to the height of Dignitaries, partaking in the honours and revenues of a Cathedral, or a Collegiate Church;—others have branch'd into the rank of Incumbents, with all the pastoral fruition of fat Benefices, glebe land, "tythe pig, and mortuary guinea*."—The late Doctor Hall was Dean, and Doctors Pett (Archdeacon) and Dowdeswell, are Canons of Christ-

* "*October* store, and best *Virginia*,
Tythe-pig and *mortuary guinea*."
POPE, *in imitation of* SWIFT.

Church,—the College in which they were under-graduates;—Doctor Webber is an Archdeacon, and a Residentiary Canon of Chichester; and the names of David Curzon, Robert Lowth, Henry Drummond, Charles Sandby, *cum multis aliis*, have all, if I mistake not, been annex'd to good Church preferment.—With the above-mention'd Divines (omitting Doctor Phineas Pett) I was intimate;—they are all, I believe, alive, (and I hope well,) except Doctor Hall, and the much lamented Robert Lowth:—I left them, when they were young, in the fostering bosom of *Alma Mater*, seldom or never to meet again!—Though inhabiting the same island, and often, probably, sojourning in the same town together, our dissimilar avocations have placed us "far as the poles asunder;"—*They* took the righteous road in life, and have prosper'd;—while I, like "a reckless libertine," preferr'd "the primrose path" to wicked playhouses, and became, in every acceptance of the phrase, *a poor poet*.

Had my rage for scribbling, by the by, broken out before I quitted Oxford, I do not recollect any rival (the Professor of Poetry always excepted) whom I should have encounter'd in the whole

University, but POET HARDING*.—This man was a half crazy creature, (as Poets, indeed, generally are,) and was well known in most of the Colleges. He ran the Bell-Man hard in composition, but could not come up to him in rank, or in riches; living chiefly upon what he could get from the undergraduates, by engaging to find, instantaneously, a rhyme for any word in the english language;—and, when he could not find, he coin'd one; as in the case of *rimney* for chimney,—which he call'd a *wild* rhyme. To this *improvisare* talent, he added that of personification;—sometimes he walk'd about with a scythe in his hand as Time; sometimes with an anchor, as Hope.—One day, I met him with a huge broken brick, and some bits of thatch, upon the crown of his hat; on my asking him for a solution of this *prosopopæia*,—"Sir," said he, "to-day is the anniversary of the celebrated Doctor Goldsmith's death, and I am now in the character of his "*Deserted Village*."

* Oxford was better stock'd with Poets in previous times, as appears by the following distich:—

"Alma novem genuit celebres Rhedycina poetas,
Bub, Stubb, Grubb, Crabb, Trapp, Young, Carey, Tickel, Evans."

While summing up my statement, I forgot to notice a delamatory practice of Lord Wellesley. —His Lordship occupied apartments in the Old Quadrangle, adjacent to mine; being on the same tier of building, although belonging to a separate staircase. Instead of a party-wall, there seem'd to be no intervening materials but canvass, lath, plaster, and the modern papering of our ancient rooms; so that

"thin partitions did our bounds divide."

In consequence of so slender a barrier, I could not avoid hearing his Lordship, at times, reciting, or reading aloud, what I conjectured to be the Orations of Demosthenes, and Tully;—these were, I presume, self-imposed exercises of a political Tiro, training himself for publick speaking, and ambitious of the eloquence which he has, since, so happily acquired:—But the medium, slight as it was, through which the tones were to penetrate, was sufficient to prevent me from distinguishing inflections of the voice, or, indeed, much of its articulation;—it was almost *vox et præterea nihil*;—and, verily, under such obstructing circumstances, his Lordship's utterance did appear to me to be characterized by a most wearing and

dismal uniformity of sound !—calculated either to irritate the nerves of a next neighbour, or to lull him to sleep.

This casual monotony of an unfledged Minister was, however, frequently broken by the running of the rats; who had establish'd a strong opposition against the noble Lord, and there was no calling them to order.—Frequently, in the midst of his harangue, one of the heaviest trotters of the party would take a sudden frisk, and run squeaking and skirring along behind the lath and plaster, from one corner of the room to the other :—but this was according to the due order of things, in such parliamentary anticipations ;—for the Houses of Lords and Commons are no more free from *Rats* than other edifices ; and it is the nature of such vermin to be continually shifting, and changing sides.

As the Long Vacation approach'd, I was happy in the prospect of getting into London, although at a time when people of good taste are glad to get out of it. The Capital, even when its inhabitants are beginning to fry, still has charms for a young Oxonian ; and its fascinations for

me lay in one of the hottest parts of its heated atmosphere.

While coerced to purer air, I was consoled by thinking that I should soon swelter behind my father's scenes, and inhale, through all the coming Dog-Days, the rancid odour of his blazing lamps, in the Little Theatre in the Haymarket.—His occasional excursions to his Villa were the chief drawbacks upon these suffocating delights.—I dreaded his dragging me with him upon his visits to my once favourite Richmond; whither he retreated, as often as his business would permit, to enjoy his verdant slopes, his green willows, and the refreshing breezes on the banks of the pellucid Thames.—I detested all his greens but his Green-Room;—all rural scenery which was not painted in distemper; all purling streams but a tin cascade by candlelight;—and, as to refreshing breezes, so play-house mad was I, in those days, that I would have solicited the privilege of *entrée* to the Black Hole in Calcutta, if it had been cramm'd with Comedians.

I came to Town, this year, (1780,) not long after the insurrection vulgarly denominated Lord

George Gordon's Riots. During these horrors, London and Westminster suffer'd as severely as might be expected, when left to be ransack'd by that most infuriate of all tumultuous bodies,—a *religious* mob.

Were I competent to fatigue my readers with an Essay on the Catholick Question, in addition to the myriads already publish'd, I certainly should not introduce it here:—but I may be allow'd to mention, *en passant*, that there was a wide difference in the behaviour of the people, upon the subject, at that period, and at the present.

Parliament had, in 1780, unanimously repeal'd certain very severe provisions, in an Act of the 11th and 12th of William the Third;—namely,—the apprehending, taking, or prosecuting, Popish Bishops, Priests, or Jesuits; the perpetual imprisonment of Papists who kept a School; and the disabling of Papists from inheriting any title of honour or estate, or purchasing lands or hereditaments, in England, Wales, or Berwick upon Tweed.—Circumstances might have justified such rigorous enactments in the days of the Third

William, which ceased to be justifiable in the reign of the Third George;—prudence, therefore, it is to be presumed, originally dictated the Statute which, in the alteration of the times, mere equity revoked.

In consequence, however, of this moderate relaxation of some penal laws against Popery, an absurd Madman*, calling himself the President of a Protestant Association, was able to convene fifty or sixty thousand men in St. George's Fields, and to excite them to attempts at overawing the legislature, by force and numbers. Under pre-

* "The extraordinary conduct of that noble person [Lord George Gordon] in the House of Commons during the present Session, and the frequent interruptions which he gave to the business of Parliament, as well by the unaccountable manner in which he continually brought in and treated matters relative to religion and the danger of Popery, as the caprice with which he divided the House upon questions, wherein he stood nearly, or entirely, alone, were pass'd over, along with other singularities in his dress and manner, rather as subjects of pleasantry, than of serious notice or reprehension. Even when he involved matters of State with those of Religion in a strange kind of language, &c. &c.— — —; Such things and others, if possible still more extraordinary, were only treated merely as objects of laughter."

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tence of a zealous adherence to the establish'd Religion of England, they violently assaulted many of the most eminent persons both in Church and State;—they destroy'd the publick jails, attack'd the Bank, involved the Metropolis in flames, and endanger'd the whole Kingdom by these acts which threaten'd the subversion of the Constitution. Such were the occurrences between forty and fifty years ago.

On the evening of my arrival from Oxford, I dined, *tête à tête*, in Soho Square, with my father; and immediately after dinner I was in a fidget to get behind the scenes.—I had made myself "point-device in my accoutrements;"—my hair was powder'd and frizzled after the newest fashion, and I expected the carriage would soon be at the door to convey us to the Haymarket.—No carriage however, had been order'd, and my father, who had given many a silent glance at my costume, and was well aware how eager I was to show off in the green-room, thought, no doubt, that it would be a salutary joke to mortify my coxcombry, and check my impatience;—he, therefore, drily said, that he would enjoy a cool stroll with me in

St. James's Park, before he encounter'd the heat of the Theatre.—Of course, I was all obedience; and so is a gentleman who is obliged to take a walk in a treadmill;—for which he has not, I conceive, much more disinclination than I had for the evening promenade which was proposed to me.

Although all scenery, except the scenery of a playhouse, was, at that time, lost upon me, I have thought since of the picturesque view which St. James's Park then presented:—the Encampment which had been form'd there, in consequence of the recent riots, was breaking up, but many tents remain'd; and seeming to be scatter'd (from the removal of others) out of the formal line which they originally exhibited, the effect they produced under the trees, and near the canal, was uncommonly gay and pleasing.

During the walk, we naturally talk'd of the late dreadful disturbances;—and, on my inquiring how it affected the theatre, my father told me, that, on the seventh of June,—on which day and night Desolation had attain'd its climax, and London is said to have been seen, from one spot, blazing in

thirty-six different parts,—the receipt of his play-house exceeded *twenty pounds* :—

This sum appears " somewhat of the smallest" for the night's receipt of a Theatre Royal in London;—but how, instead of twenty pounds-worth of spectators, twenty persons, or one person, could have calmly paid money, to witness, in the midst of this general dismay, a Theatrical Entertainment, is astonishing!—Even the Musicians before the curtain, were it not well known that they fiddle nightly to earn their daily bread, must have appear'd like so many Neros, playing tunes over the flaming Town, and enjoying the conflagration.

The only new Dramas worth notice, produced during this summer, at the Hay-Market Theatre, were, "The Manager in Distress," "Fire and Water," "The Chapter of Accidents," and "The Genius of Nonsense." These Pieces I shall mention again presently; but first let me observe that, this being the fourth season of my father's summer speculation, the theatre had, in the course of that time, been improved in its accommodation and internal appearance, and its histrionick company much ameliorated.—Henderson, indeed,

did not renew his engagement after the first season; and Parsons had seceded, this year, although he return'd in 1782; but three towers of strength, —Palmer, Edwin, and Miss Farren,—with the elder Bannister, Digges, and several others of value in the formation of a respectable company, —who all started with the new scheme in 1777, —were still retain'd; while many excellent performers, in their different lines, had gradually join'd them.

The interior improvements of the building had been made previously to the second season of 1778.—The House was new roof'd; the Ceiling heighten'd; the *Slips* (sidelong appendages, in the olden times, to the upper gallery,) were turn'd into a third tier of front boxes; and an approach of a few feet wide, and fewer deep, dignified by the name of a Lobby, was made to the boxes;—whereas, in Foote's days, there was scarcely any space at all between them and the street;—so that the attention of the Audience, in this part of the Theatre, was frequently distracted by post-horns, and the out-of-doors cry of "Extraordinary News from France," while the modern Aristophanes, upon the Stage, was threatening French Invaders

with "peppering their flat-bottom'd boats," in the character of Major Sturgeon.

The former ugly facings, too, of the boxes and galleries, were entirely changed, and now consisted partly of gold balustrades, partly of gold mouldings, upon a white ground;—the whole had a light, pleasing effect, and preserved the *simplex munditiis*, notwithstanding its gilding, and its gaiety.—My father talk'd hugely of the money which all this (particularly the roof) had cost him;—but he had succeeded to a profitable play-house, at a remarkably cheap rate, and owed this expense to the publick.

After all, the plan of this Little Theatre was, at best, miserably "cabin'd, cribb'd, and confined." The avenues to all the side-boxes were so incurably narrow that, when two corpulent gentlemen met in them, and endeavour'd to squeeze past each other, there was great danger of their sticking by the way.—I often thought, during my own possession of this diminutive theatre, it would be better to furnish my side-box customers with a bell, to tie round their necks, at the pay-door of the house, upon

the same principle as that of providing waggon horses with such tinkling apparatus,—to give notice of their approach, and prevent confusion and jostling in cross lanes, or defiles of the highway :—

But, however the Audience in this Little Theatre, which is now levell'd with the dust, might be cramp'd for room and accommodation, they certainly could hear and see the Performers upon its Stage better than upon those cover'd *Salisbury Plains* which now characterize the two grand Winter Houses.

My father wrote the Preface to his translation of Terence's Comedies long before he thought of being Proprietor of the Haymarket Theatre ;—he could not, therefore, at that time, have given an *ex parte* opinion, when he says in that preface, speaking of the "*Moderns*," that,—"by contracting the dimensions of their theatres, although they have a good deal abated the magnificence of *Spectacle*, they have been able to approach much nearer to the *truth and simplicity of representation*."

It is curious to observe, how, after a certain time, the *Moderns of Drury Lane and Covent*

Garden reverted, all at once, to this magnificence of the *Ancients* of Greece and Rome;—for, immediately after my father's demise, I open'd the Hay-Market Theatre, in 1795, with an occasional Piece*, which contains a ridicule (a good-natured one, I hope,) on the extended dimensions of the two principal London Play-houses;—wherein I say, in a song, alluding to them :—

> " When people appear
> Quite unable to hear,
> 'Tis undoubtedly needless to talk;"—

and that,

> " 'Twere better they began
> On the new invented plan,
> And with *Telegraphs* transmitted us the Plot:"—

The new *Large* Houses soon found the necessity of recurring to that "*magnificence of Spectacle*" of which my father speaks;—they introduced White Oxen, Horses, Elephants,—both sham and real;—and the song above quoted ends with the following verse;—

* "*New Hay at the Old Market*;"—the first Scene of which is still acted, under the title of "*Sylvester Daggerwood*."

"But our House here 's so small
That we've no need to bawl,
And the Summer will rapidly pass ;—
So we hope you'll think fit
To hear the Actors a bit,
Till the Elephants and Bulls come from grass :—
Then let Shakspeare and Jonson go hang, go hang!
Let your Otways and Drydens go drown!
Give them but Elephants and White Bulls enough,
And they'll take in all the Town,—
Brave boys!"

No doubt, the vastness of the Two Theatres above-mention'd must disappoint many who go thither for ALL that complete gratification arising from the intellectual repast which the whole round of our Drama *professes to give.*

There are no *certain* rules of Architecture for the conveyance of sound ;—but an Actor, by *pitching his voice,* according to its various powers of modulation, may do much to counteract the impediments in a building ;—the drawback, therefore, upon his inflections of tone appears to be a good deal less than the deductions from his *countenance.* To produce, in very large theatres, the desired and instantaneous effects of the voice, more is requisite (though much may be gain'd by prac-

tice) than there ought to be;—but to send post-haste intelligence in a smile,—to forward despatches by a glance,—to print, as it were, a Gazette in the face, that it may reach eager politicians, so far distant from the spot whence information must be transmitted,—is a much more arduous undertaking.—Still, even this difficulty may, it is presumed, be in some measure surmounted;—for, since the adoption of the present scale of the principal theatres, there have been, and are, performers, both tragick and comick, whose sudden turns of countenance have commanded general applause;—but whether such effects may not often be produced by *daubing*, by exaggeration, and distortions of the visage, (like Scenes painted *in distemper,)* is a question.

Garrick, always tremblingly alive to his great celebrity, and judicious in nursing his fame, would not, probably, have risk'd his powers in theatres of the present magnitude,—particularly in the sublimer walk of tragedy.—His talents must have suffer'd a paralysis,—a loss of half their vitality,—when the rapid and astonishing transitions of his eye, and his features, could

not instantly, by their close fidelity to nature, electrify all who witness'd them.

On the whole, if a sweeping decision can be form'd from these loose remarks, it may be said, that, the principal London Theatres are too large for ALL the purposes they should accomplish;—too large for the perfect convenience of vision, and for an *easy* modulation of Speech;—too large to

"Hold the Mirror up to Nature,"

so as to give a full and just reflection of her delicate features, and proportions:—and Theatrical Proprietors seem to be of this opinion, by giving, of late, more into Spectacle, Melo-Drame, and Opera, which may be better seen and heard at a distance, than those representations which have been quaintly term'd the *legitimate Drama*:—The Proprietors may, possibly, plead that, there is a dearth of *legitimate Dramatists*,—and it may be so,—it has been averr'd to be the case in ALL ages;—but few regular shoemakers are inclined to take the trouble of making shoes, when they find so much encouragement given

to them for cobbling.—Between Managers and the Town, who leads or who drives is a problem of difficult solution :—do they not, by turns, lead and drive each other?

I have soar'd so high in the sublimities of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, that I must close this Volume, before I make a descent upon the humble spot from which I first set out, in the Hay-Market.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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